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NEW IRELAND.

BY

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NEW IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PHŒNIX CONSPIRACY.

If the absence of political life and action could be called tranquillity, or torpor be deemed repose, Ireland from 1852 to 1858 enjoyed that peaceful rest, that cessation from agitation, which so many authorities declared to be the one thing wanting for her prosperity and happiness. With the overthrow and ruin of the Tenant-right movement in 1852 there set in a state of things which ought to have gladdened the hearts of all such monitors. Never before, since the Emancipation campaign of 1829, had Ireland been without some popular organisation or public movement that gave a voice to the national aspirations. This political activity, which to many eyes seemed so deplorable, at one time occupied itself with Catholic Emancipation, at another with

Corporate Reform, at another with the Tithe question; for a long period with Repeal, for a short one with Land tenure. But now the temple of Janus was closed. Political action ceased. The last endeavour of the Irish masses to accomplish ameliorations within the lines of the constitution had been baffled and crushed. By skilful exercise of "patronage" the Government had bought off the leaders and exploded the hopes and plans of the Tenant Leaguers. No direct political defeat could have accomplished so complete a dispersion of the popular organisation. It was not merely that the people were driven beaten from the parliamentary field, but that they were routed under circumstances which forbade a rally. Their faith in one another, their confidence in leaders, their reliance on constitutional effort—all, all were swept away. To the eye of the superficial observer, Ireland was in 1856 more really and completely "pacified" than at any period since the time of Strongbow. Repeal was buried. Disaffection had disappeared. Nationality was unmentioned. Not a shout was raised. Not even a village tenant-right club survived. The people no longer interested themselves in politics.

Who went into or who went out of Parliament concerned them not. The "agitator's" voice was heard no more. All was silence. Rest and peace, some called it. Sullen indifference and moody despair others judged it to be.

I do not believe that in the darkest days of the eighteenth century a lower level of public spirit, a lower tone of political morality, prevailed in Ireland than at this time. The chill of disappointment, the shock of recent events, drove into retirement the best elements of public society. The fierce violence and unsparing passion with which the controversies and resentments arising out of those events were pursued belonged less to regular political combat than to a savage guerilla warfare. In such a state of circumstances public life was almost wholly abandoned to the self-seeking and adventurous. Good faith, honesty, consistency, sincerity in political affairs, were cynically scoffed at and derided. "Every one for himself and the Castle for us all" was the motto of the hour. The political arena was regarded simply as a mart in which everything went to the highest bidder; and the speculator who netted the most gains was

the man most applauded. Such was political Ireland in 1856.

The schism which split the ranks of the Young Ireland or Confederate party in 1848—referred to in a previous chapter—never was really closed. The principles developed on each hand in that controversy were very distinct and strongly marked. The bulk of the national party, though swept into insurrection amidst the fever of '48, held the views of O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, Duffy, O'Gorman, and Doheny, expressed in the Confederation debate of the 4th of February in that year. They never based their policy on revolution. It was regarded as a contingency not to be shrunk from if absolutely forced upon them, but one so remote as to be beyond the range of practical concern. The minority embraced revolution, not merely as a possible contingency, but as the only one to be contemplated and prepared for. They laid the failure of the insurrection upon the "rose-water" policy of Duffy and O'Brien. The wounded pride, the bitter mortification, with which the result of that attempt was attended for them, intensified their feelings. They would not accept what had taken place as any test whatever of their policy, principles, or plans. The loaded

gun had miserably missed fire; that was all. When they found Gavan Duffy, on his release from prison, in the revived *Nation*, falling back on a constitutional and parliamentary policy, their anger and scorn were very bitter. They assailed him with taunt and invective; but he carried the country along with him, and O'Brien, Meagher, O'Doherty, and other of the State prisoners indorsed and approved his course. The Separatists, few in numbers, were put to silence for the time; but they continued to regard with undisguised hostility the line of policy which the *Nation* pursued.

Through all the course of Irish politics from 1848 downwards, the divergence and conflict of these two sections of the National party may be traced, and have to be kept in mind. Half the blunders of English politicians, in dealing with the passing incidents of domestic Irish affairs, arise from ignorance of this state of things. A correct appreciation of it supplies a key to many apparently perplexing problems. The Constitutional Nationalists, looking to Henry Grattan as their founder, and the Revolutionary Nationalists, or Separatists, taking Wolfe Tone as theirs, have operated, and still operate, sometimes together,

often in conflict, in Irish politics, down to the present day.

Amidst the fervour with which the people embraced the Tenant-right agitation of 1850, the separatist and revolutionary principles, momentarily embraced a few years before, seemed almost extinguished in Ireland; but abroad—in America and elsewhere—the refugees of the '48 movement, with one or two important exceptions, invincibly retained the violent determinations of that time. Two of these refugees, Mr. John O'Mahony and Mr. James Stephens, had settled for some time in Paris after their escape from Ireland in 1848. They there fell into the society of men who, during the "year of revolutions," in various parts of Europe, from Vienna to Rome, had played a part much like their own; and soon, in what may be called the central training-school of European revolutionism, they learnt that the way to begin was by a secret society. After a residence of a few years in the French capital, O'Mahony proceeded to America. Stephens quietly returned to Ireland, and engaged himself as private tutor to a gentleman residing near Killarney. Before parting, they had both arrived at the conclusion that if ever their principles were to have another

opportunity of promulgation in Ireland, it should be in accordance with the skilful tactics they had learned in Paris. But they grievously feared that what they execrated as the retrograde movement of the popular party at home, under Duffy's guidance, had rendered any such contingency hopelessly remote.

They little thought how near it was at hand. The overthrow and virtual suppression of the Tenant League, utterly breaking the hope of the people in such political efforts, cleared the field and removed the obstacles which the dreaming conspirators thus deplored. With joy they saw the people abandon public politics, and well knew how, brooding in despair, they would weigh the miseries contested elections had brought on their heads against the worst that could befall them on a more violent course. The "calm" of Irish politics from '52 to '58, that so delighted superficial observers, was in truth the worst symptom in the course of half a century. Still, the disheartenment was so great, the revulsion of feeling so complete, that although the people had given up constitutional efforts, it was by no means clear they would care to try any other. For a long while no opportunity pre-

sented itself of launching the revolutionary experiment.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Smith O'Brien—who had previously been liberated from his confinement at Hobart Town, on condition of not returning to Ireland—was allowed to return under an unconditional amnesty. His former *status* was fully restored in every respect, except a special exclusion from his otherwise rightful rank and title as brother of a peer; his eldest brother having quite recently, on the death of the Marquis of Thomond, become Lord Inchiquin. Almost the only sign of popular interest in politics which could be noted in Ireland at the time was the satisfaction which his return called forth, and the tender to him forthwith of the representation of an Irish constituency in Parliament. He, however, refused to resume any prominent position in active public life, although he by no means disclaimed a deep feeling of interest in Irish questions. He devoted the summer of 1858 to a quiet tour through the country, evidently curious to see what changes the ten eventful years just past had brought about. In several places he was welcomed with manifestations of respect and affection, though he

avoided and seemed to deprecate "public demonstrations" of any sort. At Clonmel, the town in which he had been sentenced to execution as a traitor, he was presented with an address, to which he delivered a reply marked by that quiet dignity and that inflexibility of public principle which were with him old characteristics. He referred sadly to the incidents of '48, but proudly affirmed that the convictions and principles for which he was then ready to lay down his life—the right of Ireland to her native constitutional form of government—were firm and unshaken as ever. This avowal called forth a remarkable article in the *Times*—remarkable read by the light of events near at hand. The great English journal declared the roar of this toothless lion need disturb no one. Irish disaffection was dead and buried; would never trouble England more. The tranquillity, the contentment, the loyalty of the Irish people showed that the days of agitators and rebels were past, never to return.

While the *Times*, exultant in these assumed facts, was pelting them tauntingly at O'Brien, the government in Dublin Castle were making preparations to pounce upon a new conspiracy. Within a month we were once more in the midst

of proclamations, police razzias, arrests, and State trials.

The outbreak of the Indian mutiny had greatly excited the revolutionary party among Irishmen at home and in America. It looked like the beginning of a protracted and perilous struggle for England; perhaps of her overthrow. On this occasion, as during the Crimean war, Ireland was denuded of troops. Here, they reflected, were two signal opportunities for revolt lost through want of preparation. It was determined forthwith to make a beginning with the long-meditated project of a secret society.

Some young men—mercantile assistants and others—in the town of Skibbereen had, about this time, established a political club or reading-room, called the Phœnix National and Literary Society. It might have gone the way of many a similar institution, and never been heard of beyond the local precincts, but for a visit which Mr. James Stephens paid to that neighbourhood in May 1858. He had been struck by the rather independent and defiant spirit of some observations reported from one of its meetings, and judged that among these men he would find material for the work he had in hand. Foremost in a sort of careless audacity

and resolute will was one, already quite popular, or, as "the authorities" in Skibbereen would say, a "ringleader," with young men of his class—Jeremiah Donovan. He was not only given to Gaelic studies, but he exhibited a love for historico-genealogical research which was quite alarming to the local gentry. He very shortly resumed the "O" to his name; and, as his people belonged to Ross, he adopted the distinguishing Gaelic affix "Rossa,"* thenceforward signing his name—one now well known in Ireland, England, and Scotland—"Jeremiah O'Donovan, Rossa."

One evening in May 1858, O'Donovan — or "Rossa," as it may be more convenient to call him, although he was not generally known by this affix for some time after—was waited upon by a companion who had something important to communicate under the seal of secresy. A mysterious "stranger" had come to town on a startling mission. The Irishmen in America, he declared, had resolved to aid the men at home in achieving the independence of Ireland, and the

* Subdivisions of Irish families or clans were sometimes distinguished, one from another, in this way; as "O'Connor, Kerry," "O'Sullivan, Bear (or Beara)," &c.

aid was to consist of arms and of men. Rossa goes on to tell the rest: "If we had a certain number of men sworn to fight, there would be an equal number of arms in Ireland for these men when enrolled, and an invading force of from five to ten thousand men before the start. The arms were to be in the country before the men would be asked to stir; they would not be given into their hands, but were to be kept in hiding-places until the appointed time, when every Centre could take his men to the spot and get the weapons. As soon as we had enrolled the men willing to fight, we were to get military instructors to teach us how to do as soldiers."

Nothing could possibly have been more to the heart of Rossa than this enterprise. He jumped at it, he says, "and next day I inoculated a few others, whom I told to go and do likewise." Before a month had elapsed, out of one hundred young men on the books of the "Literary Society," ninety had been sworn in to this secret organisation.

Such was the start of Fenianism. The "mysterious stranger" was Mr. James Stephens.

Mr. Stephens well enough knew that the National party, so far as it was represented by the

Nation newspaper—by Smith O'Brien and Gavan Duffy—would resent this effort; that, in fact, the feud between the two sections was sure to be resuscitated over such a project. Ordinarily it would be impossible to make much headway with a national or popular movement, open or secret, which the *Nation* opposed; but there were reasons for making light of any such difficulty now. The breakdown of Mr. Duffy's parliamentary policy, through the Sadleir-Keogh betrayal, was not unnaturally presumed to have weakened the influence of the *Nation*; and I, who had but a short time previously succeeded to Mr. Duffy's position in the *Nation* office, was young, little known, and devoid of his great experience and influence. In the south-western angle of the island, formed by portions of Cork and Kerry, a very brisk enrolment went on; the "secresy," however, being absurdly inefficient. In the course of the summer I was made aware that some persons had been freely using the name of Mr. Smith O'Brien, of Mr. John Mitchel, myself, and others in mysterious whispers about the power of the movement, and the approval given to it. Whether such idle stories were worth contradicting was doubtful; yet it seemed a serious moral responsibility to

remain silent. I could not tell what Mr. Mitchel's views might be—he was in America—but I thought it likely he would favour such a scheme.* The views of the other gentlemen—of Smith O'Brien especially—I well knew to be utterly averse to anything of the kind. Meanwhile a new urgency appeared. The Catholic Bishop of Kerry, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, called upon me one day to say that within the past hour he had heard from a Government official a minute account of the "Phœnix Society" conspiracy in his diocese. "It is no use pooh-poohing such work," said he; "the Government are preparing to treat it seriously, and are in possession of full information. A friendly warning in the *Nation* may disperse the whole danger, and bring these young men back to reason. At all events, you will save others from being involved in the catastrophe." Other newspapers had already been making public references to the subject; still I disliked the *rôle* of "alarmist." I consulted with Mr. John B. Dillon, Mr. Kevin O'Doherty, and other such friends near at hand; and wrote to Mr. Smith O'Brien, stating the case, and asking him what I ought to do—whether more harm than good

* In this I was wrong, as I afterwards discovered.

might come of any public intervention. The first-named gentleman deemed disclaiming unnecessary, and doubted the wisdom or efficacy of public interference. The Catholic clergy, however, throughout the whole district affected by the secret organisation, had determined to intervene at once and severely. Simultaneously from the altars of the Catholic churches the whole business was vehemently denounced, and the people warned to withdraw from and shun it. Mr. O'Brien's answer to my confidential communication was a letter, which he wished to be instantly published, it being his opinion that we were bound to reprehend all attempts to identify the Irish National cause with such an organisation. I hesitated no longer; I not only published Mr. O'Brien's letter, as he desired, but in strong terms appealed to patriotic Irishmen to avoid the hopeless perils and the demoralising effects of secret societies. I was, in the same sense as the National leaders had ever been, as "seditious" as any of them in my hostility to the imperial scheme of destroying our national autonomy, but I had not studied in vain the history of secret oath-bound associations. I regarded them with horror. I knew all that could be said as to their advantages in revolutionising a

country; but even in the firmest and best of hands they had a direct tendency to demoralisation, and were often, on the whole, more perilous to society than open tyranny. In joining issue on this occasion with the hidden chiefs of the movement, I knew I was setting a great deal on the cast; yet I did not know all. No action of all my life bore consequences more full of suffering and sacrifice for me than did this throughout subsequent years. Conducting such a journal as the *Nation*, I had no choice as to silence. An equivocal attitude would have been despicably mean and cowardly. I was called upon to speak and act, under not only the public but the conscientious constraint of duty, and I did so. The result proved that the influence of the *Nation* had been underrated; or perhaps I should say, its influence in co-operation with the appeals of the Catholic clergy. The enrolment was stopped, and it seemed for a while as if the movement had been relinquished. So great had been the effect of the firm but friendly remonstrances addressed to the people, that I verily believed we should hear no more of the Phœnix Society. Not so, however. The Government, having long previously got its hand upon the business, was not willing to forego the sensational

performance of crushing a conspiracy against its power. On the 3rd of December 1858 a vice-regal proclamation appeared, declaring that such a public danger existed. In a few days after a simultaneous raid was made upon the Phœnix men in Skibbereen, Bantry, Kenmare, and Killarney. The kingdom was alarmed anew by the spectacle of terrorising arrests and State prosecutions. This was very generally regarded as "forcing an open gate," and the severities visited upon some of the prisoners—young men of excellent character, and many of them warmly regarded in their native districts—excited considerable public sympathy. The Government, however, seemed determined to treat the affair in a very serious spirit. A special commission was issued for the counties of Kerry and Cork, in each of which some score of prisoners awaited trial. In March 1859 the whole array of Crown counsel, led by the Attorney-General, Mr. Whiteside, M.P., commenced proceedings at Tralee. The first prisoner arraigned was a national school teacher named Daniel O'Sullivan.* The trial, which was very protracted, was signalised by the remarkably able defence of the prisoner by

* It was a coincidence that the informer whose evidence was adduced to convict him bore the same name.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., some ten or eleven years subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and now Baron O'Hagan.* The story disclosed by the Crown was simply that in the districts already mentioned numbers of young men were sworn into a secret society such as Rossa describes, and that small parties of them were in the habit of going through military drill, chiefly at night-time, but sometimes in the day. Beyond this stage the business had not progressed, and as far as could be known the organisation had not extended elsewhere in Ireland. The leader was a mysterious personage, referred to generally as "the Seavac"—Gaelic for hawk, and pronounced "Sheuk"—but pretty well known to be none other than Mr. Stephens. The jury disagreed, and the

* By one act of his legislative career Lord O'Hagan may truly be said to have writ his name large on the page of our modern history. No man of this generation has done more to surround the law and its administration with popular confidence and respect than he by his great measure of Jury Reform. The Irish people were thereby assured for the first time that jury manipulation was not to render a Crown prosecution a game with loaded dice. When Lord O'Hagan's Act first went into operation, some jars and hitches occurred; and partisans of the old system called out "failure." But it has long since become the object of universal praise, as a great and statesmanlike piece of legislation.

further trials were postponed. At the next Kerry assizes, the prisoner O'Sullivan, finding the Crown empanelling an exclusively Protestant jury—ordering every Catholic who came to the book to "stand by"—declined to proceed with any defence. He said this was not "trial by jury," as supposed in law, and he would not recognise it as such by defence. The proceedings, consequently, were tame and brief. He was at once found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.*

When, some months later on, the trial of the Cork prisoners approached, their counsel and other friends urged them strongly to plead guilty. In the first place, the funds publicly collected to insure fair legal advocacy for the accused had been consumed by the protracted trial of O'Sullivan at Tralee. In the next place, it was represented to them that in consideration of such a course on their part the Crown would certainly be content to record the conviction and liberate them "to appear when called on"; and, moreover, would probably commute the sentence on their comrade

* Between 1848 and 1858 "transportation beyond the seas" was abolished, and penal servitude took its place as a punishment.

O'Sullivan. On an undertaking or promise to this latter effect—very tardily complied with by the Government afterwards—the suggestion or compromise was adopted. Rossa and his companions pleaded guilty, and were released. The excitement which the prosecutions occasioned passed away; no more was heard of the Phœnix enrolment. The attempt, such as it was, very evidently was abandoned. We all felicitated ourselves that the curtain fell on no worse results, no wider mischief, no more protracted punishments. Foolish was the best of our wisdom in thinking this was the end. We had seen only the first act in the astonishing drama of Irish Fenianism.

CHAPTER II.

PAPAL IRELAND.

Of all Catholic nations or countries in the world —the Tyrol alone excepted—Ireland is perhaps the most Papal, the most "Ultramontane." In designations bestowed by Roman Pontiffs others hold high rank. The King of France was called "the Eldest Son of the Church"; the King of Spain is "His Most Catholic Majesty"; and the Sovereign of England to this day retains a Papal title which declares the bearer to be Defender of the Roman doctrines against Protestantism. But these titles represent little of reality now. In most cases what are called "Catholic nations" are merely countries in which Catholicity continues to be the State religion, and is the form of faith professed by the bulk of the population.

In Ireland, on the other hand, religious conviction—what may be called active Catholicism—

marks the population; enters into their daily life and thought and action. The churches are crowded as well by men as by women; and in every sacrament and ceremony of their religion participation is extensive and earnest. Reverence for the sacerdotal character is so deep and strong as to be called "superstitious" by observers who belong to a different faith; and devotion to the Pope, attachment to the Roman See, is probably more intense in Ireland than in any other part of the habitable globe, "the Leonine City" itself not excluded.

In 1859 the Irish people found themselves in a strange dilemma, between sympathy with France on the one hand, and apprehensions for the Pope on the other. At the New Year's receptions in the Tuileries, the Emperor Napoleon, by a remark to Baron Hübner, regretting that the relations between France and Austria were not more satisfactory, set all Europe in a ferment. War—war between France and Italy and Austria — was plainly at hand. England offered her accustomed mediation, which was, of course, accepted by all the parties, not one of whom, however, slackened its preparations, or dreamt for a moment of desisting. Three months were given to diplomatic fooling, till the campaign season might be reached;

each side trying how to manœuvre the other into an appearance of "aggression." At length, on the 9th of April, fifty thousand men set out from Vienna for Lombardy, and next day sixty thousand more followed. On the 21st an Austrian ultimatum was despatched to Turin, calling on Piedmont to disarm the menacing forces it had been assembling for some time. To this Victor-Emmanuel replied on the 25th by an address to his army, declaring hostilities against Austria. Count Cavour had meanwhile telegraphed to the French emperor, "Help! Help! The Austrians are upon us!" In less than twenty-four hours the French army marched from Paris for Italy. On the same day the Austrians at one point, and the Sardinians at another, crossed the Ticino. In a brief campaign the Austrians were driven within the Quadrilateral. Montebello was fought on the 20th May, Palestro on the 31st, Magenta on the 4th of June, and Solferino on the 24th. Suddenly, in the midst of victories, Napoleon stopped and proffered peace. The Treaty of Villafranca, on the 11th of July, subsequently ratified at Zurich, closed the Italian war of 1859.

From May to July a curious struggle of sympathies prevailed in Ireland. The Catholic prelates

and clergy denounced the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon as utterly perfidious. His majesty's assurances of safety and protection for the Pope were likened to the embraces of a Judas; for that when Francis-Joseph had been crushed, Pio Nono's turn for attack and destruction would come, they emphatically predicted. Still popular feeling in Ireland followed the French flag, especially when it was found that a Franco-Irishman, General Patrick MacMahon, was placed in command of a division. The news of the battle of Magenta—that MacMahon had turned the tide of victory, had saved the French emperor, and had been named Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta for so memorable an achievement—evoked boundless joy in Ireland. Bonfires blazed on the hills of Clare, the ancient home of his ancestors. His name became a popular watchword all over the island. In the *Nation* we published, from searches in the public archives at home and in France, an authentic record of his family, from the capitulation of Limerick to the victory of Magenta.*

* "Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodile, in the county of Limerick, was married to Margaret, daughter of John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, in the county of Cork, of the House of O'Sullivan Beare. Honourably identified with the cause of

A proposition that our people should present the Franco-Irish marshal with a sword of honour was

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the last of the Stuarts, he sheathed his sword at the Treaty of Limerick, and retired, with his wife—'a lady,' say the records, 'of the rarest beauty and virtue'—to the friendly shores of France. Here his son, John MacMahon, of Autun, married an heiress, and was created Count d'Equilly. On the 28th of September 1749, the Count applied to the Irish Government of that day—accompanying his application with the necessary fees, &c., for the officers of 'Ulster King-at-Arms'—to have his genealogy, together with the records, &c., of his family, duly authenticated, collected, and recorded with all necessary verification, in order that his children and their posterity in France might have all-sufficient proof of the proud fact that they were Irish. All this was accordingly done, as may be seen in the records in Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, countersigned by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the various other requisite signatures. In those records he is described as of 'the noble family, paternally of MacMahon of Clonderala (in Clare), and maternally of the noble family of O'Sullivan Beare.' He was the grandfather of the Marshal Duke of Magenta. The Count's genealogy commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, and traces him through eight generations as follows: Terence MacMahon, proprietor of Clonderala, married Helena, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died 1472, and was interred in the Monastery of Ashelin, in Munster. He was succeeded by his son Donatus MacMahon, who married Honora O'Brien, of the noble family of Thomond; and his son, Terence MacMahon, Esq., married Joanna, daughter of John MacNamara, Esq., of Dohaghtin, commonly styled 'MacNamara Reagh,' and had a son Bernard MacMahon, Esq., whose wife was Margarita, daughter of

responded to with unexampled enthusiasm. Five hundred pounds were called for; nearly seven

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Donatus O'Brien of Daugh. Mortogh MacMahon, son of Bernard, married Eleonora, daughter of William O'Nelan of Emri, colonel of a regiment of horse in the army of Charles I., and was father of Maurice MacMahon, Esq., whose wife Helena was daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Ballinoe, Knight of Glinn. Mortogh MacMahon, son of Maurice, married Helena, daughter of Emanuel MacSheehy, Esq., of Ballylinan, and was father of the above-named Patrick MacMahon, who married Margarita, daughter of John O'Sullivan, Esq., mother of John, first Count d'Equilly. The descent of the Count MacMahon, maternally, through the O'Sullivans is as follows: Mortogh O'Sullivan Beare, of Bantry, in the county of Cork, married Maryann, daughter of James Lord Desmond, and dying was interred, 1541, in the Convent of Friars Minors, Cork. His son, John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Joanna, daughter of Gerald de Courcey, Baron of Kinsale, and died 1578, leaving Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., his son, who married Anna, daughter of Christopher O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, in the county Cork, Esq., and died at Madrid, leaving his son John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, Esq., who married Margaret, daughter of James O'Donovan, of Roscarbery, Esq. Bartholomew O'Sullivan, son of John, was colonel in the army of James II. at the siege of Limerick, and married Helena, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, by whom he had Major John O'Sullivan of Bantry, who married Honoria, daughter of Robert MacCarty, of 'Castro Leonino (Castlelyons), in the county of Cork, Esq., grandson of Daniel MacCarty, Lord of Glancare, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Donogh Lord Desmond, and died 1731.' Their daughter was Margarita, who married Patrick MacMahon, Esq., of Torrodile."

hundred were subscribed; and a really magnificent sword and scabbard were manufactured, from designs specially furnished by an Irish artist, Mr. E. Fitzpatrick. The Marshal, on being made aware of the proposed compliment, intimated that, subject to the requisite permission of the Emperor, he would be truly happy to receive this mark of regard from his *anciens compatriotes*, as he styled the Irish people.* The Emperor, in a very marked way, assented, and on the 2nd of September 1860, my brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, and Dr. George Sigerson, a deputation from the Irish committee, proceeded to France to make the formal presentation. The Marshal was at the time in command at Chalons, and to honour the arrival of the Irish deputation on such an errand the camp was *en fête*. The formal presentation took place at headquarters. An address, engrossed in Irish and French, and signed on behalf of the Dublin committee by The O'Donoghue, M.P., chairman, and by Mr. P. J. Smyth and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, hon. secretaries, was read by one of the deputation. The

* "Je dois commencer par vous dire que je suis excessivement reconnaissant de ce témoignage d'interêt de la part d'anciens compatriotes avec lesquels je n'ai eu depuis longtemps que des rapports indirects."

Marshal was visibly affected, and, with a voice betraying considerable emotion, he replied as follows * :—

"Gentlemen,—I am most deeply touched by the sentiments which you have just expressed to me; and I pray that you will tell the Irish whom you represent how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name. This testimony, by its spontaneous character, proves to me that Green Erin has preserved those chivalrous ideas, that vivacity, and that warmth of heart which have ever distinguished her.

"I will leave one day to my eldest son, Patrick, this magnificent sword. It will be for him, as it is for myself, a new pledge of those close ties which

* "Messieurs,—Je suis on ne peut plus touché des sentiments que vous venez de m'exprimer, et je vous prie de dire aux Irlandais que vous representez combien je suis reconnaissant du témoignage d'estime et sympathie que vous m'offrez en leur nom. Ce témoignage par sa spontanéité m'a prouvé que La Verte Erinn avait conservée ces idées chevaleresques, cette vivacité, et cette chaleur de cœur qui l'ont de tout temps distingué.

"Je laisserai, un jour, à mon fils aîné, Patrice, cette magnifique épée. Elle sera pour lui, comme elle est pour moi, un gage nouveau des liens étroits qui doivent l'unir à jamais au noble pays de ses ancêtres."

should unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors."

The deputation, together with some friends who had accompanied them from Paris, were entertained at a splendid banquet, to which he had invited to meet them quite a number of French officers and noblemen of Irish lineage—Commandant Dillon, General O'Farrell, General Sutton de Clonard—men whose names proclaimed at least their Irish origin, although Ireland they had never seen. The hero of Magenta proved to be quite conversant with Irish history, poetry, and literature. "C'était un pays tout-à-fait poétique," said he, addressing a French general; "it was a land of poetry, which character it has not even yet lost; its ancient laws were often written in verse, and the bards ranked next to royalty."

That he could turn a joke with quick humour was shown by his play upon the French word "eau" and the Irish prenominal "O." "He had been making particular inquiries," says a member of the deputation, "about the signification of the 'O' and 'Mac'; and on their origin being explained to him, he mentioned that some persons, when they saw his name, said, 'That is a Scotch name.' This, he said, was absurd, of course; but

were there not other names in Ireland having Mac prefixed? He was answered there were many such —Mac Carthy, Mac Guire, &c.; but that it was, indeed, remarkable enough that the Scots showed such a predilection for the 'Mac.' 'O's' were plenty in Ireland, whilst 'il n'y a pas d'O en Ecosse.'

"'Comment,' exclaimed the Marshal, with a sparkle of genuine fun in his eye—'comment, malgré ses lacs?'"

There is good reason to believe that Napoleon the Third halted at Villafranca because he found himself in the toils of a man who was his master in every art of diplomacy and politics—Count Cavour. The Emperor had dreams and schemes of compromise, and thought he could assign limits to the bold designs of the Turin organiser, by whom from first to last he was baffled, outwitted, and beaten. Even while Napoleon was theorising over his project of an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head, Cavour, determined to defeat it, was secretly spreading his agencies and operations throught the entire peninsula. On the 20th of October Victor-Emmanuel openly rejected the Villafranca plan, declaring he was engaged to the Italian people. In the same month was announced the

division of the territory so far secured. Savoy and Nice were to fall to the French emperor, as compensation; Lombardy, the Romagna, Parma, and Modena being appropriated by the Sardinian king. But was annexation to stop even at this point? A feeling of uneasiness and apprehension spread through Ireland. The new year, 1860, found the island heaving with excitement. That on one ground or another the Pope would be openly attacked and further despoiled was now the universal conviction, and monster meetings to tender him sympathy and support were held in every province and county. Subscriptions in his aid poured in from every parish and diocese in the kingdom. They amounted in the aggregate to a vast sum; but the depth and force of popular feeling which these sixpences and shillings of the poor represented, even more than did the splendid contributions of the rich and aristocratic classes, gave a grave importance to this extraordinary upheaval of religious emotion.

On this subject there was displayed one of the most violent conflicts of English and Irish popular opinion which I have ever noted. In England the Italian movement evoked the warmest admiration. It was hailed as the onward march of

liberty, the overthrow of oppression. In Ireland it was denounced as the rapacity of a dishonest neighbouring state, sapping and undermining the pontifical power, and now planning an open seizure of the prey. Englishmen were disgusted that the Irish should, out of fanatical worship of the Pope, desire to prevent the Romans from being free. Irishmen were angered to see how filibustering raids were subsidised in England against an aged and peaceful Pontiff, the head of Christendom, while a few years previously Great Britain had spent millions of money and shed rivers of blood to uphold the head of Mahomedanism. The artillery of journalism waged a furious duel across the channel. "Every people has a right to choose its own form of government," said the English press. "Then let us choose ours," answered the Irish. "The Romans have a right to rebel," said the one. "But there is no question of the Romans rebelling," responded the other; "it is a question of the Piedmontese invading the Pope's dominions." In short, the dispute resolved itself briefly into this, that in England the reality of oppression and disaffection in the Pope's dominions was fully believed in; while in Ireland the discontent was declared to be mainly a commodity produced by Sardinian

agencies for Sardinian ends—that is to say, for annexation purposes.

Each party acted accordingly. From England went public addresses, money, and men to help Victor-Emmanuel and Garibaldi. From Ireland went addresses and money, but not yet men, to defend the Roman Pontiff against the threatened attack. Not yet men; but soon the cry was raised, Why not men also? One of the popular journals, the *Dundalk Democrat*, declared that Ireland's best offering to the Supreme Pontiff at this crisis would be an Irish brigade. I had myself for some time previously been vainly urging the same view on Irish ecclesiastical dignitaries whom I knew to be in intimate correspondence with Rome. I found I was dealing with a wofully conservative body of men. They quite started, affrighted, from the use of anything like force or violence even in self-defence. I believe my views and propositions were forwarded to or mentioned at Rome, but they were rather discouragingly received. Monsignor De Merode was then the pontifical minister of military affairs. He early foresaw that to the arbitrament of the battle-field this whole business must some day come; and he strained every nerve to prepare for such a contingency. Only in a slow

and halting and reluctant way could he obtain assent to his views at the Vatican, where Cardinal Antonelli, persuaded that resistance single-handed would be hopeless, was altogether for relying on "the Christian Powers." Pio Nono himself was, moreover, to the last more or less averse to military preparation or demonstration. He was a man of prayer; Cardinal Antonelli was a man of diplomacy; Monsignor de Merode believed that Count Cavour cared little for either, and that, taking to the sword, he could be stopped only by the sword, if at all.

At last we heard that General Lamoricière had been offered and had accepted the chief command of the pontifical army—nominally twenty thousand, in reality about ten thousand, men. To those in any degree behind the scenes this meant that Monsignor de Merode had at length carried the day, and that an effort would be made to organise a force for the defence of the Roman territory.

One day, early in March 1860, two gentlemen entered my office in Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. One was a friend whom I knew to be deeply interested in the now critical affairs of the pontifical Government; the other was a stranger, apparently a foreigner. "Here," said my friend, "is a gentle-

man who shares some of those views you have been so hotly urging about defending Rome." I found in my unknown visitor Count Charles Mac Donnell, of Vienna, trusted *attaché* of Field-Marshal Count Nugent, and a chamberlain of the Holy Father. If ever chivalrous devotion to a fallen cause was personified, it was in this loyal and brave-hearted gentleman. He reminded me of those Highland chieftains whose attachment to the Stuarts, romantic and tragical, evokes sympathy and admiration in every generous breast. Had he lived in the thirteenth century, he would have been a crusader knight; in 1641 he would have been a Cavalier; in 1745 he would have been at the side of Prince Charles Edward on the fatal field of Culloden. He came to see what Ireland would do—what aid she would contribute in the military defence of the Roman patrimony. "We know in Rome," said he, "that Garibaldi, with the connivance and secret assistance of the Turin Government, is organising an aggressive expedition, but whether to strike at Naples or at us in the first instance we cannot tell. In any case we shall be attacked this summer. What will Ireland do for us?"

"In the improbable event of the Government

allowing volunteering, as in the case of Donna Maria," I answered, "you can have thirty thousand men; if, as is most likely, they give no permission but no active opposition, you will probably get ten thousand; if they actively prevent, nothing can be done. In my opinion, unless the proceeding is too glaring and open, Lord Palmerston will not raise a conflict, in view of Lord Ellenborough's letter and the 'million of muskets' movement on the other side in England. But the chief difficulty will be our own bishops. They will be adverse or neutral. Not one of them believes the little army of Lamoricière can cope with the overpowering odds of Sardinia."

The Count pulled from his breast a scarlet morocco letter-case, and in five minutes satisfied me that abundant assurance had been secretly given at Rome by some of the crowned heads of Europe that if Monsignor de Merode could, without French or Austrian intervention, defeat invasion by Garibaldian irregulars, Sardinia would be prevented from attacking.

This threw a new light on the situation. I think I can assert that it was upon the faith of those private assurances the whole of General Lamoricière's movements were planned in 1860.

My friend the Count was intensely Austrian, and hated Napoleon with a deadly hatred. "He is a liar," he said, "and the truth is not in him. *He* will not keep his word; but others will keep theirs." I could see very early that the mortal jealousy between France and Austria would prove the real peril of Pio Nono.

We set off on a tour through the provinces, to sound our way as to what might be done, and how best to do it. I was painfully anxious that the Count should be out of the country as soon as possible; or, at all events, that he should send his red despatch-case away, for it contained one or two autograph letters which, if lost, or on any pretext seized, would have raised an awkward diplomatic storm on the Continent. But he would "complete his mission" at all hazards; and he did. Within less than a month from his departure the first band of pontifical volunteers left Ireland. Before the end of July nearly two thousand men had proceeded in small parties across the continent of Europe, and reached the Roman States. Deep mistrust of the Emperor Napoleon at first forbade the hazard of sending men through France, and accordingly the route selected was by way of Belgium and Austria. The line from Bodenbach

to Trieste and Ancona was under the charge of Count Mac Donnell; the portion reaching from Ireland to Bodenbach was under the authority of a committee or directorate in Dublin, consisting of three or four gentlemen, in whose labours I bore some part. Only one of them may I name—he is now no more—and of him I can sincerely affirm that the pontifical Power had never fallen if all who owed it allegiance served it with the deep-hearted love and devotion of Laurence Canon Forde.

The expedition which Count Mac Donnell had predicted or mentioned in March proved a reality. On the 4th of April an outbreak took place at Palermo, and on the 5th of May the famous "Thousand" of Garibaldi sailed from Genoa. From that date to the beginning of September Europe witnessed the unchecked victorious progress of that force. By the 28th of July they had conquered Sicily. On the 8th of September General Garibaldi, M. Dumas *père*, and Mr. Edwin James, his chief non-military colleagues in the campaign, entered Naples without opposition; Francis II. having retired to Gaeta. Next day Victor-Emmanuel was proclaimed king in the Neapolitan capital.

The endeavour of Generals Lamoricière and Kanzler to hurriedly organise a really efficient military system was a work of almost hopeless difficulty. Papal Rome was not a belligerent Power. Its so-called army, or Swiss guard, were little more than a police force. Nevertheless, by the month of August Lamoricière declared himself confident of encountering and defeating the now imminent attack of the victorious Garibaldians penetrating from the Neapolitan side. Meanwhile a formidable Sardinian force was being assembled on the northern frontier, under Generals Cialdini and Fanti. To the very last the French emperor sent tranquillising assurances, on the faith of Turin declarations, that no hostile movement against the pontifical territory was intended;* that this

* "At the beginning of the month of September your excellency communicated to me the assurances given by the French ambassador on behalf of Piedmont, that not only that Power would not invade our territory, but that it would even oppose the invasion by any bands of volunteers which were forming over our frontiers. The measures adopted against Colonel Nicotera, who had assembled 2000 men in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and who wished to throw them on our coasts, were additionally promised to us; and it appeared that it was in the direction of Naples that we had to fear an invasion. Already at several intervals the embarkation of troops in Sicily and in the Calabria was announced as intending

army was assembled to "repress disorder" should the Garibaldian movement in the south extend. Suddenly, on the 9th of September 1860, Cardinal Antonelli received from Count Cavour a demand for the disbandment of Lamoricière's force. Without awaiting reply, the corps of Generals Fanti and Cialdini burst across the frontier, took Lamoricière in flank and rear, and cut in pieces the formation he had effected for attack from a different quarter. In a brief and disastrous campaign, in which, hopelessly outnumbered and taken by surprise, it never had a chance, the pontifical army was defeated at every point. This crash found the Irish, mostly unarmed, in process of drill at Ancona, Spoleto, Perugia, and Foligno. Their organisation into a battalion, called the "Battalion of St. Patrick," under the command of Major Myles W. O'Reilly (the present member of Parliament for Longford county), had barely been effected; but their equipment was not yet accomplished. Lamoricière seemed stunned by the news of the

to attack us in the direction of the Marches; and after the occupation of Naples by General Garibaldi everything led us to believe that our southern provinces would be shortly invaded."—*Official Report by General Lamoricière to the Pontifical Ministry of War.*

Piedmontese invasion. Marching out of Spoleto at midnight of the 14th, he made a desperate effort to gather his forces for a dash to Ancona; the Piedmontese commander being evidently determined to cut him off. Strange as it may sound at this day, even at that moment the Papal general believed, and had received reason to believe, that if he could hold the enemy at bay for a week or two the French emperor would come to his aid! At Macerata, on the 17th, he effected a junction with General Pimodan. Pushing on next day, he found General Cialdini lying across his course in strong position at Castelfidardo. Here was fought the really decisive battle of the campaign. Lamoricière succeeded in cutting his way through to Ancona, at the head of a troop of chasseurs; but his army was annihilated.

Meanwhile General Fanti's corps had attacked and taken Perugia on the 15th, and summoned Spoleto to surrender on the 17th. The town, or rather the "Rocca," was held by Major O'Reilly and three hundred Irishmen, besides some few Franco-Belges, Austrians, Swiss, and native Italians. Quite a formidable controversy was raised by some of the English newspapers over this capture of Spoleto from the Irish; but the

signal gallantry of the defence has been attested by authorities on whose testimony Major O'Reilly and his three hundred Irishmen may proudly rest their reputation; namely, General Brignone, the commander of the attacking force, and General Lamoricière, one of the first soldiers in Europe. The former in the articles of capitulation says:—

> The officers and soldiers shall be treated in all respects with that urbanity and that respect which befit honourable and brave troops, as they have proved themselves to be in to-day's fight.

On the 28th of September Ancona, besieged by land and sea, its defences laid in ruins by a continuous bombardment, surrendered to Admiral Persano, whose recently published correspondence throws a startling light on the secret history of this campaign.

Whether the Irish companies in this ill-fated struggle displayed at all events "the ancient courage of their race" is a question that keenly touches the national honour. Happily its decision does not rest merely on the frank and modest report of their commander, nor yet on the eulogies of the Papal minister of war. No one will deny that General Lamoricière was a competent military authority as to the bearing and conduct of soldiers.

In his official report he makes severe reflections on some small portion of the troops who served under his command; but of the Irish he never speaks save in praise. He bears special testimony to their bravery at Perugia, at Spoleto, at Castelfidardo, and at Ancona. "At Perugia," he says, "one Irish company" (the total Irish force present) "and the greater part of the battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the Line alone showed themselves determined to do their duty." At Spoleto, he says, the Irish "defended themselves with great gallantry." At Castelfidardo, he says, "two howitzers were moved forward, under a very sharp fire, with the aid of the Irish. These brave soldiers, after having accomplished the mission with which they were charged, reunited themselves with the tirailleurs, and during the rest of the battle distinguished themselves in their ranks."

Often have bitter and passionate words passed between the English and Irish press; but I doubt if ever the language of taunt and contumely on the one hand, of hatred and defiance on the other, proceeded to greater lengths than on this occasion. The presence of an Irish force on the Papal side utterly outraged English opinion; and the way in

which English anger found expression in the public journals was in calling the Irish "cowards" and "mercenaries." Whatever else may be said of Irishmen, as England well knows, they make good soldiers. They are not "cowards"; and whatever else might have been charged upon those men, they were not "mercenaries." From the English point of view they were fanatics, but certainly not mercenaries. They left country, home, and friends to fight for a cause in which, rightly or wrongly, as Englishmen might judge, they deemed it honourable and holy to die. Pay —mercenary considerations—could have had no place in their motives; for the pay of a Papal soldier was merely nominal, and his rations were poor indeed. The taunts and invectives of the English press evoked fierce rejoinder in Ireland. By way of answer to the aspersions on the battalion lying prisoners at Leghorn and Genoa, it was decided that they should be brought home "in triumph" at the national expense. After a troubled and protracted negotiation with the Piedmontese authorities, the prisoners were turned over to a duly commissioned representative of the Irish Brigade Committee. He chartered a steamer and embarked the men for Cork, where they safely

arrived on the 3rd of November 1860. In anticipation of this event I was requested to proceed to the southern port to arrange for their reception, and the forwarding of them to their homes. But the citizens of Cork took the work very heartily into their own hands in great part. A local "reception committee" was instantly formed, under the active presidency of Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., and preparations were set on foot for a general festive display. Had those men been victors on a hundred fields they could not have been welcomed with more flattering demonstrations. Bands played and banners waved; the population turned out *en masse*; addresses were presented and speeches delivered. In public procession, escorted by the local committee, comprising some of the principal citizens of Cork, the battalion marched to the several railway stations, where, breaking up into parties destined for different localities, they separated, embracing and kissing one another in continental style, quite affectionately. Nor did the demonstrations end here. At every town where a detachment alighted crowds assembled, waving green boughs, if flags could not be obtained, and escorted them on their homeward road.

In this chapter of her history Ireland is to be seen and studied under the influences of overpowering religious emotion; or, as it might be less sympathetically said, "carried away by such blind and fanatical zeal for a religious chief as must mark a nation imbued with bigotry and intolerance." It is, however, a fact which ought to be intelligently contemplated, that this people, so strongly Papal, so intensely Catholic, so violently opposed to "liberalism" or religious indifference, is, in civil affairs, perhaps the most liberal and tolerant in the world. When, in the early part of the present century, it was proposed to "emancipate" Irish Catholics, that is, to admit them to seats in Parliament and to certain municipal and other official positions—the project was long resisted on the ground that a people so dogmatic or "bigoted" in their religion would instantly ostracise non-Catholics; that, being in a vast majority all over Ireland, they would drive from public life all Protestant representatives of popular constituencies, making religion, not politics, a test in civil affairs. Not a far-fetched apprehension, assuredly. Long excluded from such civil rights and privileges, it would not have been very astonishing if the Irish Catholics, wherever they could command a parliamentary seat or a

municipal honour, kept it for, or conferred it on, a man of their own faith; leaving non-Catholics, for whom the field had always been free, to the care of still powerful co-religionists. This was not the course which they adopted. They no sooner grasped these coveted honours and privileges than they hastened to share them with their Protestant friends. From the day the Catholic Emancipation Act received the royal assent, in 1829, to this hour, the most Catholic constituencies in Ireland have again and again returned Protestants to Parliament; and have often so returned them in opposition to Catholics of less acceptable political views. Mr. Butt, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, Mr. Blennerhassett, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Gray, Lord Francis Conyngham, Mr. Parnell, Captain King Harman, and other Protestant gentlemen now sitting for Irish seats, are elected, as were their equally Protestant predecessors, by some of the most Ultramontane and Papal communities in Christendom!

This praiseworthy conduct, unfortunately, has as yet elicited no reciprocal action on the other side; and the foes of bigotry and intolerance at one time trembled lest a fact so discouraging might ruin the generous experiment. In no single instance has an Irish Protestant constituency elected a Catholic

to Parliament. Happily, the Catholic majority, refusing retaliation, hold on to the principle of doing what is right and wise and kindly. It will be a day of calamity for Ireland if ever the evil spirit of fanaticism shake them from that noble policy.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF GLENVEIH.

In the remote and wild north-west of Ireland, lashed by billows that roll from the frozen ocean, stands ancient Tyrconnell, better known to modern ears as the Donegal Highlands. There is probably no part of the island of equal expanse more self-contained, or separate, as it were, from the outer world. Nowhere else have the native population more largely preserved their peculiar features of life and character, custom and tradition, amidst the changes of the last two hundred years.

The eastern portion of Donegal abounds in rich and fertile valleys, and is peopled by a different race. Two hundred and fifty years ago all of the soil that was fair to see, that seemed worth possessing, was handed over to "planters," or "undertakers." The native Celts were driven

to the boggy wastes and trackless hills that were too poor or too remote for settlers to accept. Here, shut out from the busy world, their lowly lot shielding them from many a danger, the descendants of the faithful clansmen of "Dauntless Red Hugh" lived on. Their life was toilsome, but they murmured not. Along the western shore, pierced by many a deep bay, or belted by wastes of sand, their little sheelings nestled alongside some friendly crag, while close at hand "the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean" boomed eternally in sullen roar.

The scenery, from Slieveleague to Malin Head, is wildly romantic, and in some places surpassingly beautiful. There are wide stretches of bleak and utter desolation, but ever and anon the eye is arrested and the fancy charmed by views which Alpine regions rarely excel. Lough Swilly—"the Lake of Shadows"—is one of the most picturesque ocean inlets on our coasts. It steals southward past Buncrana and historic Rathmullen, till it reaches Letterkenny on the one side, and lovely Fauhn on the other; as if the sea had burst into a series of Tyrolean valleys. But there is not a scene amongst them all to match the weird beauty and savage grandeur of lone Glenveih!

The western, or Atlantic, shore of Donegal is indented by a narrow estuary, which penetrates some five or six miles in a north-easterly direction, until, at a place called Doochery, it meets the Gweebarra river. The gorge through which estuary and river flow is but the south-western section of a singular chain of valleys, which reach in a direct line from Gweebara Bay to Glen Lough, a distance of more than twenty miles. The middle section is Glenveih, so called; or, as it ought to be, Glenbah—the Glen of Silver Birches. It is truly a most romantic spot. The mountains rise boldly to a height of over a thousand feet on either side, and are clothed in great part with indigenous forest; while sleeping calmly in the vale below, following its gentle windings, broadening and narrowing as the hills give room, is the lake—Lough Veih.

The mountain district around is of the wildest character. Thirty years ago it was inhabited by a people such as one might meet amidst the crags of the Interthal or Passeyr; sometimes passionate, always hospitable; frugal, hardy, inured to toil. They eked out a poor existence less by their little farm-plots than by rearing on the mountains young stock, which at the suitable seasons they sold

to the comfortable and prosperous Presbyterian plantation men of Raphoe and Lifford districts.

Little more than twenty years ago there chanced to pass through Derryveih,* as the immediate district is called, on sporting purposes bent, Mr. John George Adair, of Bellgrove, in Queen's county. He was so struck, he says, with the charms of the scenery, that he determined to become proprietor of the place. Between August 1857 and May 1858 he succeeded in purchasing a great part in fee-simple, and a fee-farm interest in a further portion. It was an evil day for the mountaineers when Mr. Adair first set eye on their home. Notwithstanding the storm of terrible accusations which that gentleman soon after poured upon them, and the disturbance, conflict, and crime which attended upon or arose out of his proprietorial proceedings, the fact is significant that at the period of his purchase, and ever subsequently, the Glenveih peasantry were on the best and kindliest relations with their landlords; and that the surrounding gentry, and the clergy of all religious denominations, to the very

* "Derryveih," "Loughveih," and "Glenveih" mean respectively the wood or forest, the lake, and the glen of silver birches.

last spoke and speak of them in terms of warmest sympathy and compassion. No sooner, however, does Mr. Adair enter on the scene than a sad and startling change appears. The picture drawn by the previous and surrounding landlords, of a simple, kindly, and peaceable peasantry, gives way to one sketched by Mr. Adair of a lawless, violent, thieving, murderous gang, whose extirpation is a mission which has devolved on him in the interests of "society." The first act of the new landlord was ominous of what was to follow. The purchases were completed by the 30th of April, when what was called the Gartan estates passed to him from Mr. Cornwall. In May he began operations by the erection of a police barrack, and close to it, under the cover of its guns, a "pound"—or prison for seized cattle. I knew a little of Mr. Adair. He had been, if not a member of the Tenant League, a tenant-right candidate for Parliament in 1852. In these proceedings of his I have never regarded him as a man who coldly planned barbarity, or designed injustice, when he entered upon the career of landlord in Donegal. Nay, I incline to believe he meant to use kindly, according to his own ideas, the despotic power which he claimed. But a thwarted despot soon

forgets benevolent intentions, and thinks only of asserting his power, and of crushing without mercy those who war against it. The police barrack and the pound were the first indications of the spirit of Mr. Adair's rule. I am not aware that the old landlord had need of these institutions. The people at all events looked askance at them; and on the threshold of his proceedings Mr. Adair was prejudiced in their eyes. The 21st of August found that gentleman on the hills, gun in hand, shooting over the lands upon which Mr. Johnson, the late landlord, was alone understood to possess the right of sporting. The tenants, headed by one James Corrin, either by express order from Mr. Johnson or under some idea of duty towards him, resisted Mr. Adair's attempt to shoot the lands, and a rather angry conflict or scuffle ensued. Mr. Adair indicted Corrin and the other tenants for this "assault"; but the real nature of the affray is sufficiently attested by the fact that on the 23rd of October the grand jury threw out the bills; and next Michaelmas term Corrin—significantly enough, through the attorney of his landlord, Mr. Johnson—filed an action for assault and battery and malicious prosecution against Mr. Adair. On the 16th and 17th of

February next year, 1859, the action came to trial before the Lord Chief Baron in Dublin. It resulted in a verdict that Mr. Adair had committed an assault, but that it had been in exercise of a lawful right of sporting. Next ensuing term Corrin served notice for a new trial in the superior courts, and so the litigation went on.

Out of this dispute—this paltry quarrel of Mr. Adair with poor mountaineers defending, as they believed, the rights of an old landlord—sprang events that will never be forgotten in Donegal.

From Easter to midsummer it was open war between the great man and the poor peasants; the latter, however, being warmly befriended by the neighbouring magistrates and landlords, Colonel Humfrey especially. On the 2nd of July Mr. Adair had several of the tenants arrested and brought before him at Glenveih, the wretched people being marched sixty miles to and from prisons; yet five days afterwards they were discharged by two resident and two local magistrates at Church Hill petty sessions. At length he determined to put himself, at any cost, in a position which would give him absolute dominion over these audacious peasants. In October 1859 he bought up the fee-farm interest of the remainder

of Derryveih, 11,956 acres, through Mr. T. C. Trench, at a rent above the total payable by the tenants. By this time—between the purchase, on the 22nd of August 1857, from Mr. Pitt Skipton, the 29th of April 1858, from Colonel Humfrey and Mr. Johnson, the 30th of April, the Gartan estate from Mr. Cornwall, and the 10th of October 1859, from Mr. Johnson—he had become absolute monarch of nearly ninety square miles of country. This eager anxiety to buy more and more as time went on was assuredly inconsistent with the idea subsequently put forward by Mr. Adair, that it was an affliction to him to be the landlord of such a people.

Just about the time this gentleman appeared in those parts, western Donegal was going through hard times and bitter conflict over "Scotch sheep." Some two or three of the proprietors had conceived the idea—or, more probably, had been weakly persuaded by Scotch farm stewards—that fortunes might be made out of those wild mountains, now used solely by the cottiers for grazing a few goats, heifers, and sheep. By taking up the mountains wholly or in part from the people, and extensively stocking them with imported blackfaced sheep, these landlords were led to believe that thousands a year might be cleared

in profit. The attempt to deprive the people of the mountains led to deplorable conflict, suffering, and loss. The benevolent pretext of "squaring the farms"—sometimes, no doubt, a genuine and well-meant motive, but occasionally an excuse for dexterously cheating the people—did not avail. While the cottiers and the landlords were fighting over the question, lo! the Scotch shepherds announced that the blackfaced sheep were disappearing from the hills—stolen by the hostile inhabitants, it was of course assumed. Search of the tenants' houses failed to verify this conclusion. Some few traces of such thefts were found here and there, but not in any extent to account for the disappearance of so many hundred sheep. Soon what had happened became more clear. The dead bodies of the sheep were found in scores all over the hills—killed by the lawless natives, it was now concluded. Presentments for the value of the sheep thus assumed to have been "maliciously destroyed" were levied on the districts. Still the destruction, or rather the mysterious disappearance, of the sheep went on. The more it did, the more heavy the penalty was made; and the more sweeping the presentments, the more extensive grew the destruction!

At last it occurred to one of the Crown officials that there was something suspicious in all this. He noted that whereas the sheep imported from Scotland cost from seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings a head, on the mountain they were presented for at seventeen and sixpence to twenty-five shillings. It occurred to him that while this went on, sheep-losing would flourish. Suspicion once aroused, strange facts came to light. The houses of the shepherds themselves were searched, and mutton in rather too generous abundance was found. Then serious investigation was prosecuted, when it was incontestably established that the sheep had perished in large numbers from stress of weather, still more extensively from falling over crags and precipices, and to some comparatively small extent by the surreptitious supply of the shepherds' tables. Shortly came the remarkable fact of the going judges of assize indignantly refusing to fiat these monstrous claims, and denouncing the whole proceeding.* *Mirabile dictu*,

* August 1, 1860. After the verdict of the jury at Lifford assizes had declared the sheep to have perished as I have described, the judge, Chief Justice Monahan, said, "I am as satisfied as I am of my very existence that those sheep were not maliciously killed."

when the presentments were stopped, the black-faced sheep importation fell through!

But in the interval what suffering had been visited on the wretched people! The "levies" had reduced them, poor as they were at best, to a plight which might have excited the compassion of a Kurd marauder. I travelled all the way from Dublin to investigate the facts for myself in the spring of 1858. I was much excited by all that I saw and heard, and I took an active, perhaps an angry, part in the public agitation which ensued. No Bulgarian hut after a raid of Bashi-bazouks, or Armenian hovel after a Cossack foray, could present a more wretched spectacle of desolation than did those Donegal sheelings after the levies had swept the district. Yet what the poor people seemed to feel as acutely as the seizure and canting off of their little stock—their heifers and goats, and pigs and poultry, nay, their bedsteads and pots and pans—was that they were held up to the world as thieves and sheep-stealers. I dare say some sheep had been stolen, but certainly not in any sense by a general system or with popular sympathy. It seemed to me that some one or two undoubted instances of theft or destruction at the first suggested the evil system, which soon was

adopted, of attributing all the loss to the criminal conduct of the population.

Mr. Adair, too, went in for blackfaced sheep; and of all the landlords who entered upon that sort of speculation he was the angriest at the lawless savagery (as he conceived) of the natives in this "malicious destruction." In January 1860 he had given "notice to quit" to his tenantry, but only, he told them, for the purpose of "squaring the farms." The loss of the sheep, following so closely on other causes of quarrel, brought things to an unhappy pass between him and the people. How the truth lay in the sheep question may be inferred from the following official resolution of the assembled magistrates at Church Hill sessions :—

The bench are unanimously of opinion that no sheep of Mr. Adair's were maliciously injured or made away with; and we find that through the constabulary sixty-six sheep have been found dead from the inclemency of the weather, as there was no mark of injury on them.

But soon, unfortunately, he was to have still weightier cause for resentment; a more terrible impulsion to anger and passion. On the morning of the 13th of November, his manager, James Murray, left Glenveih Cottage. He was never

seen alive afterwards. On the 15th his body was found on the mountains, with marks of violence, which the coroner's jury declared to have been given by a murderer's hand. The only witness examined (beside a surgeon) was a Scotch assistant shepherd, Dugald Rankin; and his bias against the Glenveih people was supposed to be strong.* Mr. Adair, as he gazed on the corpse of his servant—murdered, as he verily believed, for stern discharge of his duties—revolved in his mind a terrible determination. He grouped together a catalogue of, as it seemed to him, persistent and widespread crimes. Two of his dogs had been poisoned, though the presentment sessions refused to admit the act was malicious. An outhouse at Gartan Glebe was found to be on fire while he was a guest with the Rev. Mr. Maturin. Two hundred of his sheep had been killed on the mountains, though the magistrates would insist it was by accident or tempest. And now his manager had been foully slain. He would show these people that he would conquer. He would make them feel how terrible his vengeance could be.

* On the 1st of March Rankin was carried to jail at Strabane, for presenting a pistol at a man named Gallagher and wounding Constable Patrick Morgan.

The resolution formed by Mr. Adair was to sweep away the whole population of Derryveih; chiefly concentrated, I believe, in a little hamlet on the Lough Gartan side of the hill.* He applied for and received a special force of police to protect his herd and himself, in view of the desperate undertaking upon which he was now entering. A parliamentary return issued in May 1861 makes some curious revelations as to Mr. Adair's quarrels with the executive in Dublin Castle over the cost and efficiency of this protective garrison. In truth, despite the heavy case he was able to adduce, the Government authorities, the local magistrates, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, the police inspectors, all manifested clearly their sorrow, alarm, or resentment at the monstrous proceeding he contemplated—nothing less than the expulsion of hundreds of innocent people, men and women, the aged and the young, in vengeance for the crime of some undiscovered individual. The neighbouring landlords seemed to regard him as a deadly combustible planted in their midst; a

* Derryveih mountain divides the two lakes of Lough Glenveih, or Lough Veih, and Lough Derryveih, or Lough Gartan. At Gartan, St. Columba, or Columbkille, was born A.D. 521.

gentleman whose "sense of duty" had resulted in plunging their county into a condition which caused them vexation and uneasiness. The magistrates of the district, assembled at Church Hill, felt the situation so strongly that they passed the following resolution :—

Resolved, That the outrages complained of have, in our opinion, arisen from causes unconnected with any matter having relation to the adjoining estates, hitherto and now in a state of perfect tranquillity.

Mr. Dillon, the resident magistrate, writing to the Under Secretary for Ireland, Sir Thomas Larcom, asks, "Is it my duty and that of the police to stand by and give protection while the houses are being levelled?" The Protestant rector, the Rev. Mr. Maturin, writing to the Dublin *Daily Express*, after Mr. Adair's vengeance had been wreaked, says:—

The presumption is as strong that the persons who committed the murder were not connected with the district. . . . I could mention other reasons certainly suspicious and somewhat mysterious. . . . What would be Mr. Adair's feelings if it were found out hereafter that the murder was committed by persons in no way connected with the Derryveih tenantry now exterminated on account of it, and whose wailings might then, without avail, for ever ring in his ears?

Indeed, although the hapless mountaineers were,

I believe, exclusively Catholic, this kindly hearted and estimable Protestant clergyman flung himself into the forefront of every effort to save them. He and the Catholic priest of the district, the Rev. Mr. Kair, drew up and forwarded to Mr. Adair a joint letter, in which they felt confident they would not appeal in vain to his mercy. They bore the strongest testimony to the virtuous character and the kindly and peaceable nature of the threatened people, whom they had known all their lives; and emphatically denied that any suspicion of complicity in Murray's murder could justly be laid against them. Mr. Adair's reply was stern and inexorable. He recited all the outrages, real and fancied. With the deepest regret for what he considered a necessity, he was determined to evict the inhabitants of that part of the property. Some of known good character he would not disturb. To such as had brought good characters from the reverend appellants he had offered mountain holdings, with leases, elsewhere. I need follow his plea no further. The man who conceives himself to be "a saviour of society" has a pious justification for any extremity of conduct.

News of the storm about to burst upon them reached the people early in February 1861.

Some realised its terrible import; but the majority did not. As a matter of fact, up to the hour of the evictions, few of them would believe that such a menace would or could be carried out. In this remote and lonely region nothing they had ever heard suggested the possession of such a power by any one. They owed no rent. They had done no man wrong. Mr. Adair, on the 4th of February, called into Dublin Castle, and there quietly swore an information, that being about to serve ejectment notices on his tenants, he believed the life of the bailiff would be unsafe without an armed escort. The resident magistrate, Mr. Considine, who gave the escort, says the ejectments "were served by Mr. Adair's gamekeeper without the least hindrance being offered by the tenantry." In fact, it is curious to notice the fatal calm which hung over the valley itself, while, unknown to its doomed people, the "outer world"—the magistrates and police officials, nay, the executive in Dublin—were in no little excitement and apprehension as the evil day drew near. The correspondence between the various officials and public departments, as to the drafting and concentration of police detachments and military companies, fills several pages of a blue-book. The

dispositions and arrangements were almost as formidable as if Derryveih had to be stormed and carried from an intrenched army. Mr. Cruikshank, the sub-sheriff, writing to Sir Thomas Larcom, Under Secretary, says that besides two hundred constabulary being drafted from various parts, he will require some military with tents and baggage to be sent from Dublin :—

I have therefore to request that one officer and thirty rank and file be ordered to meet me at Lough Barra, on Monday the 8th instant, at twelve o'clock, in aid of the civil power. If the party leave Dublin by rail on Friday morning, they will reach Strabane at four o'clock, wait there that night; march next day to Letterkenny, a distance of fourteen Irish miles, rest there Sunday, and meet me and the constabulary early on Monday. As it is likely the force will be employed Monday and Tuesday and part of Wednesday, I would suggest for your consideration the prudence, if not necessity, of the soldiers being provided with tents, as it will be impossible in a mountain country such as Glenveih to get for them accommodation for the night; and after remaining some time under arms they could not march back to Letterkenny, nearly ten Irish miles, and return the next day.

On the night of Sunday the 7th of April the several detachments had closed in around the place, occupying or commanding the only available entrances or passes. Still the hapless people, in fatal confidence, slumbered on. It was like the

sleep of the Macdonalds on the night before Glencoe.

In the early morning of Monday, the 8th of April 1861, the sight of the redcoats and the glitter of bayonets at the southern entrance to the valley gave signal of alarm; and from house to house, and hill to hill, along Lough Gartan side, a halloo was sent afar. Soon there rose on the morning air a wail that chilled even the sternest heart. The poor people came out of their cabins in groups, and looked at the approaching force, and there burst from the women and children a cry of agony that pierced the heavens. The special correspondent of the *Derry Standard*, a leading Presbyterian journal in the neighbouring county, gives the following account of what he saw: "The first eviction was one peculiarly distressing, and the terrible reality of the law suddenly burst with surprise on the spectators. Having arrived at Loughbarra, the police were halted, and the sheriff, with a small escort, proceeded to the house of a widow named M'Award, aged 60 years, living with whom were six daughters and a son. Long before the house was reached loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed

outside the house, where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony. Forced to discharge an unpleasant duty, the sheriff entered the house and delivered up possession to Mr. Adair's steward, whereupon six men, who had been brought from a distance, immediately fell to to level the house to the ground. The scene then became indescribable. The bereaved widow and her daughters were frantic with despair. Throwing themselves on the ground they became almost insensible, and, bursting out in the old Irish wail —then heard by many for the first time—their terrifying cries resounded along the mountain side for many miles. They had been deprived of the little spot made dear to them by associations of the past—and, with bleak poverty before them, and only the blue sky to shelter them, they naturally lost all hope, and those who witnessed their agony will never forget the sight. No one could stand by unmoved. Every heart was touched, and tears of sympathy flowed from many. In a short time we withdrew from the scene, leaving the widow and her orphans surrounded by a small group of neighbours, who could only express their sympathy for the homeless, without possessing the power to relieve them. During

that and the next two days the entire holdings in the lands mentioned above were visited, and it was not until an advanced hour on Wednesday the evictions were finished. In all the evictions the distress of the poor people was equal to that depicted in the first case. Dearly did they cling to their homes till the last moment, and while the male population bestirred themselves in clearing the houses of what scanty furniture they contained, the women and children remained within till the sheriff's bailiff warned them out, and even then it was with difficulty they could tear themselves away from the scenes of happier days. In many cases they bade an affectionate adieu to their former peaceable but now desolate homes. *One old man, near the fourscore years and ten, on leaving his house for the last time reverently kissed the doorposts, with all the impassioned tenderness of an emigrant leaving his native land.* His wife and children followed his example, and in agonised silence the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling. In another case an old man, aged ninety, who was lying ill in bed, was brought out of the house in order that formal possession might be taken, but readmitted for a week to permit of his removal. In nearly every house

there was some one far advanced in age—many of them tottering to the grave—while the sobs of helpless children took hold of every heart. When dispossessed, the families grouped themselves on the ground, beside the ruins of their late homes, having no place of refuge near. The dumb animals refused to leave the wallsteads, and in some cases were with difficulty rescued from the falling timbers. As night set in the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of the mountain the spectator might have observed near to each house its former inmates crouching round a turf fire, close by a hedge; and as a drizzling rain poured upon them they found no cover, and were entirely exposed to it—but only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent. I learned afterwards that the great majority of them lay out all night, either behind the hedges or in a little wood which skirts the lake; they had no other alternative. I believe many of them intend resorting to the poorhouse. There these poor starving people remain on the cold bleak mountains, no one caring for them, whether they live or die. 'Tis horrible to think of, but more horrible to behold."

This news reached me in Dublin. I had been striving hard for these poor people. I had, especially since my visit to a neighbouring district three years before, felt the deepest, the most earnest interest in them. I am not ashamed to say, even now, that I wept like a child. But idle weeping could avail nothing for the victims. What should we do? They must not perish. They must be saved. So vowed some friends who felt as deeply as I did their unmerited fate. Public opinion was stirred to its depths by this terrible event. Our journals called at once for public aid, and it was promptly forthcoming. A local committee of relief was organised, and an appeal to Christian hearts all over the world was issued. This remarkable document bore the signatures of the Catholic bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan; the Episcopalian Protestant rector, Rev. Mr. Maturin; the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Jack; and the Catholic parish priest, Rev. Mr. Kair. It told the whole story, and refuted in warm language the aspersions and accusations that had been used as a pretext for the desolation. The appeal was most liberally answered at home. Men of all ranks and classes, creeds and parties, poured in their contributions.

But the crowning act of rescue was the work of Irishmen far away under the Southern Cross. The (Australian) Donegal Celtic Relief Committee, established in Melbourne—mainly by the exertions of the late Hon. Michael O'Grady, M.L.C., to whom I had early written on the subject—decided to bring out, to "happy homes and altars free," these victims of a heartless wrong. Ample funds were at once supplied, and an official agent of the Victorian Government was despatched to make special arrangements in conjunction with the local committee in Ireland for effecting this generous purpose. The news created a great sensation in Donegal. The poor people were sought out and collected. Some by this time had sunk beneath their sufferings. One man named Bradley had lost his reason under the shock. Other cases were nearly as heartrending. There were old men who would keep wandering over the hills in view of their ruined homes, full of the idea that some day Mr. Adair might let them return, but who at last had to be borne to the distant workhouse hospital to die. With a strange mixture of joy and sadness the survivors heard that friends in Australia had paid their way to a new and better land. On the day they were to set out for the

railway station, *en route* for Liverpool, a strange scene was witnessed. The cavalcade was accompanied by a concourse of neighbours and sympathisers. They had to pass within a short distance of the ancient burial-ground, where "the rude forefathers" of the valley slept. They halted, turned aside, and proceeded to the grass-grown cemetery. Here in a body they knelt, flung themselves on the graves of their relatives, which they reverently kissed again and again, and raised for the last time the Irish *caoine* or funeral wail. Then—some of them pulling tufts of grass which they placed in their bosoms—they resumed their way on the road to exile. At Dublin I saw them as they halted between the arrival of their train and the departure of the cross-channel boat for Liverpool. As they marched through the streets to a restaurant, where dinner had been provided for them, they excited the greatest curiosity and interest. "The emigrants, male and female," said one of the city papers, "presented an appearance well calculated to excite admiration and sympathy. A finer body of men and women never left any country. In stature tall, with handsome and well-shaped features full of kindly expression, they filled the breast of every spectator with regret

that such a people should be lost to us for ever." They were being accompanied as far as Liverpool by the Rev. James McFadden, a fine-hearted young priest who had laboured devotedly for them from the first hour of their misfortunes. I quote from the same journal the following account of his farewell address, a scene which it was impossible to behold unmoved :—

When dinner had concluded, Rev. Mr. M'Fadden, amidst the most solemn stillness, briefly addressed the assemblage; and it was a most touching sight. He spoke in the Gaelic tongue, the language of their homes and firesides, ere Adair had levelled the one and quenched the other for ever. As the young priest spoke, his own voice full of emotion, the painful silence all around soon became broken by the sobs of women, and tears flowed freely down many a cheek. He reminded them that that was their last meal partaken of on Irish soil; that in a few hours they would have left Ireland for ever. He spoke of their old homes amidst the Donegal hills, of the happy days passed in the now silent and desolate valley of Derryveih; of the peace and happiness that they had known then, because they were contented, and were free from temptations and dangers of which the busy world was full. He reminded them of their simple lives—the Sunday mass, so regularly attended; the confession; the consolations of faith. Many a cheek was wet as he alluded to how they would be missed by the priest whose flock they were. But, most of all, their lot was sorrowful in the fact that, while other emigrants left behind them parents and relatives over whom the old rooftree remained, they, alas! left theirs under no shelter of a home—they left them wanderers and outcasts, trusting to workhouse fare or wayside

charity. But (said he) you are going to a better land, a free country, where there are no tyrants, because there are no slaves. Friends have reached out their hands to you; those friends await you on the shore of that better land. And here, too, in this city, hearts equally true and kindly have met you. Let your last word on Irish ground be to thank the good gentleman who now stands by my side, Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan. He it is who has, amidst all his numerous cares of business, found time to make these arrangements to meet your wants and make you comfortable in passing through this city. Busy as this day has been with him, there he was to meet us at the train, and here he has been attending to you as if you were members of his own family. But it is only part of a long work of goodness done for the people of Donegal since first on that memorable Christmas Eve he raised the first call for our relief. He has never since taken his hand from the work he began that day. Let us, with our last words, thank him and his friends who have met us this evening, and cared for us so well. And now, dear brothers, we shall be departing. Before you take your foot off your native land, promise me here that you will, above all things, be faithful to your God, and attend to your religious duties, under whatever circumstances you may be placed (sobs, and cries of "We will, we will"). Never neglect your night and morning prayers, and never omit to approach the Blessed Eucharist, at least at Christmas and Easter. And, boys, don't forget poor old Ireland (intense emotion, and cries of "Never—never, God knows!")—don't forget the old people at home, boys. Sure they will be counting the days till a letter comes from you. And they'll be praying for you, and we will all pray God to be with you.

Standing on the quay at Dublin I bade these poor people a last adieu, and prayed that God might requite them under happier skies for the

cruel calamities that had befallen them at home. Six months later Mr. O'Grady wrote to me a detailed account of their progress. Every one of them was "doing well," he said; "a credit to the old land."

In the autumn of last year I revisited Donegal. I sat upon the shore of that lonely lake, and looked down the shadowed valley. On a jutting point, beneath the lofty slope of the wooded mountain, Mr. Adair has built a castle. It may be that the charms which Selkirk could not discover in solitude delight him in "this desolate place." No doubt "the enchanting beauty" which he said first drew him to the spot is unimpaired to the view—Glenveih is and ever will be beautiful. But for my part, as I gazed upon the scene, my sense of enjoyment was mingled with memories full of pain. My thoughts wandered back to that terrible April morning on Gartan side. In fancy I heard rolling across those hills the widow's wail, the women's parting cry. I thought of the farewell at the graves; of the crowd upon the fore-deck of that steamer. Again I marked their tears, their sobs. Once more, above the paddle's plash and the seamen's bustling shout, I thought I heard the wafted prayer of "God be with Glenveih!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.

THE easy suppression of the Phœnix conspiracy in 1858 led to many false conclusions. Every one assumed that there was an end of the affair. Many treated it with great derision. The prisoners were now discharged. The attempt to prepare the way for revolution by a secret society had apparently failed and been abandoned. So fully were I and many others under this impression that we felt very wroth because that at the moment we were pleading with the Crown authorities in behalf of the prisoners, some Irishmen in New York were indulging in vaunt and defiance calculated to alarm and irritate the Government. Had there been knowledge or suspicion that the movement was not then relinquished, no such appeals would have been made, and assuredly none would have succeeded. Even some of the men erstwhiles

enrolled in the Phœnix Society fully believed the project was irretrievably exploded. All, however, were under a great delusion.

A condition of things had now and for the first time arisen which was to exercise potential influence ever afterwards in Irish affairs. Hitherto the base of operations in rebellious or seditious attempts had been within the country itself. The Government were always able to strike the movement at its heart. Now, for the first time, a base of operations had been established out of Ireland. Not soon did people realise what an enormous difference this made in dealing with Irish disaffection. While Dublin city was the headquarters of the malcontents, their plans, their persons, their fate and fortunes were any day within the grasp of the Crown. Not so when America became the base, and New York headquarters. The Queen's writ did not run in Manhattan.

The failure of the "Phœnix" attempt in Ireland was, therefore, regarded by the American organisers as merely the misfire of a first cartridge. They would lie still for a while, and go to work again.

A revolutionary secret society, skilfully handled, is certainly a terrible power. It has enormous

advantages. It can mingle in and use all other organisations. It can demoralise opposing ranks by subtle devices. It can claim an extent of dominion and resource which no one can test or measure, and which no one therefore can venture to dispute or contradict. The public man marked out for its hostility can be struck without the power of returning a blow. He can feel that he is being assailed, yet may not see or grapple with his adversaries.

I was for several years fated to realise this fact; to experience its truth and force in my own case. Apart from the antagonism which any one conducting the *Nation*—as the organ of the O'Brien and Gavan Duffy party, or Grattan Nationalists—was sure to incur from the Separatist leaders, I early fell under their special displeasure. From underrating the influence of the *Nation* Mr. Stephens passed to, as I think, overrating it. He considered, or pretended to consider, that it was the remonstrances of the *Nation* that had alone put down his Phœnix attempt. He was a man who always blamed somebody else—never himself—for anything that befell his plans. As Mr. O'Connor, Dr. Mulcahy, Mr. Devoy, and many other of his colleagues have since very bitterly

proclaimed, absolute and implicit belief in him, in his unerring sagacity and all-conquering ability, was the basis of the system he propounded. He very cleverly averted reproach from himself as to the fate of his first endeavour by steadily inculcating the story that it was Sullivan and the *Nation* that did it all. From his point of view the resolution he thereupon came to was, at any rate, intelligible. It was that in order to succeed the next time, Sullivan and the *Nation*, and indeed the whole nuisance of constitutional politics, must be put down. The Duffy policy had had its fair trial from 1850 to 1853; the Constitutional Nationalists ought now to stand aside and yield the field to men who were ready with a bolder scheme. In one way, and one way only, could Ireland be saved—by force of arms. Every effort, word, or suggestion that distracted the people from this one object was held to be criminal, a thing to be crushed with the strong hand. Newspapers, meetings, speeches, public societies or organisations, were declared to be pernicious in the highest degree. In fine, every outlet of public opinion was to be stopped, every utterance forbidden; every energy was to be concentrated upon the one great purpose of conspiracy.

With these sentiments, principles, and purposes, Mr. Stephens set himself to the task of reconstructing his shattered organisation.

Although most of the National leaders best known to the Irish people—the chiefs of the "Forty-eight" movement—held aloof from or censured this scheme, its authors were fortunate in obtaining for it the co-operation of a few men whose rare abilities and invincible courage and fidelity rendered them of priceless value in such a movement. Foremost amongst these must be named Charles J. Kickham, John O'Leary, and Thomas Clarke Luby.

Charles Kickham was originally intended for the medical profession, as indeed were Messrs. O'Leary and Luby. He belonged to a family occupying a respectable position in Mullinahone, county Tipperary; one greatly esteemed and trusted by the people for miles around. From his youth Charles was a popular favourite. In the hottest of the conflicts which marked the public course of the Fenian movement, he was the one man of his party for whom even the fiercest anti-Fenian had a kindly feeling and a friendly word. A lamentable accident blighted his prospects of success in a professional career. He was fond of

sporting. One evening, after a day on the hills with dog and gun, in the course of which he received a serious drenching, he sat before the fire drying the contents of his powder-flask, that had got damp. As he was stirring or examining the powder, a spark from the peat fire exploded it in his face. He lay long in great suffering, and it was thought he would totally lose his sight. When he recovered, his hearing was to a great extent destroyed, and his sight considerably impaired.* This calamity only intensified the feelings of the people for young Charles. He became studious, took to literary pursuits, and contributed to a little periodical called the *Celt* some really exquisite poetry of the simple ballad class, as well as some stories of Irish peasant life exhibiting considerable dramatic power. Those who knew his gentle amiable nature, his modest and retiring character, his undemonstrative ways, marvelled greatly to find him in the forefront of such an enterprise as the Fenian movement. It was,

* The white dust and glare of the sun in the Portland convict quarries have, I regret to say, almost totally ruined his sight; and when last I met him his hearing was so far gone that it was by the manual alphabet he was spoken to, although he replied by voice as usual.

however, only when it took to journalism that Kickham was called upon to assume a post of prominence.

John O'Leary was unquestionably one of the ablest and most remarkable men in the conspiracy. Intellectually and politically he was of the type of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and John Mitchel. An eye-witness describing him in the dock, when on his trial in 1865, says, "he stepped to the front with a flash of fire in his dark eyes, and a scowl on his features, looking hatred and defiance on judges, lawyers, jurymen, and all the rest of them. All eyes were fixed on him; for he was one of those persons whose exterior attracts attention and indicates a character above the common. He was tall, slightly built, and of gentlemanly deportment. Every feature of his thin angular face gave token of great intellectual energy and determination; its pallid hue was rendered almost death-like by contrast with his long black hair and flowing moustache and beard. Easy it was to see that when the Government placed John O'Leary in the dock they had caged a proud spirit and an able and resolute enemy." He was born in Tipperary town, of a family holding a good position, and inherited on the death of his

parents, to his share, a small property of some three or four hundred pounds a year. He was a graduate of the Queen's University, having taken out his medical degree in the Queen's College, Cork. He resided for some time in Paris, where his mind, his tastes, his manners, opinions, and principles received impress and shape discernible in his subsequent career. He also visited America, and there formed the acquaintance of the men who were planning and devising the Fenian movement. He was a man of culture, and of considerable literary abilities. I met him on a few occasions at the house of Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, whose wife, the poetess "Eva," was his cousin. He was reserved, sententious, almost cynical; keenly observant, sharply critical, full of restrained passion.

Thomas Clarke Luby was also a native of Tipperary; but, unlike his colleagues, he was a Protestant; his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Luby, being one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Luby was no new hand at seditious effort. Young as he was in 1848, he was then an active member of what may be called the extreme revolutionist, or Mitchelite, party. From 1849 to 1854 he occupied himself occasionally as a con-

tributor to the press, and sometimes as a collegiate tutor. In 1855 he became associate editor of the *Irish Tribune*, a semi-revolutionary journal, which the late Mason Jones and other advanced Irish Nationalists published for some short time in Dublin. His politics were a great affliction to relatives who were in a position to advance him, and who would have done so if he would but give up such dangerous doctrines. He preferred to struggle on for himself, holding by his principles, such as they were. This course he pursued unfalteringly to the last.

On the American side the movement was projected under the direction of John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) New York regiment; the first named being supreme. The original plan, described already in O'Donovan Rossa's words, was still pursued. The Irish in America were to be enrolled in "circles," or groups, like the Irish at home. But the functions of the former were chiefly to supply "the home organisation," as it was called, with funds, arms, and military commanders. Later on the American section decided furthermore to co-operate with the home movement by an attack on the British dominions near at

hand, and by the despatch of privateers. Each "circle" was presided over by an officer called a Centre. Mr. O'Mahony was Head Centre. He it was who designated his branch of the organisation by the name of "Fenians." He was much given to Gaelic studies, and lived or dreamed a great deal in ancient Ireland.* The Irish national militia seventeen centuries ago were called the "Fiana Erion," or Fenians, from Fenius, Fin, or Fion, their famous commander. After this force O'Mahony called the Irish-American enrolment. Mr. Stephens, however, preferred for the home section the name of "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood"; shortened into "the I. R. B.," by which brief designation it was generally referred to by the members. In Ireland the enrolment also was in circles or groups; the officers being styled A's, B's, and C's, according to their rank. Mr. Stephens exercised supreme and absolute authority in the home organisation. His official title was the "C. O. I. R.," or Central Organiser of the Irish Republic. He willed and declared a republic to be erected in Ireland; and, accordingly, the oath of initiation bound each member to yield

* He executed the admirable translation of Keatings' 'History of Ireland,' published by Haverty of New York.

allegiance to "the Irish republic now virtually established."* When a person authorised by him had sworn in not more than fifty members in a locality, they were constituted a "circle," of which such person then became the B or Centre. In due time it would be his duty, when the C. O. I. R. sent him a drill-master, to see that his men were safely and secretly taught military exercises. Meanwhile he and his circle were to act in a general way for the furtherance of the movement; by organising new circles, by discouraging and repressing public meetings of a "distracting" character, and by putting down public men or journals who in any way hindered or opposed the organisation.

There were in 1858, on the starting of this enterprise, several Irish-American newspapers ardently devoted to the cause of Irish nationality; In New York city alone there were at least two. one was the *Irish News*, established by Thomas Francis Meagher; the other, the *Irish American*,

* Very evidently many of the rank and file were not quite clear as to what the word "virtually" meant; for much merriment arose during some of the trials when the approvers declared they were sworn to obey "the Irish republic now *virtuously* established."

then, as now, the leading organ of Irish Nationalism in the United States. Even with these journals the Fenian leaders quarrelled as strongly as with the *Nation*; so they decided to establish a special organ of the movement, which accordingly appeared as the *Phœnix* newspaper, in New York. In this journal they struck out vigorously, right, left, and centre, at everything and everybody supposed to be inimical to their undertaking. They had no need to waste words in rousing the ire of their readers against England. The Irish in America—the maddened fugitives of the dreadful famine and eviction times—hated the British power with quenchless hate. The obstacles that most concerned the secret leaders arose from the opposition given to their scheme by the Catholic clergy and the open-policy, or anti-Fenian, Nationalists. The Catholic Church condemns oath-bound secret societies—especially if directed to the subversion of the civil power, or the overthrow of religion—for several reasons. Firstly, regarding the sanctity of an oath, it denies that any one who chooses can, for any purpose he pleases, formally administer or impose that solemn obligation. Secondly, having regard to the safety of society, of public

order, of morals and religion—it prohibits the erection of any such barrier between the objects and operations of a society, and authoritative examination and judgment. Over this critical and important issue the Fenian movement, on its very threshold, was plunged into a bitter war with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church. "The priest has no right to interfere in or dictate our politics," said the Fenian leaders; "ours is a political movement; they must not question us or impede us." "You cannot be admitted to the sacraments until you give up and repent of illicit oaths," responded the Catholic priests; "and if you contumaciously continue in membership of an oath-bound secret society, you are liable to excommunication." "Do you hear this?—we are cursed by the Church for loving our country!" exclaimed the Fenians; and so for the first five years, from 1860 to 1865, the struggle between the Catholic clergy and the Fenian organisers was fierce, violent, and unsparing. A really active "B," or Fenian centre, had need to be a man who cared little for the priest's denunciations, and who could persuade the people it was "the Maynooth oath and the gold of England" that

made Father Tom so ready to "curse" the cause. The priests, accordingly, complained that the propagators of Fenianism were men who paid little regard to clerical authority, and shunned the practices of faith. One can see how out of antagonistic views thus pressed the quarrel eventuated in the Fenians denouncing the priests as deadly foes of Irish nationality, and the priests denouncing the Fenians as enemies of the Church; men who would overthrow the altar and destroy society.

Very similar was the conflict between the secret organisation and the non-Fenian or anti-Fenian Nationalists; the great object of the Fenian leaders being that the people should have no alternative patriotic effort between embracing their enterprise and siding with imperial subjugation. Indeed, a reference to the pages of the Fenian newspapers, and to the public chronicles of the period, will show that the movement during the four years following 1860 was directed less against the English Government than against those Irish Nationalists, priests and laymen, whose influence was supposed to impede the organisation.

The official organ, or gazette, thus established in

New York, waged war all round, and roused up antagonisms innumerable. A weekly column, or department, was devoted to a "Hue and Cry," giving descriptions of "informers" and other obnoxious persons, to be looked after—a hint not likely to be neglected on the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a sample :—

ROCK'S HUE-AND-CRY.

THE BLACK LIST.

CALLAGHAN, PAT, Callan, county Kilkenny.—Five feet six in height; stout, and squarely built; 27 years of age—supposed to be in New Zealand.

CAROLAN, BALLYNAHINCH, county Down.—Five feet seven in height; 60 years of age; blue eyes, grey hair, and long, thin features—supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

WILLIAM EVERITT....is about 45 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with a lank body, apparently possessing the flexibility of a bamboo, and suggesting the idea that it was with reluctance Nature threw him on the earth as an incumbrance. . . . Poor wretch! Nature, at his birth, was niggard of her bounties. He may depend on it, Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watchful of the movements of the spy.

MICHAEL BURKE.—The fellow needs no further notice from Rock. He is mad, and lodged in a Dr. Osborne's asylum. Number One—What a grim moral follows the history of his "information." Had he not sold himself for gold, he would have been to-day in no lunatic asylum.

There were every week official "Decrees" and

"General Orders"; and a secret committee with an ominous name, the "Committee of Public Safety," was charged to mark all men who had "striven to injure the organisation by word or deed." Much more serious was the fact that for the first time in Irish annals, assassination was publicly lauded as a patriotic duty. With horror we read such articles as the following:—

> At home there is no bold voice raised from press or pulpit against the extermination of the people. There are complaints innumerable—there are remonstrances and arguments to show it is wrong, ruinous, inexpedient to shovel the people from their holdings into the poorhouse and ditches; but it is folly to argue the question, more especially when the press designates as foul, atrocious murder the slaying of one of those arch exterminators who is to the district he owns as a wild beast at large. It is only by retaliation and reprisal that the Irish landlord can be brought to a sense of justice. Everything else is unavailing.

This language of the official organ was followed up by a newspaper in California published by a Mr. Thomas Mooney. He weekly advertised a reward of £100 for any one who would murder a particular gentleman in the county Mayo, whom he pointed out by name. About this time a man named Beckham, an infamous wretch who murdered for hire, was hanged for the assassination of a Mr. Fitzgerald in the county Limerick under the

most brutal circumstances. Mooney, in an article abusing the degenerate and feeble National leaders in Ireland—Smith O'Brien and Sullivan of the *Nation* in particular—declared that "one Beckham was worth fifty Smith O'Briens." What Ireland wanted was men who would not shrink from Beckham's work. I am convinced that the men in Ireland on whom subsequently fell the penalty of membership in the Fenian organisation would be incapable of approving these incentives; but they made no sign and spoke no word in public at the time to save the ancient and honourable cause of Irish nationality from identification with them. For me, in view of public teachings like these, put forward in the name of Irish patriotism, silence was impossible. In the *Nation* I gave utterance, no doubt very strongly, to the indignation which I felt; and declared for myself, and those whom I might be held to represent, that we would rather see Ireland reduced to a cinder than "liberated" by men who advocated such principles. The result, as might be expected, was a very hurricane of menace and denunciation hurled at my devoted head. Mr. Mooney addressed to me, through the pages of his newspaper, a letter of three columns or ten feet in length, reiterating very emphatically

the doctrines I had reprobated. I quote a few sentences :—

I am thoroughly of opinion, sir, that words or grass are not of the slightest avail against England, or against her pickets and videttes in Ireland—that is to say, the crow-bar landlords. Nothing but *bullets*, sir, will avail: and therefore I recommend my countrymen to shoot the landlord house-levellers as we shoot robbers, or rats, at night or in the day, on the roadside or in the market-place!

That I offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of Major Brabazon is most true. True, I declared that the killing of said Brabazon was "patriotic, noble, and righteous."

Then he describes at full length a case of barbarous eviction by Major Brabazon, and proceeds :—

Shoot him! Yes.

The life of a peasant is as valuable as the life of a peer. If the peer oppress the peasant by force of arms, break into and break down his house, let him be slain wheresoever he shall be caught.

You have dubbed me a prophet of landlord assassination: I accept the distinction. Let them look out! It is the intention of many a valiant Irishman to return to Ireland to shoot down the inhuman scoundrels, whose acts we have noted, and whose names we have registered.

But though you do not approve my plan of putting down the Saxon power, you are, you say, ready for a fair fight. "Blood," you say, "may yet perhaps be spilled in *fair fight*. The arms employed for the winning of Irish freedom shall not be the knife or the blunderbuss of the assassin, and no stain of that blood which cries to heaven for vengeance shall be found upon

our flag when its full breadth of green and gold is flung open to the wind."

A very pretty poetic paragraph, sir—but poetry only. A "fair fight" with the Saxon, quotha! Hast thou read the history of the Saxons? These be the men to whom you beg of us to offer "fair fight";—they armed to the teeth, supplied with artillery, shot, and shell, and we elaborately disarmed by the cowardly wretches! Bah!

Bah! I say. No longer, Sullivan, be officer of mine.

It was not, however, the *Phœnix* in New York, nor *Mooney's Express* in San Francisco, that did the most effective work for the Fenian movement in Ireland. That movement was to a considerable extent established and propagated by the unconsciously rendered aid of the English newspapers, chiefly the *Times* and the *Daily News*. In 1859 and 1860 the Italian question was the subject of the hour. The English people, the English press, plunged hotly into the work of encouraging the subjects of Pio Nono and Francis-Joseph and Ferdinand to conspire and rebel. So eager were the London journals to press the Romans or Venetians or Sicilians into revolt that they were blind to the work which their words, doctrines, pleadings, and incentives were, at that very moment, doing in Ireland. Every weapon which Mr. Stephens needed for the purposes of his secret society was deftly fashioned for him and put into

his hand by the *Daily News*, the *Sun*, or the *Times*, by Lord John Russell or Lord Ellenborough. Not merely were the Romagnols told that every people had a right to choose their own rulers, to depose the old and set up the new, but they were told that the amount of provocation or justification for such a course, how often or when they might adopt it, was for themselves and no one else to pronounce. Said the *Times*:—

That government should be for the good of the governed, and that whenever rulers wilfully and persistently postpone the good of their subjects, either to the interests of foreign states, or to abstract theories of religion or politics, the people have a right to throw off the yoke, are principles which have been too often admitted and acted upon to be any longer questioned.

But who should judge all this? Here is the reply supplied by the great English journal:—

The destiny of a nation ought to be determined, not by the opinions of other nations, but by the opinion of the nation itself. To decide whether they are well governed or not, or rather whether the degree of extortion, corruption, and cruelty to which they are subject is sufficient to justify armed resistance, is for those who live under that government—not for those who, being exempt from its oppression, feel a sentimental or a theological interest in its continuance.

The *Daily News* was equally explicit:—

Europe has over and over again affirmed that one principle

on which the Italian question depends, and to which the inhabitants of Central Italy appeal—the right of a people to choose its own rulers.

On the same point the *Times*:—

England has not scrupled to avow her opinion, that the people of the Roman States, like every other people, have a right to choose the form of their own government, and the persons in whose hands that government shall be placed.

The *Sun* declared:—

As free Englishmen we assert the rights of the Romans, and of all nations, to have governors of their own choice.

The English Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell, speaking at Aberdeen, enforced the same doctrine. A passage in the Queen's speech affirmed it. Lord Ellenborough hoped the Pope's subjects would appeal to arms as the only way in which they could assert their right:—

I will hope that, stimulated by the insults to Italy which are conveyed in the demands France is about to make in the Congress, they will rise to vindicate their right to choose their own government, and clutch the arms by which alone it can be secured.

Out of these declarations arose in Ireland a movement which the popular journals designated "Taking England at her word." The *Nation*

proposed that a National Petition in the following form should be presented to the Queen :—

That petitioners have seen with deep concern the recognition of the right of every people to change or choose their rulers and form of government, which is contained in the speech delivered by your Majesty at the opening of the present session of Parliament; and also contained in the speech delivered on a recent occasion at Aberdeen by your Majesty's Foreign Secretary, as well as in the speeches of many other statesmen and persons of high position in England, and in the writings of the most influential English newspapers.

That by the general approval with which those speeches and writings have been received in England, and more especially by the course of policy pursued by your Majesty's Government in reference to the late political events in Central Italy, the Sovereign, the Ministry, the Press, and People of England have, in the most distinct and public manner, declared their approval of the principle, that every people who believe themselves to be ill-governed have a right to change the system of government which is displeasing to them, and to substitute for it one of their own choice; which choice may be declared by a majority of the votes which shall be given on submitting the question to a universal suffrage.

That, as is well known to your Majesty, from petitions emanating from meetings at which millions of your Majesty's subjects attended, as well as from other events at various times, which petitioners deem it unnecessary to specify—a very strong desire exists amongst the Irish people to obtain, in place of the present system of government in Ireland, a restoration of their native parliament, and their legislative independence. That petitioners are confident the overwhelming majority of the Irish people ardently desire this restoration of their national constitution, of which they believe they were

unjustly deprived; yet, as your Majesty's advisers may have led you to believe that this desire for a domestic legislature is entertained by only a minority of the population, petitioners behold in the proceeding so highly approved of by your Majesty's ministers—viz., a popular vote by ballot and universal suffrage—a means by which the real wishes of the majority of your Majesty's Irish subjects may be unmistakably ascertained.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that your Majesty may be graciously pleased to direct and authorise a public vote by ballot and universal suffrage in Ireland, to make known the wishes of the people, whether for a native government and legislative independence, or for the existing system of government by the Imperial Parliament. Petitioners trust that their request will be considered stronger, not weaker, in your Majesty's estimation, for being made respectfully, peacefully, and without violence, instead of being marked by such proceedings as have occurred during the recent political changes in Italy, which have been so largely approved by your Majesty's ministers.

And petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

This petition received the signatures of over half a million of adult Irishmen. It was duly presented. It was never answered. Still the English people went on declaring that a "vote of the population" was the way to test the legitimacy or oppressiveness of a government. Still the English newspapers went on adjuring subject peoples to strike if they would be free. Every Fenian organiser had these quotations on his

tongue. The fate of the National Petition was pointed to; the contemptuous silence of the Sovereign was called disdain for a people who would not clutch the arms whereby alone their right to choose their own government could be secured.

One article there was in the London *Times*—a magnificent outburst of scathing taunt and passionate invective—which played a remarkable part in the Fenian operations. It was the gospel of organisers. A glance at it will show that it was just to their hand :—

It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters.

Liberty is a serious game to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions.

We may prate among us of moral courage and moral force, but we have also physical courage and physical force kept for ready use. Is this so with the Italians of Central Italy? That they wish to be free is nothing. A horse or a sheep or a canary bird has probably some vague instinct towards a state of freedom; but what, we ask, and what within the last few days we have asked with some doubt, is—Are these Italians prepared to fight for the freedom they have? If so, well; they will certainly secure it; if not, let Austria flog them with scorpions instead of whips, and we in England shall only stop our ears against their screams

The highest spectacle which the world can offer to a freeman

is to see his brother man contending bravely—nay, fighting desperately for his liberty. The lowest sentiment of contempt which a freeman can feel is that excited by a wretched serf, who has been polished and educated to a full sense of the degradation of his position, yet is without the manhood to do more than utter piteous lamentations.

Despite these favouring circumstances the Fenian enrolment made but slow progress up to 1861. Its conflict with the Catholic sentiment of the Irish population was a drawback which counterbalanced any advantage derived from the teachings of the English newspapers. In the spring of that year the official organ, after a necessitous existence, disappeared; and in America, as in Ireland, the fortunes of the movement were at a low ebb. In April the American civil war burst forth. The people, North and South, sprang to arms. The Irish were foremost in "going with their States." An Irish brigade fought on each side. One led by General Pat Cleburne distinguished itself under the Confederate flag. One commanded by General T. F. Meagher won laurels that will not fade beneath the starry banner of the Union. In this rush to the field the Fenian circles were broken up and abandoned on all hands. For a moment, but only for a moment, it appeared as if the American war would extinguish

the movement. A new and a stronger impulse soon came to press it on. The readiness with which England conceded belligerent rights to the seceding States, and other circumstances, early gave rise to the idea that a rupture between the Washington Government and the Court of St. James's was inevitable. This impression was sedulously encouraged in the northern States and in Ireland as an incentive to the Irish to join the Federal regiments. It had a powerful effect in each country. All the way from Ireland a continuous stream of young, active, and able-bodied men poured into the Federal ranks. The story was almost universally believed that Mr. Seward had as good as promised certain of the Irish leaders that when the Union was restored America would settle accounts with John Bull, and that Ireland would be gratefully repaid for her aid to the Stars and Stripes. This was the crowning stroke of good fortune for the Fenian leaders.

Another circumstance, equally advantageous, meantime came to their aid. Terence Bellew MacManus, one of the "Forty-eight" leaders, had in 1851 effected a bold and daring escape from his captivity in Van Diemen's Land, and soon after

settled in San Francisco. Early in 1861 he died in that city, to the deep sorrow of all his countrymen, by whom he was greatly loved. Some one suggested that the body of the dead rebel should be disinterred from its grave in foreign soil and be borne with public ceremonial across continent and ocean to the land of his birth. The proposition was enthusiastically embraced. The incident was so dramatic, and touched such deep emotions, that the proceeding assumed a magnitude and a solemnity which astonished and startled every one. The Irish race in America seemed to make of the funeral a demonstration of devotion to the old land. The Irish at home were seized with like feelings, and on all sides prepared to give a suitable reception to the remains of him who, proscribed in life, might return only in death to the land he loved. It was a proceeding which appealed powerfully to the sympathies of the people; and Nationalists of all hues and sections mingled in the homage to patriotism which it was understood to convey.

It was only when the "funeral" preparations had been somewhat advanced, a whisper went round that the affair was altogether in the hands of the Fenian leaders, and was being used to

advance their projects. This put non-Fenian Nationalists in a difficulty which their opponents heartily enjoyed. To draw back and hold aloof was a course which could be explained only by making assertions of the most serious and perilous nature, proof of which few men would care to adduce. To go on was to swell the tide that might perhaps sweep Ireland into a civil war. Indeed at one time the purpose was seriously entertained of making the MacManus demonstration the signal for insurrection. The idea was vehemently and successfully combated by Mr. Stephens, on the ground that his preparations had been only begun; and he would not strike till he was ready. It required the utmost exertion of his authority to enforce this veto; and it was only after hot controversy the contemplated rising on that occasion was given up. The funeral, along the whole route from San Francisco to Dublin, was one of the most impressive demonstrations of the kind ever seen. Every considerable city in the States sent a delegation to attend it. On the 30th of October 1861 the body arrived at Queenstown, and in the interval between that date and the interment in Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin, on Sunday the 10th of November, the

island was in a state of anxiety and excitement. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, aware of what underlay the proceedings, refused to permit any lying in state or other public ceremonial in the churches of his diocese—a decision which drew down upon him the wildest denunciations. With great cleverness the revolutionary leaders called any opposition to their arrangements "enmity to the dead," "hostility to love of country." Five years afterwards, when the Fenian chiefs themselves avowed that the funeral was the expedient whereby they really established their movement in Ireland, the conduct of the Archbishop was better understood by many who were among the loudest in censuring him at the time. Some of the Fenian authorities have estimated that a larger number of adherents were sworn in during the three weeks of the MacManus obsequies than during the previous two years. The funeral procession through the streets of Dublin was a great display. Fifty thousand men marched after the hearse. At least as many more lined the streets and sympathisingly looked on.

That day gave the Fenian chiefs a command of Ireland which they had never been able to obtain

before. In the continuous struggle which went on between them on the one hand, and the Catholic clergy and non-Fenian Nationalists on the other, they thenceforth assumed a boldness of language and action never previously attempted. The American delegates who had accompanied the remains of MacManus to Ireland returned with news that the home organisation was of real extent and strength, and needed only the aid which America could supply, namely, money and arms and officers, to effect at almost any moment the total overthrow of British power in Ireland. Upon these reports the movement in America very shortly assumed an entirely new character, and eventually grew to enormous dimensions. Men who had hitherto held aloof—men of position, character, and ability—entered earnestly into the work of preparation. Money was poured into the coffers of the organisation. The conviction spread that the hour was at hand when Ireland would "burst long ages' thrall"; and even the poorest of her sons and daughters pressed eagerly forward with their contributions. There was no longer any doubt that an insurrection in Ireland which could maintain itself in anything like respectable force for even a month would command millions

of dollars and thousands of helping hands from the Irish in America. This was abundantly exemplified by the manner in which the news of the Irish Fenian arrests later on (in 1865) was received by them. The Fenian offices were besieged with sympathisers. Fathers and mothers brought their sons to be enrolled; servant girls brought the savings of their wages; Californian miners gave freely of their hoards. Old men who had seen the rooftree levelled at home, young men who had heard the story of the eviction from parents now no more, clamorously asked to be put "first on the roll" for call to action. The Famine Clearances had sown "dragons' teeth" from the Hudson to the Mississippi.

CHAPTER V.

A TROUBLED TIME.

THE men who led, or most largely influenced, Irish national politics from 1860 to 1865, were William Smith O'Brien, John Martin, and The O'Donoghue. The first named did not, indeed, take any very active part by personal presence in public affairs; but he was recognised and referred to as the chief of the National party. His counsel was always sought; and through public letters issued from time to time in the *Nation*, he exercised a considerable influence on passing events. Mr. Martin had returned to Ireland in 1858. For a year or two he lived in great retirement at Kilbroney, near Rostrevor, one of the most beautiful spots in his native Ulster; but he could not long resist the pressure brought to bear on him to give his voice and influence once more to the service of the National cause. It was

not, however, until early in 1864, when, in conjunction with The O'Donoghue, he established a Repeal society, called the National League, that he may be said to have resumed active public life.

Two men of equal prominence, and in many respects of greater ability, re-entered the arena later on—John B. Dillon and George Henry Moore. The latter, on the death of Lucas and the departure of Gavan Duffy in 1855, took the command of the shattered ranks of the Tenant League party; and assuredly

> si Pergama dextrâ
> Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent

—if genius, courage, and devotion could have repaired what perfidy had destroyed, that gifted son of Mayo had retrieved all. He was unseated on his re-election in 1857—being held to account for alleged spiritual "intimidation"—and, refusing several offers of other constituencies, watched silently and sadly the course of public affairs up to 1868.

The leading figure on Irish platforms from 1858 to 1868 was The O'Donoghue, then member of Parliament for Tipperary county. Throughout

the greater part of those ten years he was the most popular man in Ireland. Many considerations combined to give him the position to which he thus attained. His ancient family, his kinship with O'Connell, his splendid physique, his easy manners, his generous nature, his eloquence, his patriotism—all marked him out as a popular favourite. His title of Celtic chieftainship had come down to him through a proud ancestry of at least four hundred years. He was young, dashing, courageous; ready to do and dare for Ireland. His first appearance in public life was as candidate for Tipperary, under the auspices of George Henry Moore, in 1857—on the expulsion of Mr. James Sadleir.* The young chieftain carried all before him, and went at a bound into the forefront of national politics. He and I were naturally thrown much together. Throughout the whole of that period we fought side by side. On almost every public question our opinions were identical. We took very nearly the same view of the Fenian

* Shortly after the suicide of John Sadleir (the banker and Brigade leader), it was discovered that his brother James was criminally implicated in frauds on the Tipperary bank. He fled the country, and was expelled Parliament, by special vote of the House of Commons.

project, and alike incurred the animosity of its leaders; he, however, much less than I did. Once or twice in the course of the war between the Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalists I trembled for him. I knew the secret chiefs, with one exception, were most anxious to get hold of him, and that tempting offers had been made to him. I have reason to think Mr. Stephens did not greatly care to convert The O'Donoghue. He disliked so dangerous a rival near his throne. Fortunately, though the young chieftain hurled strong hate against the English power, nothing could dispel his objections to a scheme which he, on the whole, agreed with me in believing might bathe Ireland in blood—might display, indeed, the self-sacrifice and heroism of her sons—but could only rivet her chains and multiply her sufferings.

In the summer of 1863 Mr. Stephens decided upon starting a weekly journal in Dublin which should at once advocate the special views of the Fenian organisation, and increase its financial revenues. In November of that year he carried out this purpose by starting the *Irish People* newspaper. It seems never to have occurred to him that there were two serious dangers in this singular proceeding. It was almost certain to concentrate

under the eye and the hand of the Government all that was active and dangerous in his organisation; and as to finances, the chances of loss rather than gain were considerable. As a matter of fact, both those dangers befell the enterprise. Although behind the *Irish People* were an army of active and zealous organisers and agents, and though all the resources of the organisation were exerted to push it, that journal was a heavy drag on his resources, not an aid to them. Its existence enabled us in the *Nation* office—as, no doubt, it enabled the Government also—to ascertain substantially where Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalism prevailed. It swept all before it amongst the Irish in England and Scotland, almost annihilating the circulation of the *Nation* in many places north and south of the Tweed. On the other hand, in Ireland it was never able to approach our journals in circulation; and in many places we drove it totally from the field. With what seems utter fatuity, Mr. Stephens placed upon the staff of his journal, published within a stone's throw of Dublin Castle gate, the foremost men of the Fenian organisation. John O'Leary, Charles J. Kickham, and T. C. Luby were the editors; O'Donovan Rossa was appointed business

manager; James O'Connor was cashier. The office was, in fact, headquarters.

The establishment of the National League by Mr. Martin and The O'Donoghue, as an open and non-Fenian National organisation, appealing to public opinion, gave great offence to the Fenian leader. Fenians attended at its meetings and sought to disturb or compromise the proceedings by cries for "a war policy," "rifles are what we want," and so on. It was naturally expected that, steadily assailed in this way, the League must give up. But John Martin intimated that he knew these tactics and those who were practising them. He told the Fenians to go their road, he would go his, and would not be hindered by them. With much struggle he held his ground through all the troubles and terrors of 1865, and a good part of the following year. In August 1866 the then leaders of the Fenian operations, failing in putting down the League meetings by interruptions, groans, and cries, gave the word for more violent measures. A body of Fenians one evening poured into the League Hall, and on being rebuked by Mr. Martin for their conduct, assailed him with volleys of eggs and other missiles, dispersing the assemblage in great disorder. A still

more violent, though not nearly so disgraceful, exploit had two years previously marked the culmination of their hostility towards myself.

In February 1864 the committee of the Dublin Prince Albert Statue applied to the corporation for an allocation of College Green as a site for their memorial. It was well known that College Green had long, by a sort of national tradition, been marked out and reserved as the spot whereon a statue to Henry Grattan should stand—as stand it does there now. A determined, but for the time an ineffectual, opposition was offered in the corporation to this "alienation of Grattan's site," as it was called. In this resistance I took a leading part, having been elected a member of the municipal council two years previously. We pleaded, argued, protested, threatened. We offered any other spot in all the city but this for the prince's statue. A majority of the council considered it would be "disloyal" to refuse *any* site asked for in the name of Prince Albert, and, Grattan's claims notwithstanding, granted the application. A cry of indignation arose all over Ireland. A public meeting was convened in the great hall of the Rotunda, Dublin, to give voice to the general feeling, and to call for the

rescinding of the obnoxious vote. For two reasons the "C. O. I. R." decided to break up this demonstration: Firstly, Henry Grattan was the representative man and founder, so to speak, of the constitutional National party—a public character not to be held up to admiration by a people arming to establish an Irish republic. Secondly, at this meeting A. M. Sullivan and men of that stamp would be applauded, which was not to be allowed. Secret orders were issued to all circles and sub-circles in Dublin to have their men in full force at the Rotunda on the evening of the meeting.

The O'Donoghue came up from Killarney to preside; the platform was thronged with civic representatives and city men; the galleries and body of the hall were densely packed. The O'Donoghue was proceeding with his opening address, and came to some complimentary allusions to me.

"We won't have Sullivan!" fiercely shouted a voice in a particular corner of the hall.

"That voice does not express the sentiments of the Irish people," replied the chairman.

Yells drowned his further observations. "Down with Sullivan!" "Away with Sullivan!" rose

in frantic shouts from compact sections of the audience immediately in front of the platform. The bulk of the assemblage looked on utterly bewildered. They could scarcely credit their senses, and vainly guessed at explanations.

"Down with Sullivan! We'll have his life!" Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, a rush was made for the platform; sticks appeared as if pulled from beneath men's waistcoats, and in a few seconds a confused struggle was going on. O'Donovan Rossa and other of the Fenian organisers now showed themselves, and, heading a charge of their followers, scrambled over the barriers, striking at all who obstructed them. If the people could only have got a clue to the incomprehensible scene, there would have been serious work, for the attack would have been resisted; but as few clearly understood the proceeding, no one felt called upon to make any special exertion. As an indignant artisan afterwards complained, "No one knew who was who, or why was why."

In the wild uproar, the crash of chairs, and rush of shrieking people, I found myself roughly grasped by an unknown hand in the crowd, and a voice shouted in my ear, "You come on out of this,

instantly, or your life will be taken here to-night." I was forcibly dragged a long way towards the entrance. Though kindly meant, I could not bring myself to acquiesce in this. I tore myself clear of my unknown protector, determined, whatever might befall, that I would walk freely out of the building. I found The O'Donoghue anxiously looking for me; and we emerged together into the street. A friendly bodyguard, however, accompanied us to the hotel, composed in great part, I have reason to believe, of Fenians who knew of the violence designed against us, and who were determined to prevent it.

Meanwhile Rossa and his storming party had full possession of the platform. They smashed the chairs and the reporters' table; tore the gas-brackets down, waved the green baize cover of the table as a flag of victory, and shouted for half an hour over their success. Then they marched down Sackville Street and dispersed—some to Mr. Stephens's lodgings to felicitate him—as proudly as if they had captured Dublin Castle, pulled down the Union Jack, and taken the Lord Lieutenant prisoner.

Next day the explanation of the scene became known, and there was great anger at this attempt

of the Fenian authorities to suppress the right of public meeting. It was the flinging down of a daring challenge to the non-Fenian Nationalists. If this stroke succeeded, there was no platform left to them. A "Citizens' Committee" assembled, and it was resolved to hold on the following Monday a meeting in the same hall of the Rotunda, to pass the resolutions originally contemplated; precautions being taken to encounter the Fenian tactics, and, if necessary, meet force by force.

But how was this to be done? How was it feasible to assemble a thousand, or two thousand, people and not know but they were secretly members of the Fenian organisation? How could we tell but even on the Citizens' Committee there were men whose part it was to pretend sympathy with us, but in reality to undermine all our plans and arrangements? "It cannot possibly be done," said some of our wisest friends. Moreover, the city was filled with the most alarming stories and rumours: the Fenian leaders had ordered a thousand of their men to come to the next meeting armed with revolvers; Mr. Stephens had sworn that, whatever it might cost, he would render meeting, speech, or resolution absolutely impossible that day: no; not even a dozen men

should be able to assemble! Affrighted friends came to us and implored that the meeting might be given up. "These are desperate men; it will not do to cross them. There will be bloodshed and loss of life. Better give up!" I, on the other hand, called on all friends of public liberty to be firm and to face every peril. "We complain of English tyranny," I said, "and our fathers have given their lives resisting it. Here is a much more odious tyranny. I am the one most loudly threatened. I know it. I am determined to go on; and if any harm befall me, I shall at all events be struck down in defence of public freedom." I was rejoiced to find this spirit prevailing extensively. The intolerance and violent despotism of the Fenian mandate against public meetings rendered the secret chiefs quite unpopular; and at any fairly assembled public gathering representative of general opinion they would have been indignantly condemned.

It was resolved to hold the meeting in the early afternoon (as night would give great advantage to disorder or attack), and that admission should be by tickets consecutively numbered. I felt it was a trial of strength and skill between Mr. Stephens and myself, and I determined he should find me

able to hold my own. "Foolish man!" exclaimed an excited friend, a day or two before the meeting, "you were warned how vain and hopeless it would be contending with a secret society! Here they are secretly at work printing off for their men tickets identical with your own; and on the day of meeting it is with foes, not friends, your hall will be filled!"

I pretended to be dumbfoundered. But this was just what I expected. I had laid a trap for the Fenian chief, and he walked right into it.

A register was duly kept of every person to whom packets of cards had been issued for distribution; and each distributor was made responsible for personal knowledge of the name and address of every citizen to whom he gave a ticket. Each member of the Citizens' Committee, about forty gentlemen in all, received, on these conditions, four or five packets of tickets. I guessed that on our committee were agents of the enemy, and that not only would our every move be reported, but that our tickets would be forged. I knew a friend, a lithographer, whom I could implicitly trust, and unknown to everybody I employed him to print, by a tedious process, that could not be readily imitated, two thousand tickets. When I had

everything ready, the day before our meeting I assembled the Citizens' Committee. "Gentlemen, our tickets are being forged," I exclaimed. "Yes, yes; 'tis a fact," shouted many voices. "What a shame! What are we to do?" said some of Mr. Stephens's secret agents, in well-feigned surprise; "we can't hold the meeting; we must give it up."

"No, gentlemen, we will not give it up," I said. "Each one of us, if he has acted faithfully and loyally, knows to whom he has given tickets."

"Quite right; to be sure."

"Very well. All such tickets are now cancelled, and will be refused at the doors to-morrow. Here are tickets which each of you will this evening exchange with the parties rightly entitled to them."

A shout of delight broke from the meeting. Two or three of our friends certainly looked chopfallen, despite efforts to seem as cheerful as the rest.

Whether merely for the purpose of trying to frighten me, or with serious meaning, 'tis hard to tell; but private messages were now sent to my family warning them in the most solemn and explicit manner that this daring conduct on my part was going to have a sad result. They were told I was to be shot, *pour encourager aux autres.*

I said, "Even so; I had rather be shot than be a coward or a slave."

Next day the city was troubled, nervous, and excited, as if an earthquake had been foretold in the almanacs. The Rotunda presented a strange sight. It was like a fortress, for possession of which a fierce battle was to rage. That my life would pay the forfeit was concluded on all hands; and even from distant parts of Ireland anxious friends came, armed, to stand by my side. One of these, the impersonation of devoted friendship, Mr. Thomas P. O'Connor of Tipperary, was a man to whom the Fenian leaders owed much. To his influence, his exertions, his generosity, they subsequently owed still more, when, in adversity, they needed protection and aid. Though happily he lives still, on the night preceding that meeting he and many others approached the sacraments of religion in preparation for death next day. It seems almost absurd now to think they regarded matters so seriously. My own family took leave of me as if they might see me no more; but they could not shake my purpose.

A body of "National Volunteers" had offered themselves to act as guards and stewards at the meeting, and after careful selection two hundred

were enrolled. At each door a "company" was placed under a trusted "captain." When, at one o'clock, the doors were opened, there poured into the great hall, amidst much cheering, a body of citizens who evidently greatly regretted any conflict with their fellow-countrymen, but who were determined to assert the right to assemble in public meeting for lawful and patriotic purposes.

Soon a cry of "forged ticket" was heard at the doors. The wrong men were beginning to come up, and found they could not pass through. About two o'clock quite a battalion arrived, headed by O'Donovan Rossa. He handed a wrong ticket. "No use," said young Joseph Hanly of Ardavon, a model of athletic strength and vigour, who was captain at that door. "I must pass," said Rossa, who was also strongly built, powerful, active, and determined. "You shall not," was defiantly answered. Rossa made a dash at the door, and was levelled by a sledge-hammer blow from Hanly. Quick as lightning he was on his feet, and repaid the compliment. The two men were on the whole pretty evenly matched; but the advantage in "science" was with the college-trained young captain. Rossa, who was as bold as a lion, fought well, but it was no use. His comrades

struck in, but the door guards responded; and after "as lovely a fight, sir, as ever you saw" (according to one of the latter), the Fenian party withdrew. Somewhat similar conflicts occurred at other entrances; but everywhere the assailants were defeated. The meeting was triumphantly held. The resolutions were passed. The day was won. Excusable momentary vexation apart, I doubt if the Fenians thought the worse of us for our resolution and pluck. The men on both sides exhibited a restraint as to the use of firearms which astonished everybody. Sharp and heavy blows were given and taken, and even some blood was spilt; yet though each man of some hundreds carried a revolver in his pocket, not one was drawn. Had even one been produced, a hundred would have appeared, and a deplorable scene might have ensued. We all rejoiced that the day had passed off so well. The citizens in general, I am well aware, were delighted. All public action in politics would have been stopped by a violent terrorism had we not made this stand for tolerance, fair play, and freedom.*

* The Fenian chief did not all at once desist from the desire to try conclusions with me, as the subjoined extract from the letter of "An old Dublin Centre" (in the *Irishman* of the 6th

On the 2nd of April 1865 the fall of Richmond closed the American war. On the 7th General Lee surrendered. By June the Federal armies were in process of disbandment. The Irish regiments were free. Hundreds of daring and skilful officers, spoiled for peaceful pursuits, were on the look-out for a sympathetic cause in which they might continue their career. The Fenian leaders felt that the hour for action had arrived. Arms were being daily imported and distributed, although not to anything like the extent pretended by Mr. Stephens. Every steamer from America brought a number of officers, amongst the earliest

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of February 1875), inveighing against Mr. Stephens, reveals: "Once I heard him declare that he had one town (Liverpool) so organised and devoted to the local leader that he could at any time cause a panic in European politics by sending down orders to capture the garrison of 1000 men, and hold the place until there was not one man living amongst its ruins; and said he would be obeyed to the letter. The truth of this statement will be seen when some time afterwards Sullivan of the *Nation* went to the place to lecture, and he (Stephens) sent orders to hunt him out of the town. What then? Only two or three could be found to do the business, and they were expelled the lecture-hall on the first indication of disturbance."

I remember the incident referred to very well; but the "Old Centre" does Mr. Stephens injustice in assuming there were not thousands of Fenians enrolled in Liverpool because "only two or three" obeyed an order so odious and unpopular.

being Brigadier-General T. F. Millen, who took up his quarters in Dublin as chief in command. From the Continent came General Cluseret and General Fariola, the former of whom was heard of subsequently in the struggle of the Commune in Paris. Every one knew what was at hand, for there was a wondrous amount of publicity about the secret movements of Fenianism. The American circles, in order to stimulate subscriptions, published addresses announcing all that was afoot. One issued by the Springfield circle "to their American fellow-citizens" was as follows:—

Ireland is about to have her revolution. The day of provisional government is established. An army of 200,000 men is sworn to sustain it. Officers, American and Irish, who have served with distinction in your service, are silently moving into Ireland to assume control of the active operations to be inaugurated in a few months—sooner, much sooner, than any of you believe.

In August the Irish newspapers began to fill with alarmist letters from country gentlemen; and the contingency of a midnight rising was discussed from a hundred points of view. In September the magistrates of Cork county, to the number of one hundred and fifty, assembled in special meeting to consider the perilous state of affairs. They memorialed the Government on the subject, but

the Government had already formed its decision. It is not easy to determine the stage at which a secret conspiracy can be most effectually struck. A singular incident showed the authorities in Dublin Castle that they had not many moments to lose. On the machine-room staff of the *Irish People* was a man named Pierce Nagle, a great favourite and confidential agent or courier of Mr. Stephens. For more than a year Nagle had been in the secret pay of the Government, and was supplying deadly information against the Fenian chiefs. One day an envoy arrived from the South Tipperary B's, and received from Mr. Stephens a despatch of the utmost secresy and importance, with which he was to return instantly to Clonmel. The missive he bore was to be read for the centres there, and then destroyed. The envoy got rather overpowered with "refreshment" in the afternoon, and went to sleep on a bench in the machine-room. Nagle coming in, saw him, and rightly guessed he was likely to have received some important letter from "the Captain." He quietly turned the pockets of the sleeper inside out, and took from him the precious document. Some days elapsed before he was able to find an opportunity for safely handing it over to the

police. Once in their possession, the importance of that missive was fully recognised. Before many hours it was in the council-chamber of Dublin Castle. A glance at its contents showed Lord Wodehouse that he must strike without further hesitation. Which he did.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RICHMOND ESCAPE.

"HURRY in to town. Quick—quick. There is desperate work. The *Irish People* is suppressed; the office is seized; Luby, O'Leary, and Rossa are arrested; telegraphic communication with the south is stopped; no one knows what may not be going on!"

It was my brother who spoke at my bedroom door early in the morning of Saturday, 16th of September 1865. He had driven from town to where I lived, some three miles distant in the northern suburbs, to bear me news of truly startling events that had just occurred.

"Luby, O'Leary, and Rossa arrested!" I exclaimed. "Have they got Stephens?"

"No; not up to the time I left."

"Then depend upon it he will fight. We shall have barricades in the city to-night."

I breakfasted hastily, my brother going on with his narrative of the proceedings. I concealed my feelings as best I could; but I took a very serious view of the situation. From information which had reached me during the previous month or two, I knew that this *coup* did not anticipate by more than a few weeks the date fixed by the Fenian leaders for the outbreak of hostilities. I judged that the difference in time being so small, Mr. Stephens would rather accept battle now than let his men be struck down in detail. Moreover, this move of the Government was so obvious, so inevitable, that he must have been prepared for it from the first hour when he publicly established a central bureau of Fenian affairs at the very threshold of the Castle, and filled it with the best and most prominent men of his organisation.

I drove into town, and found excitement and alarm on all sides. It was only after a considerable interval I was able to gather anything like a correct and coherent account of what had occurred, so wild and contradictory were the stories in circulation.

On the previous day, Friday, 15th of September 1865, a Privy Council was hastily held at Dublin Castle. Before it were laid reports from the police

authorities on the critical state of the Fenian business; the steady flow of American officers into the country; the increased activity in the provinces; the arrival of large remittances of money to the Fenian leaders; the extensive drilling going on all over the kingdom, particularly in Dublin. But most important of all, the following letter, in the handwriting of the supreme chief of the movement, was placed upon the table :—

Dublin, September 8, 1865.

BROTHERS,

I regret to find the letter I addressed to you has never reached you. Had you received it I am confident all would have been right before this; because I told you explicitly what to do, and once you saw your way it is sure to me that you would have done it well. As far as I can understand your actual position and wishes now, the best course to take is to get all the working B's together, and after due deliberation and without favour to any one—acting purely and conscientiously for the good of the cause—to select one man to represent and direct you all. This selection made, the man of your choice should come up here at once, when he shall get instructions and authority to go on with the good work. There is no time to be lost. This year—and let there be no mistake about it—must be the year of action. I speak with a knowledge and authority to which no other man could pretend; and I repeat, the flag of Ireland—of the Irish Republic—must this year be raised. As I am much pressed for time, I shall merely add that it shall be raised in a glow of hope such as never gleamed

round it before. Be, then, of firm faith and the best of cheer, for all goes bravely on. Yours fraternally,

J. Power.*

N.B. This letter must be read for the working B's only, and when read must be burnt.

This was the letter which Pierce Nagle had taken from the pocket of the intoxicated Fenian courier as he lay asleep in the *Irish People* office.

The Privy Council decided that the conspiracy must be struck instantly and simultaneously all over the island. The Fenian organ was to be seized and suppressed; the leaders were everywhere to be arrested. So suddenly was this resolution arrived at that a difficulty arose as to seizing the newspaper. Already the bulk of its publication for that week was on its way to England and the Irish provinces. At the very moment the Privy Council was sitting, the *Irish People* machinery was printing off the "country edition," and vans were bearing the agents' parcels to the trains and steamboats. There was no help for this now. At three o'clock the council broke up, and the police got their orders to prepare for action. Before they ventured to stir in Dublin, they telegraphed to all the "dangerous" cities and

* One of Stephens's innumerable aliases.

towns, notifying the authorities in those places that at ten o'clock p.m. a simultaneous dash must be made on the Fenians, and that all necessary precautions must accordingly be taken. About nine o'clock the manager of the Magnetic Telegraph Company was surprised by a visit from a Government official with an astonishing request. He said that, owing to "something that was about to happen," the Government wished all telegrams relating to Fenianism, unless between the public authorities, to be "withheld." The manager well knew what was meant. There was no refusing such a polite invitation. The requisite assent was given. Indeed, to make assurance doubly sure, a policeman in plain clothes was stationed in the telegraph office. All now being ready, at half-past nine o'clock several bodies of police, well armed, were quietly moved upon Parliament Street, each end of which they occupied. While the by-passers were wondering at the presence of this police cordon, some of the detective force knocked at the door of No. 12, which was the *Irish People* office. No one opened, whereupon the door was forced. With a rush the house was occupied, and ransacked. No person was found within. The office books, type forms, and bales of printed

papers (the "town edition" of the *Irish People*) were brought out into the street, piled on a dray, and carried off to the Castle; a guard of police being left on the premises. Barely half an hour previously the *Irish People* staff had left the office, their labours for the day being over. Some of them had not quitted the immediate vicinity. Soon the street rang with the news; hearing it they rushed out, and were seized. At the same moment, other parties of police were at work all over the city. The residences of the prominent Fenians were well known, and before many hours O'Donovan Rossa, John O'Clohissy, Thomas Ashe, Michael O'Neill Fogarty, Mortimor Moynihan, and W. F. Roantree were lodged in prison. None of them made resistance. It was late after midnight when Mr. Luby, who was spending the evening with a friend, returned to his residence at Dolphin's Barn. He did not know that two detectives had lain concealed for hours in a little shrubbery close by, waiting for him. He had barely entered his house when they knocked, gained admittance, and arrested him. They searched for papers, and found several; among the rest, some letters from an extraordinary genius named O'Keeffe, well known in some of

the Dublin newspaper offices for his crazy eccentricities. He had written in his characteristic style to Mr. Luby, urging the revolutionary leaders, if they meant business, to go in for a battue of big landlords like the Duke of Leinster. To any one who knew the man the letter would be an amusing literary curiosity. As such Mr. Luby laughed over it himself, and showed it to others to laugh at also. Unfortunately for him, however, he did not destroy O'Keeffe's ferocious programme. It was a dangerous document for a man engaged in political conspiracy to preserve, as an apparent reality and seriousness of meaning might be cast upon its contents when found amongst the class of papers seized in the course of these arrests. As a matter of fact, these wretched O'Keeffe letters were made the foundation for charges against the Fenian prisoners which some of them felt more keenly, and complained of more vehemently, than the severest tortures of prison punishment.* The O'Keeffe

* Nothing wounded the Fenian leaders more than the horrible suggestion that they contemplated "a general massacre and universal pillage." Taking the O'Keeffe letters as their authority, the Castle officials who prepared the brief or statement of evidence on which the Crown counsel was to act at the preliminary investigations broadly set forth this revolting and cruel assertion. The prisoners have never forgiven that

manuscript, however, mischievous as was the part it played in subsequent events, was not the most fatal discovery made on that occasion. In Mr. Luby's desk was found a sealed packet addressed "Miss Fraser." "What is this?" said the officer, putting it on the table before Mr. Luby. For a second his lip trembled and his colour changed; but suddenly recovering himself, he replied in a careless manner, "Oh! this is something between the ladies"; and he pushed it across to his wife. Before she could stir, the officer seized it. That sealed envelope contained the most conclusive testimony which, from the first hour to the last, the Government obtained upon which to convict the leading conspirators. It was

imputation. They concentrated all, or nearly all, their anger on the hapless gentleman who was Crown counsel on the occasion referred to, Mr. C. R. (now Mr. Justice) Barry. Epitomising the case as briefed to him he made this statement. When subsequently its falsehood, as regards those prisoners, was found out in the Castle, all that was done was to abandon —to cease from mentioning—instead of openly retracting it. This pitiful course wronged the prisoners and wronged Mr. Barry. It left the former under the odium of an imputation abhorrent to them. It deprived the latter of the opportunity he gladly would have seized of displaying his generosity and high sense of justice in delivering his own mind, not the language of a brief, on the whole proceeding.

the commission, under the hand of Mr. Stephens, as supreme chief of the revolutionary movement, appointing Messrs. Luby, O'Leary, and Kickham a triumvirate or executive during his absence on a visit to the American circles. It ran as follows:—

I hereby empower Thomas Clarke Luby, John O'Leary, and Charles J. Kickham a Committee of Organisation or Executive, with the same supreme control over the home organisation, England, Ireland, and Scotland, that I have exercised myself. I further empower them to appoint a Committee of Military Inspection and a Committee of Appeal and Judgment, the functions of which committee will be made known to every member of them. Trusting to the patriotism and abilities of the Executive I fully indorse their actions beforehand. I call on every man in our ranks to support and be guided by them in all that concerns the military brotherhood.

J. STEPHENS.

Mr. Luby was borne off to prison. His papers were carried under seal to the Castle. Mr. George Hopper (whose sister was wife of Mr. Stephens), Mr. John O'Leary, and many others, were arrested in the early morning. It may be said that before the afternoon of Saturday, with the exception of Stephens himself and two or three others, the Government had in their grasp every man of prominence connected with the Irish branch of the conspiracy.

Still the remark which almost involuntarily fell

from me on hearing the news that morning was on every lip, "If they have not got Stephens, their swoop is vain. He will fill up all gaps, and give the signal for action ere twenty-four hours."

Meantime, all over Ireland scenes somewhat similar to those above described were proceeding. Midnight arrests and seizures, hurried flights and perilous escapes, wild rumours and panic alarms, scared every considerable city and town. It was a critical time in Dublin Castle. Sir Thomas Larcom, Under Secretary, sat up all night, every five minutes receiving reports and issuing directions. So anxious was the Government as to the successful seizure of the *Irish People* office, that Mr. O'Ferrall, the Commissioner of Police, and Colonel Wood, Inspector-General of Constabulary, personally superintended the proceedings at that spot. Colonel Lake, C.B., took general charge of the arrangements throughout the city for effecting the arrests, and suppressing any resistance. In Dublin and Cork an outbreak was fully anticipated. Into the latter city an additional battery of artillery was hastily despatched from Ballincollig. All the soldiers of the garrison were aroused from their beds and put under arms at three o'clock in

the morning; and reinforcements from Fermoy and other stations were rapidly hurried in.

With troubled minds and heavy hearts the citizens of Dublin counted the hours of that exciting day; alarm intensifying as night approached. Many sat up until near dawn, listening for the first roar of artillery or rattle of musketry in the streets; and it was with an indescribable sense of relief that people found the night pass tranquilly away.

Where was Stephens all this time? Calm and undisturbed, living openly enough in a pretty suburban villa not two miles from Dublin Castle. Proclamations offering £200 for his arrest were scattered all over the country, and a description of his person was posted at every barrack door. Thousands of policemen, hundreds of spies and detectives, were exerting every effort of ingenuity to discover his whereabouts; all in vain. They scrutinised every railway passenger; they laid hands on every commercial traveller who happened in any way to resemble his description. They had a keen eye for everything that might seem like a disguise. They never thought of looking for him in no disguise at all! "Mr. Herbert," of Fairfield House, Sandymount,

affected no concealment. He lived, no doubt, very much at home, but he might be seen nearly every day in his flower garden or greenhouse busily arranging his geraniums, or tending his japonicas. He lived well, kept a good cellar, and had his house furnished tastefully. It never occurred to the detective mind that a placid-looking gentleman so deeply immersed in horticulture could be concerned in politics. "Mr. Herbert," no doubt, went into town occasionally in the evenings. On the night of the seizure he was at the lodgings of one of the Fenian organisers (Flood) in Denzille Street, giving interviews, one by one, to the agents and subordinates who waited in an ante-room. Suddenly James O'Connor, of the *Irish People*, entered and asked for "the Captain." His manner was a little disturbed, but on being told he should wait, he sat down quite composedly till his turn came. On being shown into Stephens's room, he told the news: The office was in the hands of the police; Rossa and several of their comrades had been arrested; search and seizure were being fiercely prosecuted all around. Stephens excitedly rushed into the ante-room with the intelligence. The assembled confederates exhibited their surprise and emotion in various

ways. There was one amongst them particularly who displayed what looked like intense astonishment and concern. This was Pierce Nagle, the paid spy of the Government—who knew all!

They separated for their homes. Mr. Stephens reached Fairfield House in safety, and soundly slept; but several of the others found themselves in the police cells before morning—with the rest, Pierce Nagle. It was only when next day they were brought up before the magistrates for formal committal that each was able to know how many of his friends shared his fate. Much they wondered who amongst them had played false—who would appear at the critical moment in the witness-box against them! They did not know he was that moment standing in their midst, apparently a prisoner like themselves. At length, after Pierce had played the *rôle* of "martyr" for a few days, it was deemed time for him to step forth in his true character; his evidence in court being required. When the day arrived, and their former comrade, the trusted servant and agent of their chief, stepped on the table as Crown witness, to swear them to the scaffold, the doomed men exchanged glances of despair; the despair that flings hope away, not that which quails before disaster.

Two months passed by, and still all search for Stephens was vain. A special commission was issued for the trial of Luby, O'Leary, Rossa, and others, on the approaching 27th of November. The story now circulated and universally believed was that Stephens had solemnly announced these men were in no danger; nay, that they and their prosecutors would exchange positions ere many days! Early in November the Dublin police remarked that Mrs. Stephens was seen in Dublin very much as usual. They tracked her on several evenings towards Sandymount, and always lost her in the neighbourhood of "Mr. Herbert's" house. An extra police force was immediately stationed in the district, and a minute search, house by house and road by road, was prosecuted. On Thursday, the 9th of November, Mrs. Stephens was observed to leave Fairfield House and proceed towards Dublin. She was dogged through the city and back to her home by female spies. The police now decided that the man they wanted was within their power. On Friday evening the house was stealthily surrounded and watched by a number of detectives. Many circumstances convinced them the conspirator was within. That the struggle to capture him would be desperate

and bloody was the conviction in every mind. About an hour before dawn on Saturday morning, the whole of the "G" division of police, under the personal command of Colonel Lake, C.B., surrounded the house. Six divisional inspectors scaled the garden wall and knocked at the back door of the house. A voice, which two of them recognised as that of Stephens, asked from within: "Who is there? Is that Corrigan?" meaning, it would seem, the gardener, who usually came to his work at an early hour in the morning.

The answer was, "Police."

"I cannot let you in. I am undressed," said the C. O. I. R.

"If you do not open this instant, we will burst the door," rejoined Inspector Hughes.

Stephens, who was in his night-dress, ran through the hall to the front door, looked out, and saw that the house was surrounded. He returned to the back door, undid the bolts, and rushed upstairs to his bedroom. He was quickly and closely followed by the police, who suspected some deep design in this easy admittance. In the bedroom were Mrs. Stephens and her sister. Detective officers Dawson and Hughes reached the room at a few bounds. The former, who

knew the Fenian chief, called out, "How are you, Stephens?"

Stephens looked angrily at the speaker, and cried, "Who the devil are you?"

"I am Dawson," said the detective, with professional pride in the conviction that every one —at all events every one concerned in illegal practices—must have heard of "Dawson."

"Dawson! Oh, indeed! I have read about you," replied the Head Centre, who leisurely proceeded to dress himself. While this scene was proceeding in Stephens's bedroom, the other apartments of the house had been rapidly filled with police, and other captures barely less important were effected. In a bedroom close by were found Charles J. Kickham, Hugh Brophy, and Edward Duffy, the latter of whom might have been not incorrectly called the life and soul of the Fenian movement west of the Shannon. Under their pillows were found four Colt's revolvers, loaded and capped. A large sum of money—nearly £2000 in notes, gold, and drafts—was also found in the room. The house evidently had been provisioned as the intended refuge of several persons for some weeks. Large quantities of bacon, flour, groceries, wines, spirits, &c., were stored on the

premises. The strong force of police in and around the house showed to all the captives the fruitlessness of resistance. They quietly dressed themselves, and long ere the neighbouring dwellers were astir, or knew of the astonishing drama that had been enacted amidst the *parterres* of Fairfield House, the whole party were carried off and secured under bolts and bars in Dublin Castle.

It was approaching noon before the news got abroad. Then indeed the city broke forth into excitement that was not half terror. The dreaded C. O. I. R. was actually in custody. Now might every one sleep with easy mind. No "rising" need be apprehended. No lurid flame of civil war would redden the midnight sky. Exultation beamed on every detective's face. "We have done it," might be read in the toss of every policeman's head as he proudly paced his beat.

On the following Tuesday the four prisoners were brought before the magistrate in the lower Castle yard. The van which conveyed them was accompanied by a mounted escort with drawn sabres, and preceded and followed by a number of cars conveying policemen armed with cutlass and revolver. Along the route the patrols had been well strengthened, and every precaution taken

against a rescue. There was great anxiety to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Fenian chief, who since the arrests of the 15th of September had become for the first time a popular hero. The police escorts and guards, however, prevented any one from approaching. Not a glance could be exchanged with the object of all this curiosity. A distinguished party of viceregal visitors or friends, and some of the higher executive functionaries —including Lord Chelmsford, Sir Robert Peel, Colonel Lake, Mr. Wodehouse, private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and others—were accommodated with seats in the magistrate's room, having shared the general desire for a look at "the Captain." Indeed it is said the lady of one of them successfully pleaded for a glimpse of Stephens and his colleagues while in the prison. When Nagle was brought in, he perceptibly trembled, and avoided meeting the gaze of the prisoners. Stephens bore himself quite coolly, nay, cavalierly. His letter to the Clonmel "B's" was read as evidence. When the clerk came to the passage declaring this should be "the year of action," Stephens startled them all by loudly interjecting, "So it may be."

Although he must have read in the public news-

papers of the extensive seizure of letters and other documents in the course of the previous arrests, he seems to have kept quite a store of like evidence at Fairfield House. There were lists or rolls of the American officers; name, ranks, travelling charges paid them, and the dates of sailing for Ireland. There was a minute, or memorandum, apparently of the Military Council, settling the pay in dollars which those officers were to receive: major-general, monthly, 750 dols.; brigadier-general, 400 dols.; colonel (special arm), 248 dols.; ditto infantry line, 238 dols.; lieutenant-colonel (special arm), 225 dols.; ditto infantry line, 215 dols.; major (special), 200 dols.; captains, of all arms, 165 dols.; lieutenants, 125 dols.; 2nd ditto, 115 dols. There was a list of places organised, and of the centres in charge; a sheet of cipher-terms, and letters in great abundance. In truth the documents seized on this occasion enabled the organisation to be gripped far more extensively and effectually than was possible before.

The preliminary examination extended over a couple of days. At its close, on Wednesday, 15th of November, the magistrate, previous to committing the prisoners, asked each if he had any observations to make. Stephens said he had.

The magistrate: "I shall be bound to take it down." Stephens: "Yes; take it down."

Then rising to his feet and folding his arms, he said: "I have employed no lawyer in this case, because in making a defence of any kind I should be recognising British law in Ireland. Now I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland; its right, or even ts existence in Ireland; and I defy any punishment, and despise any punishment, it can inflict upon me. I have spoken it."

What did this mean? Ten days subsequently these words were recalled, with a full perception of their import!

"Stephens has escaped! Stephens has escaped!" This was the cry which rang from end to end of Dublin on the morning of Saturday the 25th of November 1865.

"Stephens? Escaped?"

"Yes!"

"From Richmond Bridewell? When? How? Impossible!"

Such were the exclamations or interrogations to be heard on every side. Stephens escaped! Consternation—utter, hopeless consternation reigned

throughout the city; that is to say, amongst the business classes. The populace were very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalise the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crestfallen and humiliated; while members of the Fenian fraternity could be pretty well identified by the flashing eye, the exultant countenance, the wild strong grip with which they greeted one another.

The Fenian leaders had been confined in Richmond prison, awaiting their trial on the 27th of November. When built, fifty or sixty years ago, Richmond was one of the strongest jails in Ireland; but it was entirely wanting in those facilities for supervision which the modern prisons, with radiating corridors, possess. At the head of one of the several stone stairs which connect the ground-floor cell system with the upper tier ran a short cross corridor of six cells. The door between the corridor and stairhead was of heavy hammered iron, nearly an inch thick, and secured by a lock opening from either side. The cell-doors were likewise of wrought iron, fastened with ponderous swinging bars and padlocks. The other end of the corridor was closed by a similar door. In these

six cells, thus cut off from the rest of the prison, Stephens, Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, and Rossa were confined. In the sixth cell, that between Stephens and Kickham, the governor, Mr. Marquess, placed a young lad named McLeod, an ordinary prisoner, with instructions to listen at night, and ring his cell gong if he heard anything close by. Lest there might be any tampering or undue communication, no warder or other person was allowed in the corridor at night, but a warder and policeman were placed outside the locked door at the end opposite the stairhead door. At the latter no watch was deemed necessary. Military guards and sentries, and a detachment of police, had been plentifully placed in the prison when first Stephens was committed; but the Castle raised a petty squabble with the prison board as to the expense of these men, and they were almost all withdrawn. A dispute over ten or twelve pounds cost the Government the prize for which they afterwards offered a thousand, and would have given five times as much right readily!

Vain were all bolts and bars, iron doors, and grated windows to hold Stephens in that prison. In anticipation of such a possibility as that which

had occurred, some of the prison officers had long previously been secretly secured as sworn members of the "I. R. B." One, J. J. Breslin, was hospital superintendent; another, Byrne, was night-watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the whole building, yards, and passages, from "lock-up" at night to "unlock" each morning. Breslin had a passkey for all interior doors; Byrne had one for interior and exterior. The moment "the Captain" was brought in, wax impressions or moulds of these keys were taken, and duplicates were at once manufactured by an expert hand amongst the brotherhood in the city.

As long, however, as the sentries and patrols were around, free access through the doors was of little advantage. Fortunately for the Fenian leader, the dispute about expense (already referred to) drew off the danger. By Thursday the 23rd of November the coast was clear; and it was decided that on the following night his liberation must be effected.

Night came. Lock-up and final inspection were duly completed. The warders paraded, and gave up their passkeys to be locked in the governor's safe. The watches were posted, and sang out "All's well." Stephens did not go to bed at all.

He sat up through the night, aware that some time between midnight and morning his deliverer would be at hand. The elements were propitious. For years Dublin had not been visited by such a storm of wind and rain as howled through the pitchy darkness of that night. The prison clock had chimed one when Stephens heard a stealthy foot-fall approach. The stairhead door was unlocked. A friendly tap at his own door, and soon it swings open. Daniel Byrne and James Breslin are outside. Softly they descend the stair, each man now grasping a revolver, for a desperate work has been begun. They gain the yard, and reach the boundary wall at a spot outside which confederates were to be in waiting. They fling over the wall a few pebbles—the pre-arranged signal. In answer a small sod of grass is thrown to them from the other side. Then they bring from the lunatic prisoners' day-room, which is close by, two long tables, which they lay against the wall. A rope is thrown over, which Byrne and Breslin are to hold while Stephens descends by it on the outer side. He mounts the tables; he gains the top, and swings into the arms of his friends below. Though rain is falling in torrents, and each one is drenched to the skin, they bound with joy and embrace effusively. Stephens

is hurried off with a single attendant to the asylum already selected for him in the city. Breslin retires to his room in the prison, and Byrne resumes his duty patrol!

At five o'clock in the morning Mr. Philpots, deputy governor, was excitedly called by Byrne, who, faithful and vigilant officer that he was, reported that he had found two tables in the yard close by the boundary wall, and much he feared that something had gone wrong.* They ran to the governor and aroused him. All hurried to the corridor where the Fenians ought to be. Lo! one of the cell doors ajar, and the "C. O. I. R." flown. All the others—Luby, Kickham, O'Leary, Rossa—were safe and sound, but the man of men for them was gone!

Mr. Marquess asked McLeod if he had heard any noise. Yes, he had, about one o'clock in the morning; he heard some one open the end door, come to Stephens's cell, and unlock it.

* A few days later on Byrne was arrested. A copy of the Fenian oath and other seditious documents were found in his desk within the prison; but the Crown would not bring home to him the charge of aiding Stephens's escape. Breslin remained unsuspected in the prison service for several months subsequently, when he took leave of absence, fled to America, and there proudly avowed all.

"Why did you not pull your gong, as I told you to do?" asked the distracted governor.

"Because I knew whoever was doing this was likely to be armed, and could open *my* cell also, and take my life," was the intelligent and indeed conclusive answer.

At no time probably since Emmet's insurrection were the Irish executive authorities thrown into such dismay and confusion as on this occasion. They now realised what it was to deal with a secret society. Whom could they trust? How could they measure their danger? Very evidently the ground beneath them was mined in all directions. Uncertainty magnified every danger. Meantime the most desperate efforts were made to recapture Stephens. Cavalry scoured the country round. Police, scattered all over the city, particularly in suspected neighbourhoods, ransacked houses, tore down wainscoting, ripped up flooring, searched garrets, cellars, coalholes. Telegrams went flying all over the kingdom; steamers were stopped and the passengers examined. Gunboats put to sea and overhauled and searched fishing-smacks and coasters. Flaming placards appeared with "One thousand pounds reward" in large letters announcing the escape, and offering a high

price for the lost one. The "C. O. I. R." was all this time, and for a long period subsequently, secreted in the house of a Mrs. Butler of Summer Hill, a woman of humble means.* She knew her peril in sheltering him. She knew what would be her reward in surrendering him. She was poor, and could any moment earn £1000 by giving merely a hint to the authorities. Stephens confided himself implicitly into her hands, and he did not trust her in vain.

One Sunday evening about three months afterwards a handsome open carriage-and-four drove through the streets of the Irish metropolis, two stalwart footmen seated in the dickey behind. Two gentlemen reclined lazily on the cushioned seat within. They proceeded northwards through Malahide and towards Balbriggan. Near the latter place, close by the sea, the carriage stopped. One of the occupants got out, walked down to the shore, where a boat was in waiting. He entered, and was pulled off to a lugger in the offing. The carriage returned to Dublin. The "coachman," "postilion," "footmen," and companion were all picked men of the "I. R. B.,"

* She died a few years ago in a public hospital of the city.

and were armed to the teeth. The gentleman placed on board the lugger, now speeding down Channel with flowing sheet for France, was James Stephens, the "Central Organiser of the Irish Republic."

CHAPTER VII.

INSURRECTION!

FOR three weary years Ireland endured the perils and pains of a smouldering insurrection. Stephens's decree as to the "year of action" came to naught; 1865 went out gloomily enough, but without the expected convulsion. Still every one could discern that the danger had by no means blown over. The Fenians, it was well known, were making strenuous efforts to repair the gaps made in their ranks, and to recover themselves for a stroke in force. The two years which followed the first arrests were little else than a protracted struggle between the Government and the secret organisation. The former was striking out vehemently, smashing through circles, pouncing on councils, seizing centres, destroying communications, raiding right and left through the shattered lines of the "I. R. B." The latter, on the other hand, unde-

terred by disaster, went on, clinging desperately and doggedly to the work of reconstruction. As fast as seizures swept off leaders, others stepped into the vacant posts. Court-house, dock, and prison van were filled and emptied again and again. Assize and commission, commission and assize, took their dismal turn. The deadly duel went on. It seemed interminable.

T. C. Luby was the first of the prisoners brought to the bar. His trial lasted for four days—from the 28th of November to the 1st of December 1865, inclusive. He had for his leading counsel Mr. Isaac Butt, whose masterly abilities in previous State trials, the theme of national praise, were displayed even more conspicuously now. But there was no struggling against the overwhelming evidence of documents preserved by the conspirators themselves. The "Clonmel letter" and the "executive commission" sealed the doom of the three men who were incontestably the ablest and most prominent of the Fenian leaders. Luby was found guilty and condemned to penal servitude for twenty years. While the jury in his case were absent from court, deliberating on their verdict, O'Leary was put to the bar. On the 6th of December his trial closed with a conviction and

a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Next came Rossa. He dismissed the lawyers, and announced that he meant to conduct his own defence. Never was such a scene witnessed in that court-house! "He cross-examined the informers in fierce fashion," says an eye-witness; "he badgered the detectives, he questioned the police, he debated with the Crown lawyers, he argued with the judges, he fought with the Crown side all round. But it was when the last of the witnesses had gone off the table that he set to the work in good earnest. He took up the various publications that had been put in evidence against him, and claimed his legal right to read them all through. One of them was the file of the *Irish People* for the whole term of its existence! Horror sat upon the faces of judges, jurymen, sheriffs, lawyers, turnkeys, and all, when the prisoner gravely informed them that as a compromise he would not insist upon reading the advertisements! The fight went on throughout the live-long day, till the usual hour of adjournment had come and gone, and the prisoner himself was feeling parched and weary and exhausted. Observing that the lights were being now renewed, and that their lordships appeared satisfied to sit out the

night, he anxiously inquired if the proceedings were not to be adjourned till morning. "Proceed, sir," was the stern reply of the judge, who knew that the physical powers of the prisoner could not hold out much longer. "A regular Norbury!" gasped O'Donovan. "It's like a '98 trial." "You had better proceed, sir, with propriety," exclaimed the judge. "When do you propose stopping, my lord?" again inquired the prisoner. "Proceed, sir," was the reiterated reply. O'Donovan could stand it no longer. He had been reading and speaking for eight hours and a half. With one final protest, he sat down, exclaiming that "English law might now take its course."

On the day following this remarkable scene Rossa was sentenced to penal servitude *for life*; an excess of punishment over that assigned to his colleagues, arising out of the fact that he had been adjudged guilty on a like charge in 1858, and had then been released on bond of "good behaviour," and an undertaking to appear for sentence when called on.

Many of the prisoners were military men, and to these trial by the civil tribunals was rigidly denied. The courts-martial had a grim sensation of their own; for flogging was often portion of the sen-

tence inflicted; and that revolting spectacle, which no one who has ever looked on it would willingly behold again, shocked the Dublin public from time to time.

It was not the power and arms of the British Government alone that operated to disorganise and destroy the Fenian movement. Dissension and revolt amongst its leaders broke its power. Before two years Stephens was the object of fierce denunciation from his own followers, and John O'Mahony was deposed and degraded by the Senate of the American Branch, over which he had so long presided. In each case the dethroned or impeached leaders had numerous partisans, so that the unity of the organisation on each side of the Atlantic was at an end.

Stephens, having remained a short time in France, after his escape from Ireland, proceeded to America, and sought to bring the sundered sections of the brotherhood there under his own sole authority. But although in Ireland he was still believed in and obeyed implicitly as ever, already amongst the circles on the other side his pretensions and his abilities were being severely canvassed. He found but few willing to constitute him a dictator, and this he would be or nothing.

The more resolute and influential Fenian party in the States discarded him altogether; and, on the policy of "striking England where they could," attempted the daring design of an invasion of Canada. This was of course utterly frustrated by the interference of the American Government; and a loud outcry was raised by the Irish that they had been cheated by the Washington authorities. The promises or intimations held out when recruits were needed during the Civil War were now found to be merely skilful lures to catch an ardent and soldierly race more full of courage than of wisdom. This Canadian failure was used by Stephens to the reproach of those who had declined his direction, and now he said he would show them the right road. He would return to Ireland and unfurl the flag of revolution. Once more he emphatically declared for "this year." At a public meeting in Jones' Wood, New York, he reiterated the pledge, sealing his declaration with a solemn oath. This announcement, made in the autumn of 1866, plunged Ireland anew into the whirl of startling rumours and wild alarms.

The insurrection, or attempted insurrection, of 1867 was one of those desperate and insensate proceedings into which men involved in a ruined

cause sometimes madly plunge, rather than bow to the disgrace and dishonour of defeat without a blow. Stephens spent all the latter half of 1866 in endeavours to raise money in America for the newly promised rising. Again and again he announced that 1866 would not pass away without the tocsin call to arms, and that he, James Stephens, would be on Irish soil to perish or conquer. Sinister insinuations began to creep about that he would do nothing of what he vowed; but these were silenced by announcements in November that he had left America and sailed for Ireland. Then indeed the Irish Government stood to arms. Then did alarm once more paralyse all minds. It seemed as if the worst reality would be less painful than this prolonged uncertainty and recurring panic. War steamers cruised around the island. Every harbour and landing-place was watched. Every fishing-boat was searched. Every passenger was scrutinised. Each morning people scanned the papers eagerly to learn if the Rebel Chief had yet been discovered. As the last week of 1866 approached, the public apprehension became almost unbearable. Until the great clock of the General Post Office had chimed midnight on the 31st of December, and Christ Church bells

rang in the new year, the belief that an explosion was at hand could not be shaken.

Stephens had not stirred from America. All this time he was secreted in the house of a friend in Brooklyn. He did not venture on Irish soil either to conquer or to perish. He realised the hopelessness of the attempt he had sworn to undertake, and preferred to face the rage and scorn of his followers rather than the perils that awaited him in Ireland. He had no ambition to occupy a cell beside Luby and Kickham in Millbank or Woking. In truth, the Irish Fenian Chief may be said at this point to have disappeared from the scene. Scorning to defend himself, he has ever since remained silent alike under blame and praise. Intolerant, unscrupulous, and relentless himself in his day of power, he has been the victim of many a wrong and been pursued by many a hate in his fall. The absurd exaggeration of his abilities which once prevailed has been followed by a monstrously unjust depreciation of them. He was a born conspirator; and though comrades and subordinates have changed idolatry for execration, Stephens must be ranked as one of the ablest, most skilful, and most dangerous revolutionists of our time.

The shouts of derision which arose over this Stephens *fiasco* cut like daggers to the hearts of the men in Ireland and America who clung with invincible tenacity to the fatal purpose of an armed struggle. At every check and reverse which befell the Fenian enterprise the English newspapers wrote confidently of its "collapse" and "termination." "The end of it" was announced and gravely written upon a score of times between 1865 and 1868, and morals and lessons were preached from what was regarded as a past transaction. While a general chorus of felicitation was being raised in the press over this the "really final disappearance" of the Fenian spectre, the Government became aware, early in 1867, that "the men at home," discarding reliance on American aid (beyond the assistance of the numerous military staff still concealed in the country), meant to strike at last.

At a secret council of delegates held in Dublin, the 12th of February was fixed on for a simultaneous rising; and word to this intent was sent throughout the island. A day or two previous to this date it was decided to postpone proceedings to the 5th of March. The countermand failed to reach in time the Fenian captain in command at

Cahirciveen; and on Wednesday, 13th of February, the news rang out that West Kerry was aflame. From Killarney came word that the wires westward were all cut; that a mounted policeman carrying despatches had been captured and shot; that coast-guard stations and police barracks had been disarmed, and that the Iverah hills "swarmed" with men. Much of this was exaggeration; but the worst was believed for the time. The gentry of the neighbourhood flocked into Killarney, bringing their wives and children, and many of them their plate, jewels, and other valuables. They took possession of the railway hotel, and, assisted by some military and police, set about fortifying it. A stock of provisions was laid in. The ladies made bags which the gentlemen filled with sand and piled in the windows. Arms were distributed, sentries posted, scouts sent out, and urgent appeals for aid were telegraphed to Dublin Castle. Meantime from Dublin, Cork, and Limerick military hastened to the place, as many as three express trains being despatched with troops from the Curragh camp within twenty-four hours of the alarm. What had really happened was that the Cahirciveen insurrectionary contingent, unaware of the countermand that had reached all

other places, marched out on the night of the 12th, to meet, as they believed, the forces from neighbouring districts. It was only after they had approached Killarney that they discovered how the facts lay, and they forthwith dispersed as best they could. The district being so wild and mountainous, and communication so difficult, it was a week before the Government authorities could realise that all was over—that Iverah, as that portion of the county is called, was not in the possession of a powerful rebel force. Headed by the local gentry, parties of military and police commenced the "surrounding" of mountains, and the "beating" of woods supposed to conceal forces as numerous and desperate as those roused by the whistle of Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ever and anon as a wild deer broke from his cover in the fern a shout would arise. "Here they are!" Bugles sounded; the troops closed in for a dash at the enemy; but found he was only the antlered lord of the glen!

Elsewhere, work much more serious had very nearly followed upon a like failure in the Fenian countermand.

It was resolved that the circles of Lancashire should co-operate with the Dublin movement by a

proceeding which for daring and audacity could hardly be excelled. They had information that Chester Castle contained some 20,000 stand of arms, besides accoutrements and ammunition to a large extent, and that the place had only a nominal garrison. A Fenian military council in Liverpool decided to attack Chester Castle, seize the arms, cut the telegraph wires, "impress" the railway rolling-stock, load trains with men and arms, and make for Holyhead. Here they were to seize all the steamers in port, and speed for Dublin, in the expectation of landing in that city before intelligence of their astounding feat could possibly have reached Ireland!

It is now admitted that they would have succeeded, at all events so far as capturing Chester Castle, were it not that at the secret council which sat to complete the arrangements there was present John Joseph Corydon, one of Stephens's most trusted agents, high in the confidence of the conspirators—and deep in the pay of the Government. Corydon carried the news of the projected attack on Chester to Major Gregg, Chief Constable of Liverpool. It was subsequently alleged, but disputed, that nearly a whole day was lost by the authorities through their utter incredulity as to

this sensational story. Certainly it was only within a few hours of the time fixed for the attack that its imminence was realised. By all the morning trains from Manchester, Bolton, Warrington, &c., numbers of able-bodied Irishmen were observed to arrive at Chester. They lounged carelessly about in small parties, and seemed to be awaiting others. Suddenly the chief constable of Chester and the colonel of the military received telegrams which must have taken their breath away. The guards on the Castle were instantly doubled; the police marched out; mounted expresses dashed off in all directions. Soon troops began to arrive from Birkenhead as fast as special trains could bring them. Very quickly the loitering groups were observed to disperse, on some whispered message reaching them. They poured into every train returning to the towns they had left in the morning. They had got word that the plot was "blown upon" by some traitor, and must be abandoned. Some of them were observed to fling revolvers into the Dee. A large party took the train to Holyhead, and the North-wall boat to Dublin. The moment they touched Irish ground they were arrested and marched off to Kilmainham prison.

Before our minds had recovered from the perplexity and confusion which these events created, we found ourselves in the midst of the long-threatened and gloomily apprehended "rising." On the night of Monday the 4th or morning of Tuesday the 5th of March 1867, the Fenian circles took the field. Cork, Tipperary, Dublin, Louth, Limerick, Clare, and Waterford alone responded in any appreciable degree to the revolutionary summons. For two days previously it was little secret that the event was at hand. Young men took leave of friends; clerks closed up their accounts, so that no imputation on their honesty might arise; and on the evening of Monday crowds of men between the ages of seventeen and fifty were noticed thronging the churches. The outbreak was crushed in its birth. The Government, through Corydon, knew of the most secret and important arrangements beforehand. The dismay and demoralisation produced in the insurgent ranks by the clear signs and proofs that some one high in position amongst them must be betraying everything did more than bullet or sword to disperse and quell the movement. The Limerick Junction station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, was recognised as a point of

considerable strategic importance; and as it was in the heart of the most disaffected district in Ireland—Tipperary, Cork, and Limerick—it offered great advantages as the centre of operations in the south. Brigadier-General Massey was appointed to take command of the insurrection at this point. He had been awaiting in Cork the signal for action. On the evening of the 4th of March he took his place in the up mail train and reached the junction about twelve o'clock. As he stepped out of the railway carriage he found himself in the grasp of four detectives—as many loaded revolvers being pointed at his head. He gave one hurried glance around, and saw that the platform was occupied by military under arms. Then this man who had faced death a hundred times amidst the carnage of the American civil war, *fell senseless in a swoon!* In a few moments he was hurried off to Dublin under a strong guard, the authorities being fully aware of the value of their capture.* This stroke practically disposed of

* Great was the astonishment of every one when a few weeks subsequently it was told that General Massey had turned Queen's evidence. In a sense he had; but he was no spy who remained in ranks he meant to betray. His story is that, finding some one of five men who held the whole conspiracy

the south of Ireland. Ere morning the news had spread that the position on which the numerous local bodies were to converge was occupied by Government troops, horse, foot, and artillery; worse still, that General Massey was a prisoner, and by this time filled a dungeon in Dublin Castle. The effect was what might be expected. Mustering groups broke up; bodies on their way to the rendezvous turned back and sought home again. In Kilmallock, county Limerick, a serious conflict took place. An armed band, numbering about two hundred men, took possession of the town, the police retreating to their barracks—a strong building, well able to stand a siege. While one party of the insurgents kept up a brisk fire on the barracks, another proceeded through the town, and searching every house seized all the arms that could be found. A circumstance ever since remembered to their credit in the locality deserves notice: There were two banks in the place, each containing a large sum of money in gold, silver, and notes; yet although any guns or pistols on

in their hands (he did not then know it was Corydon) was evidently betraying it, he, pondering the case in his cell, came to the conclusion that the sooner the whole business was burst up and stopped the less victims would there be.

the bank premises were brought away, not a penny of the money was touched. In fact, private property was most scrupulously respected, although the town was for a time completely in their hands.* About ten o'clock in the forenoon a party of armed constabulary from Kilfinane arrived unexpectedly on the rear of the assailants at the barrack, and quickly compelled them to fly. In this affray several lives were lost. The police, being under cover, escaped with scarcely any casualty. The manager of one of the banks, who it was said drew a revolver on the rebel captain, was fired at and wounded by the latter. One of the insurgents who was killed was utterly unknown in the neighbourhood; and the people subsequently raised over his grave "a stone without a name." This lamentable encounter at Kilmallock was persisted in notwithstanding the fact that news of the disaster at the junction had caused numbers of the insurgents to disperse. The truth is the arrest on the previous evening of Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan (now senior member of Parlia-

* A sum of ten pounds found in a letter seized on a captured police orderly was "confiscated"; the distinction being evidently drawn between what they considered Government money and private funds.

ment for Limerick), one of the most popular men in that district, had caused strong indignation and excitement amongst the people. He was believed to be unconnected with the Fenian society, and his arrest was regarded as an act of wanton and arbitrary severity. But for the exasperation arising out of this incident, it was thought by many Kilmallock might have been spared the painfully prominent part it played in the "rising" of '67.

In the metropolis the attempt at insurrection was an utter failure. From eight o'clock in the evening until an hour before midnight bodies of men, young and old, streamed out of the city by all its southern outlets. The residents along the several routes in many cases stood at the doors watching the throng go by, and vainly asking what it was all about. Of course the police and the Government knew; and such non-Fenian civilians as also happened to divine what was afoot marvelled greatly to note that the police in no way interfered with the intending insurgents. It afterwards transpired that Sir Hugh Rose, commander-in-chief, gave the word to let all who would go out, and he would take care how they got in. That is to say, he preferred to deal with the difficulty in the open, and not in the streets of

a crowded city. A place called Tallaght, about four or five miles due south of Dublin, and lying at the base of a chain of mountains stretching into Wicklow, Kildare, and Carlow, was named as the rebel rendezvous, General Halpin being in command. The very simple expedient of preventing any assemblage at all—of receiving the first comers with a deadly volley, and causing all others approaching to know that the gathering was already disastrously dispersed—very effectually disposed of the insurgent plan. It was a most complete collapse. Not one-fourth of the number who set out for the place ever reached Tallaght at all. Had they once got together, no doubt a severe struggle and a deplorable loss of life might have resulted. Happily only two men were killed, and a dozen or more wounded. A party marching from Kingstown captured the police barracks at Stepaside and Glencullen, disarming the policemen, but offering them no further harm. This band, like all the others, on arriving near Tallaght, met fugitive groups announcing that all was over. By a little after midnight further attempt was universally abandoned. Of the two or three thousand men who had quitted Dublin in the evening, hundreds were arrested on the canal

bridges, whereby alone they could re-enter the city, while others, scattering through the hills, endeavouring to escape by way of Kildare or Wicklow, were pursued in all directions by the royal lancers and dragoons.

In the neighbourhood of Cork city the rising attained to its most formidable dimensions, if, indeed, it could have been said to be formidable even for a moment anywhere. At Midleton, Castlemartyr, Ballyknockane, and other places, the police barracks were attacked. In most cases the police, defending themselves with great courage against what for aught they knew might have been overwhelming forces, put their assailants to flight. In some instances, however, the insurgents were successful, and again it is to be noted that they used their brief hour of triumph humanely and honourably. At Ballyknockane, where the celebrated Captain Mackay was in command, they surrounded the barrack and demanded its surrender in the name of the Irish Republic. "The police fired," says a trustworthy account, "and the fire was returned. Then the insurgents broke in the door and set fire to the lower part of the barrack. Still the police held out. 'Surrender!' cried the insurgents; '*you*

want to commit suicide, but we don't want to commit murder.' One of the policemen then cried out that a little girl, his daughter, was inside, and asked if the attacking party would allow her to be passed out. Of course they would, gladly; and the little girl was taken out of the window with all tenderness, and given up to her mother, who had chanced to be outside the barrack when the attack commenced. At this time a Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Neville, came on the spot. He asked the insurgent leader whether, if the police surrendered, any harm would be done to them. 'Here is my revolver,' said Captain Mackay; 'let the contents of it be put through me if one of them should be injured.'"

Tipperary was bound to be in the front if fighting was going on. General T. F. Burke was commander here. But in Tipperary the story was the same as in Dublin, in Limerick, in Cork, and in Drogheda. The insurgents were utterly destitute of armament or equipment that could enable them for a moment to withstand disciplined forces. Courage, fortitude, endurance, the hapless people indubitably displayed; but as to preparation or resource, a more lunatic attempt at revolution the world never saw.

I have so far attributed the easy quelling of this insurrection to the fact that the Government, through their spies, were virtually behind the scenes, and were able to anticipate and check every move of their foes. But it is a public fact, very singular in its nature, that the elements, in a large degree, contributed to this result—a circumstance universally remarked upon at the time. On the evening of the 5th of March there set in all over Ireland a snowstorm for which there has been no parallel since, and was none for half a century before. For five days, with scarcely a moment's intermission, from leaden skies the flakes came down, until in some places the snow lay three and four feet deep. Roads were impassable, and on the mountains a Siberian spectacle met the view. The troops on service suffered severely; cavalry horses perished in numbers. But, after all, the troops had safe and comfortable barracks or billets to rest in at night; whereas a guerilla warfare, involving life on the unsheltered hill-side, was the main reliance of the insurgents. There was no attempting to cope with this fearful downpour, accompanied as it was by a piercing hurricane. Jubilant after-dinner citizens in Dublin, reclining before a blazing fire, rubbed their hands

and recalled how in the days of Philip's Armada and Hoche's expedition the heavens themselves fortunately seemed to fight on the side of England.

News of the rising was flashed by Atlantic cable to America, and as that wonderful wire never minimises a sensation, the American papers teemed with accounts unbridled in their exaggeration and extravagance. Ireland was in arms! Nearly the whole of the southern province was in the hands of the insurgents! The smoke of battle clouded every Irish hill! The red cross of St. George still flew over Dublin Castle, but elsewhere, east and west, it was sorely pressed!

Notwithstanding the sickening disheartenment which previous Fenian attempts and failures had produced, the Irish millions in the States were filled with excitement and sympathy. Wise friends cried out to "Wait a week." A fortnight's later news toned down the telegraphic story a good deal; still there were hearts bounding for the fray, beyond all possibility of restraint.

On the 12th of April 1867 there lay off Sandyhook a brigantine of about two hundred tons burden, loaded and ready to put to sea. The freight she had received consisted of "pianos," "sewing-machines," and "wine in

casks"; at least, piano-cases, sewing-machine-cases, and wine-barrels filled her hold. The goods were all directed and consigned to a merchant firm in Cuba. This was the good ship *Jacknell*, well known in the West India trade, and flying the Stars and Stripes at her main. On the date above mentioned a party of forty or fifty men, almost all of whom had been officers or privates in the American army, got on board a small steamer at one of the New York wharves, and started as if for a trip down the bay. They carried no luggage whatever, and there was nothing about their movements to excite particular attention. They reached Sandyhook, and rounded to under the stern of the *Jacknell*. The "excursionists" boarded her, and the steamer returned without them to New York. That night the *Jacknell* set sail, steering towards the West Indies. Her real destination was Ireland; her errand to assist the insurrection. The piano-cases held no pianos; the barrels contained no wine; but deftly packed in them were five thousand stand of arms, three pieces of field artillery, and two hundred thousand cartridges. The party consisted of General J. E. Kerrigan, Colonel S. R. Tresilian, Colonel John Warren, Colonel

Nagle, Lieutenant Augustine E. Costello, Captain Kavanagh, and a number of others. Having steered for twenty-four hours to the southward, they changed their course and headed for Ireland. On the 29th of April, being Easter Sunday, sealed orders were opened, commissions were distributed, the Irish Sunburst* was hoisted and hailed with a salute from their three field-pieces, the vessel's name was changed to the *Erin's Hope*, and all on board kept high festival. An astonishing enterprise it was, truly, to set out across the Atlantic in this little brigantine for a hostile landing on the Irish coast, watched as it was at every point by cruisers on the sea, and coast-guard sentinels on shore! Their destination was Sligo Bay, which they reached on the 20th of May. They stood on and off for a day or two, until they were boarded by an agent from their friends on shore. His account of the true state of affairs widely contrasted with the flaming telegrams of the *New York Herald* that had hurried them on this mission. A landing in Sligo he told them was impossible, but they were, he said, to make an effort to get the arms and ammunition on shore somewhere on the

* The ancient Irish war-banner—a golden sunblaze on a green standard.

southern coast. Meantime intelligence had reached the Government that a suspicious-looking craft was hovering off the western harbours. Quickly the Queenstown and Valentia gunboats were on the alert, and for a fortnight the *Erin's Hope* had a perilous time of it running the gauntlet night and day. By this time she had been sixty-two days at sea, and the stock of water and provisions on board was nearly exhausted. There was nothing for it but to land the bulk of the party forthwith, and return to America with as many as the rations would support on the voyage. Off Helvick Head, near Dungarvan, they hailed a fishing-boat, and when she came alongside some thirty of the party, to the fishermen's great surprise, jumped in. The *Jacknell* turned to sea, and the boatmen rowed the strangers on shore. Their landing was observed by a coast-guard look-out; messages were despatched to the police-stations around; and ere many hours every man of the *Jacknell* detachment was lodged in a prison. All that the Government really knew, however, was that the proceeding was mysterious and suspicious. The men were unarmed. The Helvick landing was as yet unconnected with the appearance of the vessel in Sligo Bay; and for weeks (during which time the

prisoners were carefully guarded in Kilmainham prison) the whole subject occasioned the greatest perplexity in Dublin Castle. At length, under skilful treatment, the reticence of one of the captives gave way. He disclosed all to the Government, and at the ensuing commission the whole of his companions stood indicted for treason-felony.

Two important legal points were raised on the trials which ensued. Firstly, whether any hostile act had been committed within British jurisdiction; secondly, whether American citizens of Irish birth would have their American *status* recognised, and be allowed a mixed jury. Colonel Warren, a native of Clonakilty, in Cork county, but a duly naturalised citizen of the United States, was the first put on his trial. When the jury came to be empanelled, Mr. Heron, Q.C., produced the prisoner's naturalisation papers, and claimed for him a jury *mediatate linguæ*. The presiding judge fully realised the gravity of the point which he was about to decide: but the law as it then stood was clear; no subject of the British Crown could divest himself of allegiance; and so he ruled. An ordinary jury was sworn, whereupon:—

Prisoner.—"As a citizen of the United States I protest against being arraigned at this bar."

The Chief Baron.—"We cannot hear any statement from you now; your counsel will speak for you if necessary."

Prisoner.—"My citizenship is ignored, and I have instructed my counsel to withdraw. The Government of the United States has now become the principal."

The prisoner's counsel withdrew, Colonel Warren refusing to make any defence. He was convicted, and on Saturday, 16th of November 1867, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. His youthful comrade, Lieutenant Augustine Costello, was next arraigned. He likewise was found guilty, and consigned to twelve years of a similar punishment.

These proceedings led to one of the most important alterations of British law effected in our time. The ancient and fundamental maxim of perpetual allegiance had been resolutely held to and maintained by England through centuries. The American Government, on the other hand, though it had meanly abandoned Colonel Warren, found it indispensable to vindicate the position he had asserted on his trial. The whole fabric of

American power stood upon that doctrine; and once more England and America were in utter conflict upon its application. Happily, instead of resorting to the arbitrament of battle, as in 1812, the two Governments entered into active negotiations with a view to adjusting so serious a difficulty. The United States had nothing to change. It was for England to alter her law of allegiance; and so she did. In 1870, the Act 33 and 34 Vict. cap. 14, known (in Ireland, at least) as the "Warren and Costello Act," was passed through Parliament; and now a British-born subject may, by certain formalities, divest himself of his birth-allegiance, and adopt another citizenship.

With the close of the *Jacknell* trials we all fondly hoped there was an end of this sad and weary work of seizures and arrests, of outbreaks and alarms. A mournful disappointment awaited us.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCAFFOLD AND THE CELL.

No incidents, probably, in the struggles of Irish disaffection within this century more deeply incensed the English people than two which occurred towards the close of 1867. These were the Manchester Rescue and the Clerkenwell Explosion. It is not astonishing that the latter outrage should leave behind a bitter memory.* The slaughter of innocent citizens; little ones maimed and disfigured for life; families decimated and homes ruined—these are things no mind can calmly dwell upon.

* On the 13th of December 1867 a barrel containing gunpowder was exploded against the outer wall of Clerkenwell Prison, London, by Fenian sympathisers, with a view of driving a hole through the wall, inside which at that time a Fenian prisoner, named Burke, was expected to be exercising. The whole of the wall for sixty yards was blown in with a fearful crash. Some tenement houses on the opposite side of the street, inhabited by very poor people, were demolished; twelve persons being killed and one hundred and twenty maimed or wounded.

Yet there is no good end to be served by making the crime, at best atrocious, more hideous than truth warrants. Gross stupidity on the part of a few miserable Irish labourers—men blindly ignorant of the full power and reach of a gunpowder explosion—not design or thought of hurting life or limb, was accountable for that bloody scene. Had the man whose rescue was to be accomplished by "driving a hole through the boundary wall" been inside at the spot where his would-be liberators were told he was to be, he would have been blown into eternity. The consequences that resulted from their act—the effect of that explosion on the neighbouring dwellings—never once crossed the imaginations of the wretched perpetrators. Yet even when so much is said for truth and justice, the affair is one from which a sensitive mind recoils, and anything like excuse of which were almost criminal.

The Manchester Rescue, however, though classed in the same category—"the murder of Sergeant Brett," as it is called by most Englishmen—was of a wholly different complexion. That the life of Sergeant Brett was lost on that occasion is most true and most lamentable. That it was lost by misadventure, not sacrificed by design, those best

qualified to know assert, and the Irish people fervently believe. That three lives were offered up on the scaffold to avenge that one, is a fact on public record.

On the fall or deposition of James Stephens from the leadership of the Fenian party, his place was taken by Colonel Thomas J. Kelly. He it was who, after the arrests at Fairfield House, assumed the command of Fenian affairs in Ireland. He, moreover, planned, directed, and personally superintended the rescue of Stephens from Richmond, and his subsequent escape to France. After the rising of March 1867, Kelly remained some six months or more in Dublin, and towards the close of October crossed to Manchester, to attend a council of the English "centres." Shortly before daybreak on the morning of the 11th of September, policemen on duty in Oak Street, Manchester, noticed four men loitering suspiciously in the neighbourhood of a ready-made clothing shop. From expressions which they overheard, the police concluded that these men were bent on some illegal purpose, and attempted to arrest them. In the struggle which ensued two of the suspects escaped. The remaining two were brought next day before the magistrates, but nothing could be

proved against them. They gave the names of Williams and White respectively; said they were American citizens, and claimed their discharge. The magistrate was about to sentence them, under the Vagrancy Act, to two or three days' imprisonment, when one of the detective force applied for a week's remand, as he suspected the prisoners might have some connection with Fenianism. The application was granted; and ere nightfall it was known by the police that in "Williams" and "White" they held in their grasp Colonel Kelly, the Fenian leader, and Captain Deasy, his assistant.

The arrests caused great commotion amongst the Fenian circles of Manchester and surrounding towns. Secret councils were held, and, after much deliberation, the desperate resolve was taken to intercept the van conveying the prisoners from the court, to overpower the guard, and liberate the Fenian chiefs. On Wednesday, the 18th of September, the prisoners were again brought up, duly identified as Kelly and Deasy, and once more remanded. Before they had left the court, telegrams reached from Dublin Castle and the Home Office, London, warning the Manchester authorities that a plot was on foot for the rescue of the prisoners. The warning, if not derided, was doubted. The magis-

trates, however, knowing that these men had numerous adherents in Manchester, thought it might be wise to take some precautions. Kelly and Deasy were handcuffed and locked in separate compartments in the van; and twelve policemen, instead of three, the usual guard, were ordered to accompany it. Five sat on the broad box-seat, two on the step behind, and four followed in a cab; one, Sergeant Brett, sat within the van. The prisoners in the vehicle beside the two Fenian leaders were three women and a boy aged twelve. At half-past three the van drove off for the county jail at Salford, distant about two miles. Under the railway arch which spans Hyde Road at Bellevue a man darted into the middle of the road, raised a pistol, and shouted to the drivers to pull up. At the same moment a party of about thirty men, powerfully built, and armed with revolvers, sprang over the wall beside the road, surrounded the van, and seized the horses, one of which they shot. The police, being unarmed, made little resistance, and speedily took to flight. The rescuers produced hatchets, hammers, and crow-bars, with which they sought to hew or burst open the van. It was slower work than they imagined, and soon the police returned accompanied by a

considerable crowd. Some twenty of the rescuing party formed a ring around the van, and with pistols pointed kept back the policemen and the crowd, over whose heads shots were fired from time to time, while the others continued their endeavours to force the van. They shouted to Brett, through a ventilator over the door, if he had the keys to give them up. He could not see what was taking place outside, but at the very first he divined the nature of the attack. With devoted fidelity and courage he refused to surrender the keys. Anxious to obtain a glimpse of the assailing party, he stooped and looked out through the keyhole. The voice of some one in command outside almost at the same moment cried out, "Blow it open; put your pistol to the keyhole and blow it open!" The muzzle of a revolver was put to the keyhole, and the trigger pulled. Brett, inside, fell mortally wounded. The female prisoners, screaming loudly, cried, "He's killed!" and lifted him up. Again a voice at the ventilator was heard demanding the keys, which one of the women took from Brett's pocket and handed out. Then "a pale-faced young man" entered the van, unlocked the compartments in which Kelly and Deasy were secured, and brought them out. The

rescued prisoners were hurried away across the fields by one or two attendants, the rescuers preventing pursuit. Not until their leaders were completely out of sight did they take thought of their own safety. Then they dispersed in all directions. They were pursued by the policemen and the crowd, which had now swelled considerably. Many of them were captured, and were severely beaten by their infuriate captors. One of them, recognised as the young man who had entered the van to liberate Kelly, and who was afterwards identified as William Philip Allen, was knocked down by a blow of a brick, then kicked and stoned while he lay on the ground. Several of the prisoners when brought into town were streaming with blood, from violence done them in this way during or after capture. That evening Manchester was filled with consternation. The story of the rescue, with many exaggerations, spread like wildfire. The people thronged the streets, discussing the alarming topic. The police, inflamed with passion and wounded in pride, burst in strong bodies upon the Irish quarters of the town, making wholesale arrests in a spirit of fury. The anger and panic of Manchester spread next morning through all broad Britain. The national pride

was wounded, the national safety invaded; the national authority had been bearded, defied, and for the moment defeated, by a handful of rebel Irish in the very heart of an English city. A roar went up from all the land for swift, condign, and ample punishment.

One cannot greatly wonder now at what then took place in England. Panic and passion reigned supreme. Rumours of new plots and attacks still more daring and dangerous filled every city. Garrisons were strengthened; prison guards were doubled; special constables were sworn in. Manchester and the surrounding towns, well known to contain a large Irish population, were especially excited, and the Irish in those places had a hard time of it. In the midst of such a storm of anger, alarm, and passion a Special Commission was issued for the trial of the Rescue prisoners. We in Ireland saw at once that this was doom for those men, innocent or guilty; that a fair, calm, and dispassionate trial at such a moment was out of the question. Heartrending appeals reached us from the families of men absolutely innocent of any knowledge of the outrage, but who had been arrested by the police in the swoop on Irish homes which set in for days subsequently. Hope

of justice there was little or none; for in the prevailing temper of the English mind "blood for blood" was the cry on all hands. Many circumstances corroborated these fears. When the prisoners were brought before the magistrates for committal, on the 25th of October, they were put to the bar *in irons*. Such a sight had not been seen in an English court of justice for many a year. Mr. Jones, as an Englishman, and as counsel for the prisoners, indignantly protested against it. The bench decided that the handcuffs should be retained, and the audience burst into applause. Mr. Jones flung down his brief and quitted the court; the junior counsel for the accused, however, remained.

On Monday the 28th of October, William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin, Thomas Maguire, Michael O'Brien (alias Gould), and Edward Condon (alias Shore), were arraigned for the wilful murder of Sergeant Brett. That the men who really belonged to that rescuing party were legally guilty of constructive murder, no matter which one of them fired the shot by which Brett fell, is plain and clear to any one acquainted with the simplest principles of law. But the moral guilt, heavy enough in any case, would be very different if, instead of mischance,

cold-blooded design had led to Brett's murder. The Crown alleged that he was deliberately aimed at and shot through the open ventilator over the van door. The principal if not the only evidence supporting this theory was that of a disreputable female thief who was in the van on the way to her third term of imprisonment for robbery. The solemn assertion of men who were present is that Brett was shot by the bullet which entered through the keyhole, as he was turning away after glancing at the scene outside. The evidence on the trial, especially as to identification, was of a wild and reckless character, as the Government afterwards discovered. The five men were nevertheless found guilty. They were arraigned and tried together on the one indictment, and were convicted on the one trial, in the one verdict; a point upon which much subsequently turned. They were, all five, sentenced to be hanged on the 23rd of November. Before sentence they each addressed the court. In calmer mood Englishmen themselves would own the force of the protests they raised against what they called "the rotten evidence" and "the panic passion" of their trial. They all deplored earnestly the death of Brett. Some of them vehemently denied that they were even present at the affray.

"No man in this court," said Allen, "regrets the death of Sergeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent—ay, as innocent as any man in this court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy: I want no mercy—I'll have no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defence of it." Maguire denounced the reckless swearing of the witnesses; said he had served the Queen faithfully as a marine, was loyal to her still, and bore a high character from his commanding officer. Condon was the last to speak. He solemnly asseverated, as a dying man, that he was not even present at the rescue. "I do not accuse the jury," he said, "but I believe they were prejudiced. I don't accuse them of wilfully wishing to convict, but prejudice has induced them to convict when they otherwise would not have done. We have been found guilty, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death. We are not afraid to die—at least I am not." "Nor I," "Nor I," broke from the others all. He went on—

I only trust that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which I understand exists. You will soon send us before God, and

I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, "GOD SAVE IRELAND." . . .

As he spoke these words, his companions, with one step, simultaneously advanced to the front of the dock, and lifting their faces and extending their hands upwards, cried out earnestly, "God save Ireland!" That exclamation has since been made a national watchword in Ireland.

Before many days had followed the trial, a feeling began to be entertained in England that it was of dubious character, and that the correctness of the verdict was open to grave question. The newspaper reporters who had attended on behalf of the London and provincial press felt this so strongly as to Maguire, that they adopted the unusual course of sending to the Home Office a document declaring their deep conviction that the evidence and verdict were utterly wrong as regards him. After some days spent in inquiry, the Government admitted the truth of this startling impeachment, and pardoned Maguire. Friends of humanity and justice among the English people now took courage and spoke out. They said that on evidence and a verdict thus confessed to be tainted and untenable, it would be monstrous to

take human life. Let the prisoners, they said, be punished as heavily as may be, short of taking life, impossible to be restored if hereafter error be discovered. Soon news was published that Condon was reprieved pending further consideration. The general conviction now spread that a like announcement was at hand as to the others; a result attributed to the exertions of courageous and philanthropic Englishmen in Manchester and London. In Ireland, where the whole proceedings were followed with absorbing interest, a like conclusion was very widely entertained. Still it was evident that a powerful section of English public opinion demanded a sacrifice. The pardon of Maguire, the reprieve of Condon, were called lamentable exhibitions of weakness and vacillation. If disaffection and assassination were not to have a triumph; if life and property were to be protected, law and order asserted and avenged, these men must hang upon the gallows-tree.

These views prevailed.

In anticipation of the event at hand, the Government ordered large bodies of troops to the cities and towns throughout England where a dangerous Irish element was supposed to exist. Manchester, as was observed at the time, resembled a place

besieged. Special constables were enrolled in large numbers, and military occupied all the positions deemed strategically important in and around the jail. Early on the evening of the 22nd, a crowd commenced to assemble outside the prison wall. Their conduct throughout the night was very bad; several times the jail authorities caused them to be removed, as their shouts, yells, and songs of triumph disturbed the doomed men inside preparing for eternity. "Breakdown dances" were performed, and comic songs were varied with verses of 'God Save the Queen' or 'Rule Britannia,' for the "Fenian murderers" inside to hear. The last evening of their lives happily was solaced by the receipt of a letter, couched in kindly and touching words, and inclosing £100 "for the families they would leave behind," from the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry. "From the first," says a published account, "the prisoners exhibited a deep, fervid, religious spirit which could scarcely have been surpassed."

In the cold grey morning of the 23rd of November 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were led out to die. Such a concourse had never before attended a Manchester execution as thronged around the jail. Long files of bayonets reached on all sides. A temporary platform ran some length at each end

of the scaffold, but inside the prison wall, and was occupied by detachments of the 72nd Highlanders, who stooped behind the masonry, with the muzzles of the loaded rifles resting on the top. Even the savage crowd hushed for a moment at the death-bell's toll, and soon the condemned appeared. Allen came first. He was deadly pale, but walked with firm and steady tread. Next came Larkin, greatly overcome, and trembling with emotion. Last stepped forth O'Brien, whose firm and dignified bearing was the admiration of all who beheld him. Before he was placed upon the trap he moved to where his two comrades stood capped and pinioned, with fatal cord around each neck, and kissed them lovingly. They were greatly affected, and all three embraced one another tenderly. The bolt was drawn; the three bodies fell, struggled convulsively for a few minutes, and all was over.

When on that Saturday morning the news was flashed to Ireland, "Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien were hanged at eight o'clock in front of Salford jail," surprise, dismay, grief, and rage filled every breast. Men gasped, astounded, and asked could this dreadful tale be true. Others, more violently moved, went about with flushed cheek and darkened brow, clenching their teeth in silent passion. Men who

even up to this period had been more or less in conflict with Fenianism were overpowered by this blow. For what, they asked, was this deed in Manchester but an act of political vengeance, another cruel tragedy in the long struggle between Irish revolt and English power? In the afternoon came fuller accounts of the execution, containing one sentence which stung the Irish people most keenly—"*The bodies of the three murderers were buried in quicklime in unconsecrated ground within the jail.*" Murderers, indeed! Buried in quicklime!* Here was a stroke which went home; a barbed and poisoned arrow that pierced the heart of Ireland. This branding of their inanimate bodies with infamy, this denial of Christian burial in consecrated earth, wounded the most sensitive feelings of Irishmen. Next day, Sunday, the news reached the provinces, and in hundreds of churches, at the morning mass, the priest, his voice broken with emotion, asked the congregation to pray God's mercy on the souls of the three victims. The answer was a wail of grief, and many wept

* Of course if the rescue was not a political incident, and if these men were mere robbers and murderers, this was the ordinary course. But to deny the exclusively political character of the crime were absurd.

outright when the story of their execution was told. I never knew Ireland to be more deeply moved by mingled feelings of grief and anger. It was not the death of the prisoners; although from what has been stated their execution was an utter surprise, and deemed a frightful severity. When men, arms in hand, attempt such a deed as Kelly's rescue, they must be prepared and content to abide the penalty, though it be death itself. It was the conviction that these men, innocent or guilty, had not had a fair trial; that the cause of Irish nationality was meant to be struck at and humiliated in their persons; and above all, the attempt to class them as vulgar murderers, not political culprits, and to offer indignity to their remains, that led to the wondrous upheaval of Irish feeling which now startled the empire.

All over Ireland announcements appeared that funeral processions commemorative of the "Manchester Martyrs" would be held. The selection of funeral displays rather than public meetings marked exactly the peculiar feature of the Manchester proceedings which it was intended to resent. Cork led the way by announcing a monster demonstration for the 1st of December; and on that day most of the cities and towns in the south of Ireland

witnessed the singular spectacle of "funerals"—hearses, mourners, craped banners, and muffled drums—where there were no dead. The 8th of December was fixed for the metropolitan display, as well as for some twenty or thirty others throughout the island. John Martin hurried up to Dublin to lead the procession there. The O'Donoghue was announced to head the demonstration in Killarney. For the first time during years the distinction between Fenian and non-Fenian Nationalists seemed to disappear, and the national or popular element came unitedly and in full force to the front. The Dublin procession was a marvellous display. The day was cold, wet, and gloomy; yet it was computed that a hundred and fifty thousand persons participated in the demonstration, sixty thousand of them marching in line over a route some three or four miles in length. As the three hearses, bearing the names of the executed men, passed through the streets, the multitudes that lined the way fell on their knees, every head was bared, and not a sound was heard save the solemn notes of the 'Dead March in Saul' from the bands, or the sobs that burst occasionally from the crowd. At the cemetery gate the processionists formed into a vast assemblage, which was addressed by Mr. Martin in feeling

and forcible language, expressive of the national sentiment on the Manchester execution. At the close, once more all heads were bared, a prayer was offered, and the mourning thousands peacefully sought their homes.

The section of the press that had goaded the Government to extremities at Manchester, by demands for what they designated a policy of "vigour," now called loudly for the suppression of these funerals as "seditious demonstrations," nay, "rampant exhibitions of sympathy with murder." On the 12th of December, four days after the Dublin procession, a viceregal proclamation was issued declaring the funerals to be illegal, and calling on all magistrates and peace officers to suppress the same. Within two days summonses were issued against Mr. John Martin and other members of the Dublin funeral committee. The accused were committed for trial at the Commission to open on the 10th of February 1868, bail being taken for their appearance. Twelve days subsequently a second stroke was dealt at the leaders of the demonstration; and I, having marched at its head, arm-and-arm with Mr. Martin, found myself now called upon to take my place by his side in the dock.

The Manchester scene called forth the stormiest passion and fiercest invective in the Irish national press. The execution was denounced as "judicial murder." "The jailor and the hangman" were declared to be "now the twin guardians of British rule in Ireland." My own journals were amongst the most violent in expression of the prevalent emotion. In poem, prose, and picture we held up the tragic deed as a crime, and called upon the Irish people to encounter the attempt to brand the victims as "murderers" with demonstrations of sorrow for their fate and admiration for their heroism. Towards the close of December rumours went round that the work of the approaching commission was to be swelled, not alone by State trials for seditious funeral processions, but by press prosecutions also. In the interval between my committal and the opening of the commission business called me to Paris. One night while there I was roused out of bed by a telegram from Dublin, calling on me to start for home instantly, or a warrant would be issued for my arrest, on a prosecution against the *Weekly News*. Of this journal I was the proprietor, but not the editor. Strange to say, up to that moment I had not read what had been written in it on the subject of the

executions, so engrossed was I, in the midst of the prevailing excitement, with the conduct of the *Nation*, the direction of which journal lay in my own hands. I hastened home, and arrived barely in time to present myself in court. I heard the articles read against me; owned in my heart that they were "pretty strong"; but so deeply did I feel upon that sad business that I would have gone to the scaffold itself, if need were, rather than flinch, as the issue was now raised. Once again I was committed for trial; and on the 15th of February, surrendering to my bail, I stood at the bar in Green Street to answer to the Queen for my conduct as a journalist. The best exertions of the able and gifted gentlemen who acted as my counsel were of no avail. After a protracted trial, I was found guilty; sentence being deferred pending the result of the second prosecution.

On Thursday morning, the 20th of February 1868, "John Martin, Alexander M. Sullivan, James J. Lalor, and Thomas Bracken" stood at the bar arraigned for that they, "being malicious, seditious, and ill-disposed persons, and intending to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the realm," and so forth, did assemble seditiously. We joined

in our challenges, and took trial together. Mr. Lalor and Mr. Bracken were defended by counsel; the speech of Mr. Michael Crean for the former being an exceedingly able and conclusive argument against an attempt in one of the counts of the indictment to constitute the national emblem and colour of Ireland a "party" badge, and make the wearing of the green a crime. Mr. Martin and I, dispensing, on many grounds, with professional advocacy, had decided to speak for ourselves, and it was privately arranged between us that he should take precedence. When, however, the evidence had closed, and the moment came for him to rise, his strength seemed to fail him; he entreated me to take his place, and to give him until morning for rest and preparation. Of course I obeyed. His simplest wish was law to me. For years we had worked side by side in public life; side by side in peril are now. With heavy heart I reflected that his feeble frame would never stand a second term of prison punishment. Yes, I would speak, and on that instant! To save his life, mayhap; the precious life of the friend I loved; to defend my own character and vindicate my principles, I would fling all my soul into one supreme effort to move that jury with the justice of our cause. I

rose, and for a moment or two stood silent, scarcely able to find utterance. I could not only feel but hear the throbbing of my heart. I painfully realised all the danger and responsibility of my position. The court was densely crowded. In the gallery beyond sat my wife, my father, my brothers, and devoted friends not a few who would gladly have taken my place to set me free. The judges, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald and Mr. Baron Deasy, who had conducted my previous trial and this one with singular impartiality and judicial dignity, seemed to feel for my embarrassment, and extended to me all indulgence and consideration. At length I was well under weigh; and once fairly started I was perfectly at ease. After a while, inspired rather than deterred by the circumstances surrounding me, I struck boldly into an argument upon the whole ground covered by the issues raised in the prosecution. As I went on, night fell; the lamps were lighted. Outside the building a crowd, unable to obtain admittance, filled the street. Despite the efforts of the police—neither angry nor severe, poor fellows, to tell the truth—the throng inside frequently burst into cheers, which the people outside repeated, knowing only that it was one of the traversers who was being

applauded. I spoke without notes or assistance of any kind, my mind being full of the case. As I concluded, feeling very much like a man "shooting Niagara," I became aware that a great roar of cheering had broken forth; that scores of hands were grasping at and clutching me; and that John Martin had his arms around me. I was borne outside, to receive a thousand felicitations, and to hear from many a voice the prophecy, "No verdict."

A true prophecy it proved to be. Next evening the trial closed. The jury were charged, and retired. An hour went by, and another. Still they came not. At length they return to ask a question, the tenor of which is adverse to the Crown. The crowd wait till they retire, then break into cheers. By-and-by the jury are sent for. They "cannot agree," and are discharged. "Victory!" cry the enthusiastic multitude in the streets, and the news is telegraphed all over Ireland. Yes, it was victory; but not rescue for me. Next morning I came to the bar to hear my sentence under the conviction for the press offence. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald spoke it in words as full of considerate kindliness as on

such an occasion well could be. At the close of a brief address, he said :—

I assure you that it is with great, with deep regret, that it becomes my duty to announce to you the sentence of the law. My learned colleague and myself have considered this case most anxiously. We have considered it with a view that if we erred at all it should be on the side of leniency; but notwithstanding, the sentence must be such as will for a considerable time withdraw you from public life. I regret this the more when I recollect that you have proved yourself in this court a man possessed of eminent ability; an ability that I would much wish was exerted in the same way in another cause; and not only that, but I am aware from the public prints that you have devoted your time, or at least a considerable portion of it, and the talents with which you are gifted, to the public service, to advance the cause of education, and promote the claims of charity. But notwithstanding, we have a duty to perform to the public for the repression of similar offences. It is not my wish or desire to prolong this scene, which to me is extremely painful, nor to say one word that would give unnecessary offence; but in the simplest language to announce to you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be imprisoned for a period of six calendar months from the present time; and further that you at the end of that time give security, yourself in £500 and two sureties in £250 each, to be of good behaviour for a period of two years; and in default of such security being given, that you be further imprisoned for a second period of six calendar months.

I was borne to the cell beneath the court, where I bade adieu to my family; and a few hours subsequently I entered the portals of Richmond as a prisoner.

As a prisoner! The judge, when sentencing me, had alluded in kindly spirit to some labours of mine in "the public service," as he expressed it. I had for some years taken an active interest and somewhat of a prominent part in civic affairs; and any position of honour or trust which my fellow-citizens could well confer upon me they had not hesitated to bestow. Amongst the rest, I had been for some time past elected from year to year on the Board of Superintendence of the City Prisons; so that I found myself about to fill a cell in a jail over which I had for some years been a ruling authority.* Not even while I was being weighed and measured, and having the colour of my eyes and hair duly entered in the register, did I greatly feel the difference between this and one of my ordinary visits to the place. It was only when, later on, a moment came which the governor with great delicacy put off as long as possible—when, after "sauntering," as it were, to a cell upstairs, and having talked with me a good deal about prison affairs, as of old, he at last said, "Well, I

* On the eve of the election for 1868, as my trials were pending, I considered it proper to decline office for that year; but when the period of my imprisonment was over I was elected to my former place, as before.

must now say good-bye," and turned into the corridor, *leaving me behind*—when I heard the bang of the heavy iron door that shut me in, and listened to the bolt of the lock shot through—the reality of the situation seemed suddenly to burst upon me! I gave one glance around the narrow space, with its floor of stone, and window heavily barred. What! Was this only a dream—a scene in an acted play—or could it be, oh heaven! that to-night at Belfield Park my little child would call for me in vain? My wife! my parents!—I sank upon the rude prison pallet, and felt for an instant as if my heart would break. Suddenly I sprang to my feet. "Hold!" I exclaimed, almost aloud, "is this my fortitude? How light is my lot, how trivial must my sufferings, mental or physical, be, compared with those borne by better men, whenever or wherever, in any age or clime, a struggle for national liberty is pressed!" I felt almost ashamed of my momentary weakness, and resolved to accept with composure the penalty I had incurred. After all, as I avowed in my speech on the trial,* the man who enters into

* "It is the first and most original condition of society, that a man shall subordinate his public acts to the welfare of the community, or at least acknowledge the right of those amongst

conflict with the civil power is bound to weigh the consequences. At that moment Mr. William Johnson of Ballykilbeg (now member of Parliament for Belfast), the intrepid leader of Ulster Orangeism, was being carried to the county jail of Down to undergo a like punishment for defying an act of Parliament which he believed to be an infringement of constitutional liberty. Why should I complain? He who strikes must not wail if he is struck in the combat.

A recently passed act of Parliament had abolished all distinction between misdemeanant prisoners; so that a public journalist convicted for political writings was classified for treatment with the vulgar herd of crime. This was a great outrage. In my case, however, everything short of violent illegality was done by the public authorities to mitigate such a cruel state of things. Every officer in the prison, from Captain Boyd, the governor, down to the youngest warder, strove by demonstrations of respect and kindliness to rob my imprisonment of all humiliation. I became

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whom his lot is cast to judge him on such an issue as this. Freely I acknowledge that right."

aware that Lord Mayo, the Irish Secretary, evinced the liveliest personal interest in the efforts to avert from me the indignities and severities to which the classification otherwise would have subjected me. Nevertheless, it was a weary time; a prolonged suffering. Cellular imprisonment, especially under "the solitary system," as in my case, is torture to men of active habits and nervous temperament. For such men the cell of the "silent system" is the antechamber of the lunatic ward.*

* The rules forbade prisoners to "whistle or sing." Music was one of the great charms of home for me, and I longed to hear some. I induced a friend to smuggle in for me a little "musical box"; at least I begged it might be so small as not to be overheard outside my cell. Unfortunately, meaning to be very kind, he brought me a rather large one, and with a novel mode of stop. I set it to play. Horror of horrors! It seemed as loud as Dan Godfrey's band! I tried to stop it. In vain. In a few minutes I heard the warder approaching. What was to be done? I seized the mischievous thing, and thought to break it up. I rushed to my camp-bed, rolled the instrument in the bedclothes, as it went banging away at the 'Overture to William Tell.' The warder stopped outside my cell door—

"Do you hear some music, sir?"

"Ahem! yes—that is, something like music."

"It seems just outside the walls, sir. What on earth can it be?"

"Oh, some confounded Italian organ-grinder is always in the neighbourhood."

On the morning of Sunday, the 31st of May 1868, Captain Boyd entered the day-room; he held an open letter in his hand.

"'How beautiful are the feet of them that bringeth glad tidings of good things!'" he exclaimed—his face radiant with pleasure.

"What is it, captain?"

"*The order for your release,*" he replied.

Oh, blessed liberty! Oh, luxury ineffable of walking freely through green fields, and listening to the song of birds!

Next day I re-entered the world. In those few months great changes had taken place. The "troubled rest and ceaseless fear" of the Fenian fever were all over. Great events had come upon the scene. A night of anguish and suffering was ended for Ireland. Daylight gleamed in the eastern skies.

"Bedad, sir, I think, maybe, it's one of the city bands marching out to serenade you!"

I never tried that musical box again.

CHAPTER IX.

"DELENDA EST CARTHAGO!"

OVER the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church was fought the last great battle between the "Liberal" and "Conservative" parties in Ireland; their last, as the two combatants who alone had hitherto contended for or divided between them the Irish parliamentary representation.

Soon afterwards, as we shall see, a new issue was to be raised; a new party nomenclature was to appear; a new classification to be adopted. But down to this period, with exceptions that scarcely qualify the statement, Irish members of Parliament were either Liberals or Conservatives, and a general election in Ireland was a stand-up fight between "the Reform" and "the Carlton." The great struggle of 1868, however, was destined to be the last of its class.

Although in the abstract entitled to be ranked

among questions of the first magnitude, the Church grievance, as it existed in 1865, had called forth comparatively little thought or attention from the Irish people. The subject would have been placed third or fourth on any list of parliamentary reforms demanded by the popular voice; the Land invariably being first. When in 1838 the direct payment of tithe from the Catholic farmer to the Protestant rector was changed into an indirect payment through or in the landlord's rent, the grievance was adroitly put out of sight. By a reform which may be called a clever piece of legislative legerdemain, Catholic Paddy was supposed to be relieved, because in place of paying £10 of rent to the landlord and £1 of tithe to the rector, he had to pay £11 as rent to the landlord, the latter handing over to his reverence the tithe portion, *minus* the modest deduction of twenty-five per cent. for collection. Henceforth a farmer objecting to pay this part of his "rent" would be held up to the public simply as a defaulting tenant. And soon the tenants came to see that any abolition or remission of the "tithe-rent-charge" henceforth would mean no relief whatever to *them*. The landlord would demand as much as ever for the land, would keep the rent at what it

had been inclusive of the tithe; and it was a mere question whether so much went directly into the pocket of the landlord, or indirectly into that of the rector.

"Disendowing" the Church, therefore, did not relieve the Catholic millions of Ireland of one penny paid in this way; and I should be perplexed to say whether in my opinion the tenant farmers of Ireland would, on the whole, have preferred, as to this *fiscal* aspect of the question, that disendowment had been carried or not. As it is, the change matters little to them or to the Church; they pay as much as ever, and the Church comes financially out of the ordeal not a penny the worse.

Disestablishment, however, was quite another matter. Even the humblest peasant felt the Church Establishment to be a standing badge of conquest. It was not that the Irish Catholics, like the English Nonconformists, believed a State Church to be abstractedly, or under every conceivable state of circumstances, wrong in itself.* It

* Nonconformist speakers and writers, unaware of or losing sight of this fact, fall into frequent error and misconception when they find Irish Catholics refusing to join or help in disendowing and disestablishing the Church in England. There are very many Irishmen no doubt who are opposed to State-

was because they saw that not alone the property of their Church, bestowed by their Catholic forefathers explicitly for Catholic purposes, had been taken totally from them and handed over to a minority of about one-tenth of the whole population, but that this minority were furthermore constituted a dominant or ruling caste to assail and humiliate them. One may speculate whether the Irish Catholics would have greatly concerned themselves about either disestablishment or disendowment had the Establishment been less aggressive. I am personally aware that in parishes where the Protestant rector had a *bonâ-fide* congregation of his own, and confined his ministrations to them—that is to say, where he neither carried on nor encouraged proselytising raids on the other communion—he was frequently popular in the most cordial sense, and never in such a case awakened a feeling of jealousy, dislike, or unfriendliness in the breasts of the Catholic masses around him. To these he was, at all events, a

churchism *everywhere* and *anywhere*, as a matter of policy or wisdom; but it was not on the abstract ground of anti-State-churchism that the Irish Catholics as a body complained against and assailed the Protestant State Church in Ireland. The real grounds will be found stated in the text.

local gentleman who spent money in the parish. His family were amiable and kindly to all, and "good to the poor," without invidious object in their charity. He attended zealously, as he had a right to do, to his own co-religionists; but he respected the conscientious convictions of others. I could name several Protestant clergymen of this description, whose place in the respect and confidence, I might say affections, of the Catholic parishioners was as high very nearly as in the esteem and reverence of their own congregations.* Had the type been more prevalent, the Established Church, though wrong as ever otherwise, might have evoked very little hostility from the Irish people. But it was quite a different thing to see clergy of the Establishment crowding into associations and societies founded for the purpose of proselytising Catholic adults or children, and constituting themselves individual agents of such organisations in their several localities. In brief, had the endowed and established minority not pursued a course of provocative warfare against

* At the present moment I would invite any one who may be inclined to doubt this statement to test the feelings of the Catholics of Kenmare as to the Rev. Mr. McCutcheon, or of the Catholics of Bantry as to the Rev. Mr. Faulkiner, rectors respectively of those two parishes in my native district.

the Church of the millions, and turned against these millions the funds which, as they sullenly reflected, once had been theirs, the Irish Establishment might have gone on far into the future without molestation or change as far as they were concerned.

Even in the estimation of the Catholic bishops this Church question did not, previous to 1865, occupy as important a place, was certainly not deemed as exigent by them, as the Education question. On this latter subject, from 1859 to 1864 they had organised a series of important diocesan meetings; throughout the same period they had raised the issue at every election, and publicly pledged themselves to concentrate all their energies on school and university reform, as the first and most pressing want of the time. Yet when, on the 30th of December 1864, "the National Association of Ireland" was founded, under the auspices of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen and other leading prelates, the Education question, to the general surprise, was pushed to the rear, and Disestablishment placed in the forefront of the new agitation.

What did this mean?

For some time previously private negotiations,

or "interchange of views," had been going on between leading members of the Liberation Society and certain prominent English Liberals on the one hand, and some Irish ecclesiastical and lay politicians on the other, with a view to restoring cordial relations, or effecting a new alliance, between Irish and English Liberalism. In Ireland the disruption of 1852 had never been healed. The "Brass Band" of Keogh and Sadleir had made the name of Whig-Liberal odious in popular estimation; though most of the bishops long clung to the old ways, and seemed to think "Catholic appointments" the be-all and end-all of Irish policy. But by 1864 even the bishops had broken with the Liberal ministry. The strongly anti-Papal policy of Lord Palmerston had greatly incensed Irish Catholics; and the bitter resistance offered by his administration to the agitation for denominational education which sprang up in 1860, completed the estrangement between the Liberal party and the Irish prelates. What with this antagonism and its paralysing results, and what with the ominous disappearance of all hope or faith or interest in constitutional agitation on the part of the Irish masses, a state of deadlock prevailed in Irish politics. In the autumn of

1864, however, an endeavour was made to bring about a *rapprochement* between the bishops and that section of the English Liberals of whom Mr. Bright was the representative and leader. To what end, it was asked, should a waste of energy be continued? Why strive at cross-purposes over denominational education, on which English Liberals and Irish Catholics could not agree? Why not postpone such an issue until questions upon which admittedly they could pull together had first been disposed of? From various quarters, Irish and English, the bishops were urged to establish a great popular organisation for effecting such reforms as the allied forces of English and Irish Liberalism might combine to win.

Vainly would these appeals have reached the Irish shore—vainly as to any effect on the popular mind—had it not been for an agency of conciliation which had at this time made itself felt by most thoughtful Irishmen. In the press of England the Irish people had long been accustomed to encounter an unforgiving foe. With much surprise they saw a new daily journal started in the imperial metropolis, a leading feature in which seemed to be a fair, a just, a kindly and sympathetic treatment of Ireland and the Irish people. Even where it

dissented from Irish projects or censured Irish faults, it did so in a spirit of honest friendliness that went home to every impartial mind. This was to us almost incomprehensible. The thing was so new, so unlike all we had been accustomed to, that we could hardly realise it. For the first time in my life I began to adequately estimate how long a way a little genuine and honest sympathy goes with the Irish people. One newspaper — the *Morning Star* — had in a few years created an impression which I once would have deemed impossible to be effected. That newspaper is gone; but this I can affirm, that the men who laboured in its pages accomplished a service the magnitude of which was fully known only to those who were behind the scenes in Irish politics. They did not indeed wholly bridge over the chasm of hatred which gaped dark and wide between Ireland and England; but they laid the foundations for a work which happier times may perhaps see honourably completed. From the period of their efforts may be dated the beginning of those friendly relations between the Irish and English working classes in some of the cities and towns of Great Britain which is noticeable in these later days, and which is so marked in contrast to the

hostility of previous times. Facts within my own knowledge and experience justify me in classing the influence of that short-lived English newspaper as one of the foremost agencies in a notable change of Irish feeling and opinion.

There seemed many reasons why the Irish bishops and clergy should make some such movement as that to which they were urged. By this time even those amongst them who were most responsible for the destruction of the tenant-right organisation in 1852 had come to mourn that achievement as a lamentable and most disastrous error. Gladly would they now restore what they had then pulled down. But where now were they to find a man whom they could trust, and whom the people would follow, as a national leader? Gavan Duffy was in exile, and George Henry Moore, refusing every compromise, had quitted politics for the time, angered, embittered, and implacable. One man of equal repute with these, though wanting their experience of parliamentary politics, there still remained: Mr. John B. Dillon. In the movements of 1843 and 1848, as mentioned in a previous chapter, Mr. Dillon had played a conspicuous part.* By friend and foe

* In July 1848, at one of the secret councils of the Young

he was esteemed for his many noble qualities. In 1856, with the tacit assent of the Government, he returned from exile, and, utterly eschewing politics, resumed his professional avocations. It was only in 1863 he was induced by considerable persuasion to re-enter public life, so far as to allow himself to be elected to the Dublin Municipal Council. In the autumn of 1864 he was strongly pressed, and he eventually consented, to accept the leadership of such an Irish movement as has been above referred to; one which would enjoy the patronage of the Catholic bishops and receive the co-operation of the English Radicals.

The two Irishmen, however, who most largely contributed to the great purpose of Disestablishment were Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt of Kilcascan Castle, county Cork, and Sir John Gray, M.P., editor and

Ireland chiefs—almost the last they held before their ill-fated "rising"—Dillon, grave, dignified, and thoughtful as usual, listened calmly to the debate. When it came to his turn to speak he most strongly opposed a resort to arms under the circumstances of the time. At this a feather-headed enthusiast of the party flared up wildly, and spoke of Dillon's sober warning as "timorous shrinking." He was answered only by a sorrowful smile from the brave man who a week after was on the hill-side at Killenaule sword in hand (and for eight years subsequently was an exile), while the braggart subsided at the first whisper of danger, and lay still till the storm blew over.

proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, the leading daily organ of popular opinion in Ireland. Mr. Daunt indeed might be called the father of the movement in Ireland. For nearly half a century he had been associated in the great political efforts of the time, and was one of the most widely esteemed and respected of Irish popular leaders. At an early age he entered Irish politics, and while yet a young man became quite a prominent figure in the Repeal Association. He devoted himself to literature, and was the author of several novels, chiefly illustrative of Irish social and political life. From 1845 to 1860 he took little or no part in political affairs; but in 1861 he commenced, almost single-handed, to arouse public opinion against the Irish State Church. He became an active correspondent of Mr. Carvell Williams, Secretary of the Liberation Society; and in conjunction with that gentleman, in a large degree, directed the course of the agitation from the beginning to the close.

Sir John Gray, M.P., whose 'Irish Church Commission'* may be said to have rendered

* An exhaustive and exceedingly able series of reports on the history, position, revenues, organisation, and congregational strength of the Established Church in Ireland, which he issued from time to time in the *Freeman's Journal*.

Disestablishment inevitable, had filled a leading position and played an active part in Irish politics for more than thirty years previously. He was a Protestant in religion; a Repealer and Liberal in politics. He was one of the State prisoners (along with O'Connell) in 1844, and fought in the forefront of the Tenant League campaign from 1850 to 1856. To the Irish metropolis, over the civic affairs of which he virtually ruled for twenty years, he was a public benefactor. When he espoused a cause, he served it with all his heart. Immediately on his election for Kilkenny city in 1865 he flung himself into the agitation for Disestablishment; and assuredly never did public man devote himself with more indefatigable energy to a public question than he did at this important crisis to the cause of religious equality.*

It was a hazardous experiment to attempt the renewal of parliamentary agitation in Ireland at the time. The Fenian leaders had, as we have seen, proclaimed it a cardinal point of doctrine and practice that legal or constitutional efforts were "demoralising," and must not be allowed. They had stormed platforms and dispersed meet-

* Sir John Gray died in 1876. His loss was heartily regretted by men of every class and party in Irish public life.

ings in assertion of this view. The Orangemen, too, had to be taken into account on this occasion. When it was announced that the new association was to be inaugurated at a public meeting convened by the Lord Mayor, threats came from the opposite poles of political passion; and it seemed quite uncertain whether a Fenian riot or an Orange riot, or an Orange-Fenian riot, was to break up the demonstration. On the 28th of December 1864 the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland held a special sitting to express their condemnation of the proposed meeting, and to denounce the conduct of the Lord Mayor in convening it. They flung in his face his oath of office as a Catholic, in which the following passage occurred:—

I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law within this realm; and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom.

From the other quarter, the Fenian camp, came the subjoined handbill, distributed in thousands through the city:—

No Surrender.

Nationalists,—An attempt at a revival of the slavish organisation that leaves you bondsmen and whining slaves to-day

is about being tried on in Ireland once more by a clique of un-God-fearing (*sic*), place-hunting, cowardly political agitators composed of rack-renting landlords, briefless barristers, anti-Irish bishops, parish priests, curates, and hireling, renegade, perjured press-men. Will you, 18,000 Dublin Nationalists, tolerate this West-British faction to demoralise your manhood again? Never! "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

Whether it was that the Orangemen trusted to the Fenians to do the work, while the Fenians relied on the Orangemen for the duty, was never clearly explained, but, strange to say, the meeting was held without let or hindrance, disorder or disturbance. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen proposed the first resolution, declaring war against the Establishment. The most important incident of the day, however, was the reading of the subjoined letter, which laid down the terms of the alliance that eventually led to the overthrow of the State Church in Ireland:—

Rochdale, Dec. 23, 1864.

My dear Lord Mayor,

I have to thank your committee for their friendly invitation to their approaching meeting, although I shall not be able to avail myself of it. I am glad to see that an effort is to be made to force on some political advance in your country. The objects you aim at are good, and I hope you may succeed. On the question of landlord and tenant I think you should go farther and seek to do more. What you want in Ireland is to break down the laws of primogeniture and entail, so that in

course of time by a gradual and just process the Irish people may become the possessors of the soil of Ireland. A legal security for tenants' improvements will be of great value, but the true remedy for your great grievance is to base the laws which affect the land upon sound principles of political economy. With regard to the State Church, that is an institution so evil and so odious under the circumstances of your country that it makes one almost hopeless of Irish freedom from it that Irishmen have borne it so long. The whole Liberal party in Great Britain will doubtless join with you in demanding the removal of a wrong which has no equal in the character of a national insult in any other civilised and Christian country in the world. If the popular party in Ireland would adopt as its policy "Free Land and Free Church," and would unite with the popular party in England and Scotland for the advance of liberal measures, and especially for the promotion of an honest amendment of the representation, I am confident that great and beneficial changes might be made within a few years. We have on our side numbers and opinion; but we want a more distinct policy and a better organisation; and these, I hope, to some extent, your meeting may supply.—Yours very truly, JOHN BRIGHT.

The terms which this letter so formally proposed were fully accepted by those to whom the offer was made. The National Association of Ireland adopted "Free Land and Free Church" as its policy. But only under the chastening influences of adversity were the parliamentary chiefs of English Liberalism brought to embrace it as theirs. It was only after they had been stripped of power and thrust from office, and had borne the bitter-

ness of many a defeat, that misfortune eventually led them to discover in Disestablishment a way to victory, honour, and fame.

The House of Commons had long been familiar with the Irish Church motion, which, in one shape or another, made its appearance from time to time. The English Nonconformists, under Mr. Miall or Mr. Dillwyn, aided by the Irish Catholic Liberals, had their occasional field-day on the subject. Up to 1865 only a very languid interest was excited by these efforts; and the utmost that could be extracted from even the most friendly administration was an occasional civil word, or an oracular reference to what might perchance be possible in the paulo-post-future of British politics. On the 28th of March 1865, on a resolution offered by Mr. Dillwyn, there ensued a debate in the House of Commons, in the course of which appeared the first faint gleam of what was dawning on Mr. Gladstone's mind. The Government, speaking through Sir George Grey, repelled the motion decisively enough, but Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, changed the "never" of previous years into a significant "not yet." The Irish Church motion of 1866, moved on the 10th of April by Sir John Gray, brought out the fact

that the administration had taken a few paces forward on the subject. On this occasion the Government did not exactly oppose the motion, though they did not accede to it. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, the Irish Chief Secretary, improved somewhat upon Mr. Gladstone's "not yet" by wishing the cause of Disestablishment "God-speed." Two months later on—in June 1866—the Liberal party was not merely defeated but wrecked; the Russell-Gladstone ministry, deserted and assailed by the reactionary Whig section of their followers (known throughout the incident as the "Adullamite Cave"), fell from power, and a Conservative administration, under Lord Derby as Premier, and Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, assumed the seals of office.

Meanwhile the Irish "National Association" was not a success. Although supported by a great array of episcopal power, it never in any marked degree attracted popular sympathy or support. Public feeling in Ireland was strongly in favour of the objects it had proposed; but the objection to fusing with the English Whig-Liberal party for *any* object seemed all but insuperable. Mr. Gladstone was no doubt favourably regarded; but Mr. Lowe was more than mistrusted, while

Earl Russell, as the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was the object of downright hostility. There was, however, one man confessedly among English Liberals whom no one could call a Whig, and whom all admired for his sterling independence; a man who stood almost alone among the leading English orators and statesmen of his time in this, that when his voice was raised to denounce oppression and wrong, wherever prevailing, he did not shrink from including Ireland in the scope of his sympathies. That man was John Bright. In the summer of 1866 there occurred to Mr. J. B. Dillon the happy thought of entertaining Mr. Bright at a national banquet in Dublin. On the 21st of August a formal and public invitation signed by twenty-three of the Irish members was forwarded to Mr. Bright, to which on the 1st of September he returned an answer accepting the proposed compliment. No other project could have been devised which at the time would have rallied or reassembled to the same extent the hitherto divided and hostile elements of Irish popular politics; yet at first it seemed a hazardous experiment. Not without some doubts and misgivings were the circulars issued which convened a private conference to consider the

matter at the Imperial Hotel in Dublin. The response, however, was more than encouraging. All sections of the Irish popular party cordially concurred in the proposal.

In the course of thirty years' experience of Irish politics, I never knew anything to exceed the personal bitterness of language which the proposal to *fête* John Bright called forth in the Irish Conservative journals. Not only was he the object of the fiercest invective, but a very palpable endeavour was made to excite against him personal violence. In the Government organs—Lord Derby had come into office in June—there was a continuous effort to set the Fenians at the Bright banquet, and induce them to break it up. To many of the committee this seemed no insignificant peril; and their fears were increased a hundredfold by a lamentable event which for a time threatened to overwhelm the project. This was the death, after barely a few days' illness, of Mr. Dillon, the moving spirit of the whole proceeding. He was known to have considerable influence with the Fenian party, or rather it was well known that most of the leaders and nearly all the "rank and file" of that party shared the feelings of respect and affection in which he was held by the bulk of his country-

men. He himself had not been free from uneasiness as to attempts at disturbance; and now that he was gone the probabilities of such a misfortune were greatly increased. I did not share these apprehensions as regards any serious interference by Fenians; but I did fully expect that, incited by the extreme ascendancy newspapers, persons of a different stamp would purchase tickets with a view so to conduct themselves at the banquet as to mar its effect and give the much-desired pretext for declaring it a failure. That some open insult or affront would be offered to Mr. Bright by such emissaries, I as well as my colleagues on the committee felt quite convinced. Up to the decease of Mr. Dillon I had not taken any very special or prominent part in the preparations, but for many reasons I now undertook the chief responsibility for the arrangements within the banquet-room, on the sole condition that I should be joined by two friends whom I selected, and that we should be free to take such steps as we might deem requisite to maintain order. This being settled, I took good care to diffuse in the proper quarters a notification that we intended to "make it hot" for disturbers, and that the man who entered the banquet-hall with purpose to insult our guest (as was but too plainly

threatened in some of the Tory papers) must be prepared for all consequences. I drew a plan or diagram by which the room was to be seated, each chair numbered, and each table indicated by a coloured banner. We, moreover, had an alphabetical register kept of the name and address of every ticket-holder, with the number of his assigned seat. By this means we could tell in what exact spot a suspicious visitor would be placed, and could arrange accordingly. Never was check-mate more complete. About a dozen intending ticket-purchasers turned away "disgusted" with this new-fangled idea of having their names, addresses, and occupations registered on a numbered seat. We knew these gentlemen well, and knew what they meant to do; but pretending to regard them as admirers of John Bright, we "confidentially" whispered to them the motive of our arrangement. They "changed their minds," and bought no tickets.

The banquet was held on the 30th of October, and was a success beyond all anticipation. It was the great event of the year. No more splendid assemblage, none more influential or numerous, had gathered at a political dinner in Ireland

within our generation. The chair, which would have been filled by our lamented friend Mr. Dillon, was occupied by The O'Donoghue, M.P., then at the zenith of his popularity. Mr. Bright received an ovation rarely equalled in warmth and enthusiasm.

While he was speaking, amidst breathless silence, a voice suddenly interrupted with some rude observation. On any other occasion the incident might have passed unnoticed, but now the rumour of a "black bottle" scene * was in every one's mind, and the merest trifle was enough to create alarm. I knew by reference to the marked plan in my pocket that the interrupter was very unlikely to be present with evil intent, yet I feared what might occur if a panic set in. Two stewards remonstrated with him; but he seemed beyond his own control. A second and a third time he shouted some incoherent observation, when, on a pre-arranged signal, four athletic stewards whipped

* On the 14th of December 1822, on the occasion of the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant, visiting the Theatre Royal, Dublin, an organised disturbance on the part of the Orangemen took place, in resentment of his Excellency's sympathy with Catholic Emancipation. The affray is always referred to as the "black bottle" riot; a black bottle having been flung at the Viceroy by an Orangeman in the top gallery.

him bodily out of his seat, and bore him gently out of the room. The thing was done so swiftly, quietly, and smoothly that it was all over in a few seconds. Then there burst forth a cheer so loud and long that one might have thought something of great importance had been accomplished. It meant that the assemblage realised how completely the threat of an anti-Bright disturbance had collapsed in the face of a little energy and determination.

With the fall of the Russell-Gladstone ministry in June 1866 there set in a two years' spell of such parliamentary confusion and vacillation as had not been known since Lord Melbourne's time. The Tory ministry were too weak to rule; the Liberal opposition too feeble and too hopelessly disintegrated to displace them. In the House of Lords Lord Derby led a flowing majority, but in the Commons Mr. Disraeli had to deal with chaos come again. It was impossible to tell from day to day with anything like certainty in what lobby, with ministers or against them, a majority would be found voting. Now it was one way, anon another. Amidst a state of circumstances so adverse the great question of Reform worked its way to a remarkable conclusion. Mr Disraeli

would contend that he was the real friend of a popular franchise; but it was with gloomy fears the Reformers saw him undertake to fondle what they declared he meant to strangle. He was, however, a facile foe. He adapted his policy to the peculiarities of the situation. He took defeats in a most Christian spirit, and became all things to all majorities. Eventually, to his own great surprise (veiled under well-feigned satisfaction), he found himself the author of the most radical suffrage bill ever passed under the auspices of a British Cabinet.

Throughout this period, from the summer of 1866 to the end of 1867, the English Liberal party in Parliament, rent by discord and weakened by defection, presented a pitiable spectacle. Mr. Gladstone at one time seemed about to retire in disgust from the leadership of the broken and dispirited array. In vain was an issue sought on which they might be rallied as of old in a compact body. On no domestic (English) question that could be devised or discerned was it found practicable to reunite them; and what caused most dismay on the Opposition benches was the conviction that were any such question to be discovered, Mr. Disraeli would not improbably "cut

them out" by espousing it himself. The Tory leader who, in order to hold on by the Treasury Bench, had passed a Household Suffrage Bill was not a man to stick at trifles.

When the outlook seemed darkest, however, a light arose over the path of the Liberals, and it came from Ireland.

An incident, apparently trivial, in the council-chamber of the Dublin Corporation a year or two before had brought about results which led right up to Disestablishment.

On the threshold of the new movement in Ireland the extreme section of the Irish Conservative party resorted to a course of action which many of them subsequently bewailed as most unwise and impolitic—as the real beginning of their overthrow. Taking their cue from the manifesto of the Grand Orange Lodge on the 28th of December 1864, they sought to stop the Catholics by means of the odious "Catholic Oath." It was known that several prominent Catholic politicians, peers and commoners, had felt themselves precluded from joining in any Disestablishment agitation or debate by this clause in "the Catholic oaths." In the case of Catholics becoming members of a civic corporation there was this

painful aggravation of the grievance, that *Protestants* were required to take *no oath at all*, while Catholics, and Catholics alone, were, so to speak, put on their knees at the bar, and compelled to swear fealty to the Church Establishment. Many good and honourable men explained it away satisfactorily to their consciences; but for my own part I felt that I could not subscribe to such an oath; and when I was elected to a seat in the Municipal Council of Dublin in 1862, I decided to refuse it. The penalty which I incurred by such a course was a fine of £500 and disqualification. I judged that one of two results would ensue from my refusal: either I should pass unsworn without challenge or interference, and all other Catholics subsequently elected would do the same, and the obnoxious law would become a dead letter; or else I should be prosecuted, and the imposition of fine and punishment upon me would so arouse public opinion as to the insulting character of such tests that Parliament would assuredly sweep them away.

On perfecting before Mr. Henry, town clerk, the statutory declaration as to my property qualification, that gentleman intimated to me that there now remained for me only to "go before a magistrate, take the oath, and sign the roll."

"There is Alderman Bonsall just gone upstairs," said I; "has *he* taken the oath?" [I knew well he had not; for the alderman was a leading Tory of very Orange hue.]

"Oh, he need not take it; he is not a Catholic," replied Mr. Henry.

"Well, Mr. Town Clerk," I rejoined, "call upon me to take the oath when Alderman Bonsall is sworn, but not till then. If he is free, so must I be."

I took my seat unsworn, and for some period was not molested. At length I was denounced to justice in the *Daily Express* for a violation of the statute in this case made and provided; and one morning as the council was about to assemble I was informed that the Lord Mayor had been officially called upon to give me into custody, or to take other requisite steps, if I spoke or voted as a councillor that day. The Lord Mayor was the Hon. John P. Vereker, son of Lord Gort, a staunch Conservative, a man of broad and generous spirit. He called me aside and told me of the demand that had been made upon him. "Well, my lord, do your duty," I said, "and let not our personal friendship put you in any official difficulty on my account. I have measured the consequences of my course, and must face them."

"Oh," he replied, "I have given the parties my answer."

"And what is that?"

"That I have no official knowledge of your religious creed, having never examined you in the decrees of the Council of Trent, the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Westminster Confession of Faith."

I heard no more just then of the threatened penalty or the unsworn oaths.

On the 1st of January 1866 the civic council were in the act of passing to Alderman MacSwiney, the outgoing Lord Mayor, who had presided at the inaugural meeting of the National Association, the customary vote of thanks on the close of his year of office, when a Conservative councillor, Mr. Pilkington, jumped suddenly to his feet, and objected to the vote, on the distinct ground that the outgoing dignitary had been false to his oath in respect of the Church by law established. This charge of public perjury against the man who had barely laid down the wand of office as chief magistrate of the city—and perjury on such grounds!—flung the council into the wildest indignation. Of course the imputation was fiercely resented, scornfully repelled; but the

Conservatives followed it up by reading the *ipsissima verba* of the oath relied upon to sustain their accusation. The vote was passed, but the Catholic and Liberal members vowed that the matter should not rest there. Out of doors the effect was equally strong. A cry arose for the sweeping away of these offensive barriers between citizens of different creeds. The municipal council itself formally commenced an agitation against "Obnoxious Oaths." A special meeting was convened with great display to debate the question. By unanimous resolution it was ordered that a petition praying for the abolition of these invidious test declarations should be presented at the bar of the House of Commons by the Lord Mayor in state. The other municipalities of Ireland caught the excitement. Deputations, addresses, petitions, resolutions, on the "Obnoxious Oaths," kept the public mind in a ferment. The ascendancy yoke that, as John Bright complained, seemed to have lain so lightly on Irish necks now grew intolerable. The opportunity that so long had been sought for and waited for had come at last. It was decided to break ground against the Church by an attack on the Test Oaths. The Grand Orange Lodge on that 28th of December 1864, and Mr. Pilkington

on the 1st of January 1866, had applied a torch to the pile they thought to defend!

Over the Catholic Oaths Bill from the session of 1866 to that of 1867, the great battle that was soon to come in earnest was fought in miniature, and fought on ground the most favourable that could have been found for the attacking party The oaths were manifestly indefensible. Mr. Disraeli saw it, felt it, virtually confessed it; but every one knew that they were now assailed as the outposts of the Church, and so the abolition was doggedly resisted. In two sessions consecutively the Commons passed the measure; as often did it fail in the House of Lords. Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven found the Establishment outposts intact, but the movement against them had served the purpose of the assailants as effectually as capture would have done. Events of considerable importance had, as we shall see, occurred meantime. All over the land "Delenda est Carthago" was the cry. The moment had arrived for the storming of the stronghold!

CHAPTER X.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

WHEN the first inevitable burst of indignation and anger called forth in England by the Fenian conspiracy had a little subsided, there began to dawn on the minds of the English people an idea that there must after all be "something rotten" in the state of Ireland. This was perplexing; because it was in utter contradiction to all that the authorities upon whom they most relied had told them about that country. They had been assured that whatever might have been the case in the past, Ireland "now" had no cause of complaint; she was loyal and contented, happy, wealthy, and prosperous, with pigs abounding and bullocks thriving. At no time were these assurances so frequently and so strongly indulged in as during the years immediately preceding the Fenian outbreak. "The land laws? They are excellent;

'tenant right' means 'landlord wrong.' The Church? No grievance at all; this is a Protestant realm, and Roman Catholic ascendancy is what the Irish priests are really after. Home legislation? A cry for the moon; we cannot break up the empire. Education? The Irish have the schools we know to be the best for them; whereas they had none previously." Thus the story ran. If an honest Irishman had the temerity to hint a doubt of it—dared to say there was any discontent in Ireland, or any reason why there should be—he was savagely set upon, called an incendiary, and denounced as a calumniator.*

* So late as the 23rd of May 1867 an Irish member (Mr. J. F. Maguire), having ventured to blame the existing state of things, was thus answered in the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, M.P.: "The honourable gentleman rushes into the whole subject of Irish grievances. Now, in the first place, I will make an admission; that *up to* 1829 nothing could have been worse than the government of Ireland. I will allow that. But from that time to this the House has been doing all it could to alleviate the physical, the constitutional, and the moral injuries of Ireland. There have, however, been obstacles, and among the chief of those is the language used by the hon. gentleman (cheers). Can hon. members think that their poor uneducated, miserable countrymen in Ireland will see the truth when they themselves, here in this House, and before the people of England, dare to say that we are unjust to Ireland?

In the midst of such declarations came the Fenian conspiracy, with its sad and horrible incidents in Manchester and London. At first, of course, Englishmen thought only of vindicating the outraged majesty of the law; but when it had been vindicated—when the executioner had done his work, and the chain gangs at Portland and Chatham had been reinforced by political convicts, there began to creep through England a doubt that the newspapers and the viceroys and the chief secretaries could have been all right as to Ireland "*now*" having no cause of complaint. A serious doubt truly. The consoling array of pig statistics and green crop extension and fat stock multiplication had been to English expectation as equivocal in prophecy as the witches' promise to the Thane of Fife.

The better nature of Englishmen was touched and aroused by the spectacle opened to their contemplation in this lamentable Fenian business. They were much impressed by the exhibition of such reckless fanaticism, mingled with patriotic

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Why, I say that a more foul calumny, a more gigantic falsehood, was never uttered."

And this was within less than a year of Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment Resolutions!

self-immolation. But more, much more, were they moved by the serious circumstance that the Irish multitude who had rejected, condemned, or refused to join the Fenian scheme were clearly none the less in moral revolt against the state of things around them. All over Britain a murmur, soon to be a cry, arose that there must be a cause for political symptoms so plain and terrible as these. When once the English nation, awaking to the existence of an evil, exclaims that "Something must be done," old wrongs and venerable anomalies, one and all, have need to tremble; for the "something" that is done is often that only which happens to be nearest to hand, or is selected almost at haphazard.

"What *can* we do for Ireland?" was the question uttered in good faith and with just intent by thousands of Englishmen. "What are the grievances which we can remedy for our Irish fellow-subjects? We cannot listen to their demands for national autonomy, but whatever else we can do for them that will be for their good (or rather that *we* shall consider to be for their good) shall be done."

The growth of these ideas and feelings throughout England, long before it had reached this

decisive stage, was noted by the leading members of the English Liberation Society. They saw a grand opportunity, and promptly turned it to account. They poured through the land invectives against the Irish Law Church. They said to Englishmen: "You desire to know what ails Ireland. Here it is. You desire to befriend Ireland, to end misgovernment and make reparation for the past; you want to know what to do. Do this. Sweep away this cruel oppression, this fruitful source of heartburning and strife. Abolish this hateful caste, this sectarian garrison, which has only made Irishmen hate you when they might have learned to love you. Tell the Catholic millions of Ireland that henceforth all creeds are equal in the eye of the law, and, possessing religious equality, they will become happy and contented citizens of the empire."

To Englishmen in the mood of the time it was a thrice-welcome voice that spoke so opportunely and so well. Some no doubt there were who did not like the Liberation Society or its designs in England; but *this* Disestablishment was to be over there in Ireland, not at their own doors. They cried aloud, "Let it be done."

Less sagacious men than the Liberal leaders in

England could see what all these signs proclaimed. The time was ripe for a bold and great policy. On the Irish Church question the Conservative leader durst not venture to compete with them. Here was the ground on which to engage and overthrow him. Here was a policy on which the Liberal party could be reconstructed and endowed with new life and power. No "caves" would be formed, no mutinies attempted, on this line of march. The united Liberalism of England, Ireland, and Scotland would go forward with one heart and one mind on this issue.

On the 7th of April 1867, Sir John Gray, following up his motion of the previous year, moved the House of Commons to declare that on the 27th inst. it would resolve itself into a committee on the Irish Church. Even at this date Mr. Gladstone was hesitant, and supported the "previous question," with which the motion was encountered; but, strange to say, he did not cast his vote on either side. Two months later the coming storm was sufficiently discerned, and the House of Lords determined upon the feeble expedient of a "royal commission." It was moved for on the 24th of June 1867, and appointed on the 30th of October following, Earl Stanhope being

chairman. Between the summer of 1867 and the spring of 1868 the country passed through the sharpest crisis of the Fenian alarms; the Manchester Rescue and executions, the attempt to seize Chester Castle, and the Irish risings, had one after another aroused excitement and panic. The state of Ireland—between conspiracy and insurrection on the one hand, and suspension of all constitutional government on the other—was a European scandal. On Tuesday the 10th of March 1868, a great debate which extended over four days was commenced in the House of Commons, on a motion by Mr. J. F. Maguire for a committee to consider the condition of that country. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Gladstone at length plunged across the Rubicon. On the fourth day of the debate, the 16th of March 1868, he declared that the time had come when the Irish Church Establishment must fall. On his announcement that he would forthwith himself present the issue definitely to the House, both the resolution and amendment were withdrawn; and on the 23rd of March he introduced his memorable "Resolutions." The debate formally opened on the 30th of March, when ministers were overthrown, the motion to go into committee on the resolutions being carried by a vote of 331 to 270.

The debate in the committee was prosecuted with equal vigour. It lasted over eleven nights, closing at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 1st of May 1868, when the first resolution was carried by a vote of 330 to 265. Four days afterwards Mr. Disraeli announced that ministers had tendered their resignation, but that the Queen wished them to retain office "until the state of public business would admit of a dissolution," which would accordingly take place in the autumn. It was a clever stroke to hold on to office throughout the dissolution; all the advantages of official power, usually considered to be worth thirty votes in a general election, thus being secured. On the 7th of May the second and third of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried in committee. On the 16th, just as they were being finally affirmed by the House, Lord Stanhope's commission of the previous year, which everybody seemed to have forgotten, appeared with their report on the Irish Church, recommending the abolition of half a dozen bishoprics, and sundry minor "reforms." It evoked a shout of derision. The time had passed for half-measures. Like the abdication of Louis Philippe in the revolution of February '48, the proposal was hailed with a cry of "Too late! too late!"

On the 13th of May Mr. Gladstone introduced the "Suspensory Bill," to prevent new interests being created pending Disestablishment. On the 22nd it was read by a vote of 312 to 258. It went triumphantly through the Commons, and was brought into the House of Lords on the 18th of June, where, after a debate of three days' duration, it was, on the 25th, rejected by a vote of 192 to 97. This was the last stroke of an expiring power; an ebullition of puerile and impotent hostility.

On the 31st of July 1868 Parliament was prorogued; on the 11th of November it was dissolved by proclamation, and ministers "appealed to the country." The interval between the passage of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions in May and the dissolution in November had been devoted to the most strenuous preparations for the struggle. Already the Liberal party had begun to reap the fruits of their new policy. Already they had exchanged disunion for unanimity, weakness for strength. Though office had been withheld from them, power was once more theirs. Once more they had, by sweeping majorities, defeated their opponents in the parliamentary lists. With a fierce energy they now prepared to overwhelm them at the hustings.

The Irish Protestants stripped to the fight

with great spirit, although they must have felt that they were on the side of a lost cause. In Ulster, no doubt, their proceedings were disfigured by characteristic bombast and threat. The line taken by the Orangemen in that province was that the coronation oath forbade the Queen to allow Disestablishment, and that she would be perjured if she signed the bill; that it would be an overthrow of our Protestant constitution in Church and State; that "the men of Ulster," who had driven James II. from the throne for like attempts, were ready and determined as ever now in the same good cause. The Rev. Mr. Flanagan, chaplain in the Orange Society, addressing a vast concourse of his fellow-members, publicly warned all whom it might concern that "the men of Ulster" had ere now kicked a crown into the Boyne.

No one, however, attached any importance to all this. For a long time it has been accepted as the harmless traditional prerogative of "Ulster," as the Orange societies call themselves, to intimate to the British nation that it is on the *qui vive*, and that when Ulster is on the watch England may be easy in her mind; that Ulster is and ever has been the mainstay and protector of the realm; that it was Ulster and not England that made the glorious

Revolution; and that several hundreds of thousands of Ulstermen are always ready to march somewhere against somebody, to uphold England as long as she behaves herself well and is true to the principles of 1690.*

This, however, was only amongst a section of the Irish Church Protestants; by no means the most influential section, though it certainly may be the noisiest. As a general rule, a grave and earnest spirit was displayed. No more serious, no more able defence could have been made for any political institution than that which the Irish Conservatives put forth on behalf of their Church in 1868. Although as against the bulk of their own countrymen they had no case, against the British Parliament they certainly established one that was unanswerable. Most Englishmen regarded and discussed their plea solely as it affected the one issue just then before them, and never gave a thought further to it once that issue was decided by the passing of the Disestablishment Bill. But the arguments upon that case—the pamphlets, the

* During the Crimean War of 1854 and the Indian Mutiny of 1857 they were appealed to in some Irish newspapers to send out a body of even two or three thousand men—a couple of regiments—out of all these "hundreds of thousands," but not a corporal's guard volunteered from the lodges.

speeches, the essays, the letters—were destined to have singular and important results not generally foreseen in England at the time. They led to subsequent events which, to the view of the ordinary English observer, appeared to be totally new; quite independent of the question thus disposed of; but beneath the surface they were connected with it, and arose from it like the dip and crop of geological strata.

That defence of the Irish Church was based mainly on the Act of Union. There were of course other grounds—plenty of them; but one by one they were evacuated as untenable under the fire of argument, logic, and fact poured against them from the other side. Here alone the Church party were confessedly in a strong position. The fifth article of the Act of Union between England and Ireland solemnly declared the maintenance for ever of the Irish Church Establishment, or rather the incorporation of that Establishment with the English as "the United Church of England and Ireland," to be a "fundamental and essential" stipulation and condition. The English language could not more explicitly set forth a solemn and perpetual covenant between two parties than this article set forth the contract between the Episcopal Protestants of

Ireland and the Imperial Parliament.* By the Act of Union there were to be not two Establishments but one Establishment—"the Established Church of England and Ireland"; the then previously existing Irish Establishment being merged and absorbed into this one, the maintenance of which for ever was thus stipulated. It was not open to an English minister to treat them now as two. Together as one they were to stand or fall—or rather for ever to stand; for as to falling, the Union was to fall too if the Establishment so guaranteed should ever fail to be maintained. Of course there were many splendid efforts of argument and eloquence, as well as many learned disquisitions and much legal casuistry, forthcoming on the Liberal or Disestablishment side, to show how Parliament could break the pact thus relied upon; but nothing could get over the explicit declaration that *this*

* "Article 5th. That the Churches of England and Ireland as now by law established be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called 'the United Church of England and Ireland,' and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be and shall remain in full force for ever as the same are now by law established for the Church of England, and the continuance and preservation of the said United Church as the Established Church of England and Ireland shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union."

stipulation was to be "*fundamental* and *essential*" to the Union. Once it was gone the Union was no more. The Church defenders admittedly had the best case; but Mr. Gladstone had the logic of big battalions on his side.

It cannot be wondered at that all this flung the Irish Protestant mind back upon the period at which the Union compact was formed, and tended to raise the question whether Irish Protestants would not have fared better if they had not entered into that treaty, but had made terms with the Irish people. These thoughts and reflections found frequent utterance in the speeches of the Irish Church party, especially in protests addressed by them to England. "There are many of us," they said, "who, keeping faith with you as long as you kept it with us, have, on this account, accepted and acted on the theory that Ireland was merged by the Union. You teach us otherwise now. Do not complain hereafter if we act accordingly."

Neither in Ireland nor in England was this latter intimation much believed in or attended to at the time. "They do not mean it," said the Irish Catholics. "It is but an idle menace," said the English Liberals.

It was indeed an exciting time when, avowedly,

on this one question the three kingdoms were summoned to the polls in the autumn of 1868. In Ireland the days of 1829 seemed to have come again. All the feelings, passions, antagonisms of that era burst forth anew. There were but two parties in the island—those who fought for Disestablishment and those who fought against it. All were for the moment either Liberals or Conservatives. Even the Fenians—who had spilled the blood of their own countrymen and fellow-Nationalists in putting down public meetings and forbidding any popular manifestations of a non-Separatist character—fell into the ranks on the Liberal side, or else maintained a "benevolent neutrality." The *Nation*, on behalf of the Repeal or Constitutional-Nationalist party, though ever since 1852 maintaining an invincible opposition to Whig-Liberalism, now formally proclaimed that in this great crisis every friend of civil and religious liberty must march shoulder to shoulder. The Liberals had not had such an auspicious time in Ireland for thirty years.

One day, in the thick of the battle, the door of my room was rather violently pushed open, and a friend whom I knew to be actively engaged in the elections stepped hurriedly in.

"I have something of the utmost urgency and importance to put before you," he said. "You have it in your power now not alone to pay off the ascendancy men for their last base attempt against you, but you can furthermore strike a stunning blow for Disestablishment. Are you ready and willing?"

As he eagerly put his question he gave me a slap on the shoulder, as much as to say, "Of course you are."

The "base attempt" against me to which he alluded was a proceeding which gave rise to very heated feelings in Dublin, and which I must say incensed and embittered myself at the time.

While in the previous month of May I lay fast bound under bolts and bars as a political prisoner in Richmond, notice was publicly given of the intention of my fellow-members of the municipal council to nominate me as Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. Instantly on learning this fact, I declined, in the most positive manner, the honour thus proposed to be conferred upon me; which indeed could only have been meant as a demonstration of personal and public feeling in view of my imprisonment. I received, however, from the leading members of the Conservative party the kindliest assurances

that if I wished to allow the nomination it would be unopposed by them; would be, in fact, unanimous. That these declarations were given in good faith, that any compliment which I would accept and was in their power consistently to offer would be readily extended to me, was attested by their frank and generous conduct towards me at all times previously. Nevertheless, so fierce and high did party feeling run under the influence of the Disestablishment excitement, that in November an attempt was made, by order of the Conservative party managers, to invalidate my seat in the council, and to strike my name off the burgess roll, on the ground that I was for registration purposes "dead in law," or "resident" nowhere, during my incarceration. A lengthy legal argument decided the case in my favour; but the resort to such a proceeding, though it could hardly be called "a blow below the belt" in party warfare, had unquestionably a most bitter and exasperating influence on local feeling.

"Now you can pay those fellows off," said my friend.

"In what way?"

"Will you stand for a seat?"

"Pooh! I have answered that sort of qustion

often enough within the past five years, and in two instances recently to your own knowledge. No, I will not."

"But in this case you can do a lasting service to the cause; you will either carry the seat for yourself, or else save four others we may otherwise lose. Don't you be writing in the *Nation* about the duty of exertion and sacrifice at this crisis, if you yourself will not do this."

"But, even apart from personal disinclination, the *Nation* has never said that a hard-working journalist is bound to spend a thousand pounds for the honour and glory of rendering laborious service at Westminster. Men of ambition, men of fortune, or men with personal advantages in view, may do so. I will not."

"I am instructed to place £1500 at your disposal for your election expenses."

"And what seat do you want me to contest?"

"Dublin county."

"Dublin fiddlesticks! You are not serious!"

But he was. The state of the case as he put it was this: The Government (House of Commons) "whip," Colonel Taylor, was member for Dublin county. He was the official chief of the Tory election campaigners. Deeming his own seat

perfectly secure—up to this time it was not menaced—his hands were free, and he was making busy use of them in pushing attack or directing defence throughout the country. There were at least three or four of the boroughs in the provinces which the Liberals could carry if the Tory electioneering head centre could be called off to serious self-defence in Dublin, but "if not, not." No trivial attack, no palpable feint, would suffice. The "villa-voters," as they are called, around the Irish metropolis are largely composed of middle-class Tory gentlemen, or petty gentry who own little properties or rent-charges, entitling them to vote in distant boroughs or counties. They like to reside near "the Coort," where, as Thackeray puts it, they may sometimes figure at "the Castle" and see "their sovereign," leastways, "his Excellency." It was discovered that if these friends of Church and State were obliged to remain at home to vote for Colonel Taylor out of their residential qualification, three, and possibly five, constituencies, in which otherwise they would be free to vote, might be won by the Liberals. If, on the other hand, they left Dublin to its fate, and went to the country to vote, Colonel Taylor would inevitably be ousted. The thing was very closely

examined, and nicely calculated. The conclusion was obvious. Dublin county must be attacked in force. If carried, the victory would be of importance. If lost, four or five other seats would thereby be gained.

"But who supplies the £1500?" I inquired.

"Ask no questions. I think you ought to have confidence in me that your principles or your honour will not be compromised."

"Not consciously, I am sure; but if the funds are supplied by men of my own principles, what need of reticence? If not, I have need to pause."

"They are not men of your national politics; but they are as ardent as you in this Disestablishment fight. They feel that you, and you alone, can carry Dublin county at this moment."

"On my own principles?"

"Certainly."

I assented, subject to consultation with some friends. I afterwards found that £500 was to be supplied by a gentleman of very high position and character who had been a member of the late Russell-Gladstone Government; and £1000 by a gentleman of whom I had never previously heard, but who was at that moment a Gladstone candidate in Louth county—Mr. M. O'Reilly Dease. I

declined the proposition. "To-day," I said, "these gentlemen and I are no doubt fighting side by side, but to-morrow or next day I may find it to be my duty to differ with them or to censure or oppose them or some one of them. Nay, if I carried the seat I might have to vote against them in the House of Commons. I can't touch the affair. But I'll tell you what I'll do; let some one else be found to stand. I'll fling myself heartily into the fight on his behalf, and give to him all the influence which you seem to think I could command, or the enthusiasm I might excite for myself in Dublin county."

About three o'clock in the morning on the 17th of November I was roused out of bed by a violent ringing of the hall-door bell. I was the first to rush to the door, where I found Mr. Meade, solicitor and conducting agent of Mr. Dease, who had, he said, posted by car all the way from the county Louth on important and urgent business with me. I hurriedly dressed myself, and there, through hours that reached towards the dawn, we fought out the whole subject once more. My humility, never I suppose too great, was barely able to resist the "flattering tale" he urged. The gentleman associated with Mr. Dease in this matter,

he said, was, as I knew, qualified to speak for the whole of the Liberal party; and never would this important service be forgotten for me. He, Mr. Meade, was now authorised to say, in reference to my suggestion of selecting some one else, that for me alone would the money be forthcoming. If the advantages of this grand stroke were lost to the cause of religious equality, I alone would be reproached hereafter.

There were but two days between us and the nomination. I had hardly ever felt so squeezed. Eventually I agreed that if some one of two gentlemen whom I undertook to name—the Hon. Judge Little or Mr. P. P. MacSwiney—did not consent to fight Colonel Taylor, I would do so myself. On the other hand, if either of them undertook to stand, the money was to be at their service as freely as it would have been at mine. We lost a day vainly trying to persuade Judge Little, and Mr. MacSwiney could give us no answer till he had consulted his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. As by this time it seemed I was "in for it," I sat down and wrote out my election address to the free and independent electors, so as to have it ready for publication. Mr. MacSwiney's final reply was to reach us at the Central Liberal Com-

mittee offices, St. Andrew's Street, before 10 p.m. I found the room crowded with the *élite* of the Irish Liberal party; men usually amongst the gravest in sober commercial or professional circles were now as full of excitement as the youngest enthusiast. The *coup* in the county was the great topic. Mr. MacSwiney came in. He was rather disposed to stand, but—he hesitated. There was, he pleaded, no time for the requisite arrangements or preparations.

"What do you want?"

"I have not thought about a proposer or seconder."

"Here are half a dozen in the room," said Mr. Heron.

"There is no time to have friends at Kilmainham in the morning; and 'the show of hands' is a great deal."

"Trust *me* for that," said Mr. Devitt.

"Then I have not my election address written, and it ought to be in the morning papers."

"*Here is one for you*," said I, pulling my own out of my pocket, and thrusting it into his hand.

"I'd like to read it over, and submit it to a few——"

"Oh, nonsense, man; sign your name there, and let us instantly have the printers at work."

He was good enough to say it was "just the thing." Anyhow there was no time to compose another; and on the election address so curiously supplied Dublin county election of 1868 was contested.

Some of us did not get to bed at all that night, there was so much to be done in the few hours at our command. Richard Devitt, with a mysterious air, pulled on his top-coat and said he must go off to secure a sufficient attendance of "the nobility and gentry of our noble county" for the much-desired "show of hands." But I noted that it was to the unaristocratic locality of Ringsend that he drove for that purpose. I understood it all next morning when I found myself addressing as "Gentlemen, electors of this great county," a court-house full of the most cut-throat looking rascals it had ever been my lot to behold. Colonel Taylor drove up to the hustings at ten in the morning, looking decidedly fluttered. He had heard the news; he had just read Mr. MacSwiney's address in the *Freeman*; yet he would fain think it all a practical joke, merely an attempt to "take a rise out of him." About a score of his friends, ladies and gentlemen,

in gala attire, came on the scene, to witness as they thought the pleasing sight of a "walk-over." At first they were utterly unable to comprehend what they saw and heard on entering the court. When they gathered the astounding fact that a "Radical" candidate was about to be proposed there and then, their indignation was ungovernable. The Tory magnates waxed positively furious with rage. The assemblage of Mr. Devitt's "nobility and gentry" in the body of the court—(the whole lot costing us three pounds ten and sixpence)—was the most cruel stroke of all. They secured us not only the show of hands—such hands!—but the shout of voices—oh, what voices! The fellows seemed to think we ought to give them the word to seize Colonel Taylor and his friends bodily and cast them into the mill-race close by. We made great display of "moderating" them, well knowing that the most maddening wound we could inflict on our haughty opponents was the idea of being beholden to us for a hearing on that hustings where for generations their class had ruled omnipotent. If anything was required to satisfy me of the absurdity of open nominations and hustings and "show of hands," it was supplied by that scene.

Into the few days within which the county had to be polled the Liberals put the concentrated work and energy of their metropolitan forces. It was only on the day after the nomination that the genuine earnestness of the attempt was realised by the Church party. Then almost a panic prevailed, and "not a man can be spared" was the watch-word. This meant for us that our victory would be elsewhere; and so it was. When on the polling day Colonel Taylor and Mr. Hamilton were going in triumphantly, they seemed to wonder why we were not crestfallen, or rather why we seemed so jubilant. They did not know that we had in our pockets telegrams proclaiming that our diversion in Dublin county had saved or won some half a dozen seats elsewhere for the cause of religious equality.

In three weeks the battle was virtually over, and Mr. Disraeli hauled down his flag. On the 2nd of December he gave up the seals, and Mr. Gladstone was called to office. On the 9th the new Cabinet was installed; on the next day Parliament opened. By the 29th the ministerial re-elections were over, and an adjournment took place to the 16th of February following.

On the 1st of March 1869 Mr. Gladstone intro-

duced the bill to disestablish the Irish Church. On the 18th the debate on the second reading commenced. It closed on the 23rd, when ministers were found to have the overwhelming majority of 118 votes, or 368 to 250. On the 31st of May the bill passed the third reading by a vote of 361 to 247.

For a time there was intense anxiety and apprehension as to the probable action of the House of Lords, in which it was well known there was a majority hostile to the measure, if only they dared to vote against it. Rumours of conflict between the two chambers, of a probable prorogation and "creation of peers," and other disquieting stories abounded. In Ireland we felt confident the Lords would throw out the bill; and we looked for serious results. A consciousness of the danger involved in such a course, however, brought wisdom to the peers. "July the Twelfth," as the Orangemen's ballad has it, they read the bill a third and last time; and all was over. Disestablishment was an accomplished fact. *Fuit Ilium.*

On the 26th of July 1869 the Irish Church Bill received the royal assent. Protests, solemn, earnest, passionate—denunciations loud and long and bitter—burst from the vanquished defenders;

but their exclamations were drowned in the general rejoicing. The dissenting churches gave praise that the day of subjection was at an end. A *Triduum* was celebrated in the Catholic Pro-Cathedral of Dublin. The municipal council of the Irish metropolis, with unusual formality and impressiveness, voted an address of thanks and congratulation to Mr. Gladstone.* Everywhere men realised that a great event—almost a revolution—had occurred. But few indeed saw at the moment that the indirect, or rather reflex, action and influence of that event was to effect the important changes which ensued. The overthrow of religious ascendancy in Ireland was a great work; but another achievement came with it. For the first time in history the *English People* were set a-thinking—inquiring, reading, investigating, and reasoning—upon the general Irish question. Previously they had turned away from the worry and heart-break of such a perplexing and vexatious study, and gave a proxy to their Government to think for them and act for them in dealing with Ireland.

* If I say that it faithfully expressed the enthusiastic feeling of the Irish people at the time, I may perhaps be guilty of undue partiality, inasmuch as the framing of its terms was entirely committed to me, and my draft was adopted by acclamation.

What the Government told them, they accepted without inquiry; what the Government asked of them, they gave with alacrity. They thought it hard that they should always have to be doing something for Ireland, and always needing to punish or repress her; but "the Government knew what was best." The Disestablishment campaign, however, filled England with genuine interest in Irish history; and Englishmen—that is, the bulk of the people—awoke to the idea that the Irish were not, perhaps, after all a wholly intractable and perverse race, nor wholly accountable for the failings and shortcomings they displayed. In short, the Newspaper and the School had been doing their work east as well as west of St. George's Sea; and side by side with the New Ireland a New England also had arisen!

CHAPTER XI.

LONGFORD.

THE Church was disestablished. England had "broken with Irish Protestantism." In the course of the great campaign we had heard what Irish Protestants in this event would do; and now all eyes were turned upon them. They had made a brave but unavailing fight, and if they now gave way to the language of mortification and resentment, they had, from their own point of view, many reasons for such feelings. Some of the Church Conservative journals were very bitter. The pacification of Ireland, the banishment of disaffection, had been largely relied upon as an object and prophesied as a result of Disestablishment; and now the fondest hope of the exasperated Church party seemed to be that the ministerial arguments and expectations in this respect might be utterly falsified. Every symptom of disorder

or disturbance was hailed with delight. Anything like a revival of Fenianism would have been a god-send. As it was, every ebullition of disaffection or Nationalism that appeared was magnified and made the most of. The Fenians, to their amazement, found themselves referred to as "fine manly fellows," "more honest any day than that caitiff Gladstone." The movement in favour of amnesty to the political prisoners, which sprung up about this time, was the chief consolation forthcoming. "Behold!" cried the *Express* and *Mail*, "you thought to tranquillise Ireland by sacrificing our Church; see how you have failed!" Every denunciation hurled by amnesty speakers at the Government was gleefully reproduced. Every threatening letter posted on a bailiff's door was paraded. In fact, it seemed as if there was not a blackthorn flourished nor a hen-roost robbed in all the land that some Tory paper did not quote the awful fact as one of the "fruits of Disestablishment."

Amidst all this unreason and absurdity of irritation, however, a serious growth of thought was silently working its way in the minds of many Irish Protestants. The recent debates and arguments on the *status* and rights of the Irish Church

had cast men back a good deal on the Union period wherein those rights were laid down under covenant. Necessarily the debates in the Irish Parliament were read up. The speeches of Grattan and Plunket, and Saurin and Curran were constantly referred to. Irish Protestants felt a glow of pride as the reflection came that these men were their co-religionists. While the Church newspapers were noisily railing at Gladstone, and threatening England with an Ireland less satisfied than ever, a serious purpose was forming in the minds of men who contemplated the situation from a higher level than that of a mere party platform. It may be doubted that there ever was a time since 1800 when Irish Protestants as a body believed that Irish affairs could be better understood and cared for in a London legislature than in an Irish parliament. Concern for their rights, privileges, and possessions as a minority in the midst of a dangerous Catholic majority, was the real reason why they supported the Union system. In that system, absorbed into the triple kingdom as a whole, they were a majority; endowed with the strength, the *status*, the rights of a majority. The worst blunders or shortcomings of London legislation were better for them, and more acceptable, than

the hazards to their religion and property involved in an Irish parliament returned and dominated by "the priests." Were they but reasonably assured against separation from the empire, against confiscation of their properties, and against "the yoke of Rome," they would be found almost to a man demanding the restoration of the national legislature in College Green. Ah, if these Irish millions were not so blindly led by their priests in politics, what a movement might now be possible! But no man durst trust himself to a parliament elected by fanatics who would vote black white at the bidding of their clergy!

Such were the thoughts surging through the minds of many Irish Protestants in the autumn of 1869. Suddenly a remarkable event challenged their wonder, and enabled them to realise the fact that they lived no longer in the Ireland of old times.

In December 1869, Mr. Gladstone raised to the peerage Colonel Fulke Greville-Nugent, of Clonyn, county Westmeath, member of Parliament for Longford county. Colonel Greville-Nugent was much respected as a landlord, and as a Liberal in politics had discharged his public duties fairly and honourably. For thirty years Longford was

a seat which, to put it plainly, was in the gift of the Catholic clergy. They had in fierce struggle wrested it from the Conservative landlords in O'Connell's time, and firmly held it ever since. They almost invariably fought along with and for the Liberal landlords; but that they could beat these as well as the Tory magnates they proved in 1862, when they rejected Colonel White (now Lord Annaly), a long-time friend and leading Liberal, because he accepted office under Lord Palmerston. They entertained the warmest regard for Colonel Greville-Nugent—a Protestant, it may be noted; and it is said that before he accepted the coronet he was privately assured in their name that, as a token of their feelings towards him, his seat for the county would be passed to any member of his family he might name. He selected one of his younger sons, Captain Reginald Greville-Nugent, to succeed him. It never once occurred to the new peer nor to the Catholic clergy that this mode of giving away parliamentary seats, though at one time not only possible but customary in Ireland, belonged to an order of things that had silently passed away.

Shortly before one of the most remarkable elections on record had taken place in Tipperary.

In the summer of 1869 the agitation for an amnesty to the Fenian prisoners had, from a very modest beginning, attained to formidable power. Monster meetings, very nearly as vast as those which O'Connell addressed a quarter of a century before, now assembled to hear Mr. Butt plead in earnest tones for the men who had loved Ireland "not wisely but too well." When in the autumn news came that Government had formally refused the appeal for clemency, there was considerable exasperation. A touch of their former violence and intolerance seemed to return to the Fenians; for, making ungrateful requital of the popular sympathy they had received, they invaded and broke up several tenant-right meetings, refusing to allow any such demonstrations, seeing that those for the prisoners had been fruitless! At this juncture a vacancy was created in the representation of Tipperary by the death of Mr. Charles Moore of Mooresfort. There was some perplexity and delay in selecting a popular or Liberal candidate; and at length Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C., was invited, and consented to stand. Almost at the last moment some one suggested that it would be a very effective rejoinder to the refusal of amnesty if one of the prisoners were elected to

the vacant seat! This was just the sort of proceeding calculated to strike the fancy of Tipperary. Although at first the proposition was treated more as a joke than a reality, it was taken up seriously by the "advanced Nationalists" in the county; and O'Donovan Rossa, as the most defiant of "the men in jail," was chosen to be the candidate. The Catholic clergy tried to dissuade the people from what they considered a fruitless and absurd proceeding; but to vote against Rossa seemed like a stroke at amnesty, and the bulk of the electors decided to abstain or else cast a voice for "the prisoner-candidate." Out of twelve thousand on the register only about two thousand came to the poll; but of these a decided majority—1054 to 898—voted for Rossa. Within a few days of the Tipperary Rossa election came the Longford vacancy. There were rumours that in Longford the example of Tipperary would be followed; and as a matter of fact it was for a moment contemplated by the friends of the prisoners to put forward Thomas Clarke Luby as candidate. Men supposed to be especially acquainted with popular feeling in Longford were consulted, and they emphatically declared that while sympathy for amnesty was strong, anything like a Fenian

demonstration would be entirely opposed to the general sentiment. It would be violently resisted by the Catholic clergy, and be regretted or condemned by non-Fenian Nationalists. To a young gentleman of Longford town, Mr. James Behan Murtagh, a member of an extensive and wealthy manufacturing firm in the west of Ireland, this decision, and all the important results that followed upon it, were most largely due. He was widely popular in the county. Whether as a member of the county cricket club, bat in hand, or at a hurling match with the peasantry, or twirling a blackthorn in a "little misunderstanding" at fair or market, he was equally at home. He took strong ground against any course that would inevitably challenge a conflict with the clergy; but was decidedly for unfurling the National flag. Why not, he asked, give up this idea of running a Fenian prisoner, and put forward a National candidate around whom all might rally in the name of Ireland? Why not start John Martin? The esteem in which he was generally held, his pure and unsullied character, his sufferings and sacrifices, marked him out as a man by whose side patriotic Irishmen, priests and laymen, would readily stand. The fact of Mr. Martin's absence in

America at the moment, Mr. Murtagh pointed out, would but make the compliment to him more striking and the political event more significant.

The suggestion was accepted. The idea of proposing a Fenian prisoner was relinquished. The men of Longford undertook to propose Mr. Martin; the extreme party not only acquiescing but promising to work for him as heartily as for a man of their own. The proceedings had reached this stage before I was made aware of them. One morning in the first week of December 1869, I received a hurried despatch from J. B. Murtagh—"John Martin is to be our man. We announce you, as his most trusted friend, to appear on his behalf. Help us all you can. Come down at once." Next post came a letter to say they were about to wait upon the Catholic clergy, whose best wishes they were sanguine of securing. Their astonishment was great on learning that these reverend gentlemen had some idea of putting forward young Mr. Greville-Nugent. The fact that they were virtually pledged to him—had promised him the seat—did not come out for a few days subsequently. Here arose a singular complication, a conflict that was eventually carried to the bitterest extremes. It is very likely that had the

clergy thought any considerable section of the laity desired the return of John Martin, they would have hesitated—some of them would—before they involved themselves in the complimentary bestowal of the seat on Mr. Nugent. It is more than probable that had the National party known at first how far the clergy were really committed to Mr. Nugent, they would have "thought three times" before they raised a contest, incensed as they might feel at such a proceeding. Which side was now to give way? "Oh," said the Nationalists, "on the public announcement of John Martin's candidature the opinion of the country will so unmistakably manifest itself, that the monstrous idea of pitting an unknown youth against him will be abandoned." "Oh," said the priests, "*we* are the depositories of power. The seat is in our hands. The moment we put forward our man, the hopelessness of opposing him will be so patent that the others will retire."

I saw what was likely to arise out of this difficulty, and I made great exertions to compose it. Not that I could be for a moment indifferent between the two candidates; but I hoped that by temperately putting before the clergy the serious issues involved, they would either withdraw

Mr. Nugent, or, in a friendly spirit, let the people poll for John Martin if so minded.* Unfortunately they took a high and haughty tone. For sufficient reasons they had selected Mr. Nugent, and they would put down any attempt to thwart their action. This Martin candidature, they said, was "Fenianism," and they would crush it under foot. The priests of Longford would show their power.

"But even suppose you vote for your man, and support him fairly, you surely do not mean that we who love and revere John Martin, and wish to see this honour conferred on him, are not free to push his candidature?"

"We will let you see that," said the clergy.

Here in the face of the empire was an issue raised the importance of which to Ireland was serious. Here was the critical moment to verify or refute the story that Irish Catholics would blindly vote at the priests' dictation. No one raised any question as to the public and personal merits of the two candidates. The idea of weighing young Mr. Greville-Nugent against John Martin

* This latter course was adopted with the best results by the Catholic clergy of Meath in an almost identical difficulty some time afterwards.

was too absurd, and it was not attempted on either side. The whole case was narrowed to the one point—accepting Mr. Greville-Nugent because the priests had so determined it; rejecting John Martin at the bidding of the Longford clergy.

"Fight, fight!" I cried, when the answer of haughty defiance was reported to me. "It will be a war as cruel as one between father and son, brother and brother; but we must fight to the last gasp. No retreat, no compromise now. These men do not see that surrender on our part would corroborate one of the most fatal imputations against them and against us, namely, that we would 'vote black white' at their bidding. If we yield on this point, what Protestant Irishman can trust us as fellow-citizens? If we poll but a dozen men, we must meet this issue foot to foot. It is not now so much a question of returning John Martin, as of asserting an important public principle."

It was with a good deal of incredulity that Protestants watched the early stages of this Longford business. That it would end in the submission of the National party to the clergy they quite concluded. That the people would persevere; that the Catholic laity would, for an

Ulster Presbyterian candidate, dare to encounter their own clergy on the hustings and in the polling-booth, was something too improbable to be seriously dwelt upon. Had not the Catholic priests for thirty years been virtually the returning officers of Irish Liberal constituencies? The Catholic gentry had no doubt occasionally disputed supremacy with them; but when had the rank and file of the electors themselves ever claimed the right to independent action? Was it not an accepted custom in Irish politics that the priests selected the candidate, and the people voted at their bidding?

One section of the community, beyond all others, fastened on Longford an eager gaze; watched every move of this singular event with breathless anxiety. It was to be for them the solution of a critical problem; the decision of a momentous question. Irish Protestants, whom recent events had so powerfully affected, had been brought as it were to the very threshold of National opinions, looked on amazed and expectant. Could it be that their terror of "priestly dictation" was about to be dispelled? Could it be that on a purely political issue Catholics would claim and assert, even against their own clergy, an independence of action which

Protestants themselves could not exceed? If this were so, an important political combination was near at hand.

It was so. Neither the Irish Protestants nor the Longford Catholic clergy were fully conscious of the change from the Ireland of 1840 to the Ireland of 1870.

The quarrels of long-time friends are often the most bitter of all. This contest between priest and people was fought with a fierceness which surpassed the struggles between Tory landlordism and popular power. The clergy put forth their utmost exertions; and they carried with them the bulk of the rural electors. The Catholic Liberals amongst the gentry of course were with Lord Greville to a man. The local Conservatives, perplexed and half incredulous, were neutral, or else supported the Martin side. Some of them took this latter course to spite the priests and Mr. Gladstone; many did so from sincere and honourable sympathy with the principles of tolerance and civil liberty which in their judgment underlay the conflict.

I had been all my life on the side of the Catholic clergy. On nearly every public issue in Irish politics till now I had fought where they led. I

was "Ultramontane" in the most extreme application of that term. I honoured and admired the spirit in which on the whole the Catholic priests had exercised the political leadership or influence which historical circumstances had placed in their hands. I had resisted, and would ever resist, attempts to exclude them from political action, or to deny their right to be largely deferred to in public affairs. All I hoped from the Longford clergy now was that they would, on the question of John Martin or Reginald Greville-Nugent, grant us the right to differ. My hope was rudely dispelled. I had the pleasure of hearing myself denounced by them as a "Garibaldian," an "Orangeman." Of course to none but the most ignorant of the population could such stories be told; and these, poor fellows, their feelings intensely aroused by the idea of "Dublin Orangemen" coming to "attack" their clergy, burst upon the Martin meetings in savage fury. "Away with the Garibaldian crew who want to murder our clergy! Greville for ever!"

The mobs were not all on one side; nor was all the violence of language and action. The county from end to end was the scene of disorder and conflict. The people, however, seemed to take to

it rather familiarly. Work was suspended. Blackthorns and shillelaghs were in request. Sticking-plaster was extensively worn. It was hazardous to walk street or highway at night, as some patrolling party was sure to be encountered, who sang out "Greville?" or "Martin?" If the wayfarer responded sympathetically, all was well. If not, a scientific touch on the cranium laid him recumbent to study the pending political issues. My brother informed me that he found "committee rooms" were places where piles of "weapons" were kept for defensive and offensive operations. One night he arrived at the village of Ballymahon, to meet the "committee" and go over the registry. The "committee" had all, evidently, been through the surgery. They discussed whisky punch, and told of some "beautiful practice" they had seen on the part of a few "Rathcline boys" a day or two previously. Suddenly there was a quick and heavy tramping on the stairs. The door of the room was burst open, and young John Murtagh rushed in. Deigning no glance or greeting, he tore off his top-coat, exclaiming "Sticks! Sticks!"

In an instant every committee man had sprung to a corner of the room where some "neat timber" stood, seized a blackthorn, and dashed downstairs

rescued prisoners were hurried away across the fields by one or two attendants, the rescuers preventing pursuit. Not until their leaders were completely out of sight did they take thought of their own safety. Then they dispersed in all directions. They were pursued by the policemen and the crowd, which had now swelled considerably. Many of them were captured, and were severely beaten by their infuriate captors. One of them, recognised as the young man who had entered the van to liberate Kelly, and who was afterwards identified as William Philip Allen, was knocked down by a blow of a brick, then kicked and stoned while he lay on the ground. Several of the prisoners when brought into town were streaming with blood, from violence done them in this way during or after capture. That evening Manchester was filled with consternation. The story of the rescue, with many exaggerations, spread like wildfire. The people thronged the streets, discussing the alarming topic. The police, inflamed with passion and wounded in pride, burst in strong bodies upon the Irish quarters of the town, making wholesale arrests in a spirit of fury. The anger and panic of Manchester spread next morning through all broad Britain. The national pride

was wounded, the national safety invaded; the national authority had been bearded, defied, and for the moment defeated, by a handful of rebel Irish in the very heart of an English city. A roar went up from all the land for swift, condign, and ample punishment.

One cannot greatly wonder now at what then took place in England. Panic and passion reigned supreme. Rumours of new plots and attacks still more daring and dangerous filled every city. Garrisons were strengthened; prison guards were doubled; special constables were sworn in. Manchester and the surrounding towns, well known to contain a large Irish population, were especially excited, and the Irish in those places had a hard time of it. In the midst of such a storm of anger, alarm, and passion a Special Commission was issued for the trial of the Rescue prisoners. We in Ireland saw at once that this was doom for those men, innocent or guilty; that a fair, calm, and dispassionate trial at such a moment was out of the question. Heartrending appeals reached us from the families of men absolutely innocent of any knowledge of the outrage, but who had been arrested by the police in the swoop on Irish homes which set in for days subsequently. Hope

Oh! the bould men of Rathcline,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
On that morning they did shine,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
And the boys from Curraghroe,
With Clondra men in a row,
Oh! 'tis they the stones can throw,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

The funds required for the Martin candidature were contributed by public subscriptions, which poured in from all parts of Ireland. It was notable that a great portion came from the Catholic clergy. They deplored the error of their reverend brethren in Longford; they grieved intensely over the conflict we had raised, but quite saw that of two evils acquiescence in that error would be much the greater. As a body they had ever exercised the popular proxy wisely and unselfishly. They would fearlessly brave popular caprice or unreason; but they ambitioned no dominance, they shrank from the idea of wielding the clerical power in opposition to the legitimate freedom of their flocks. And even as regards the priests of Longford, it must be remembered for them that they fought very much on a point of honour towards Lord Greville. They were no bigots. The man for whom they risked and lost so much

in this conflict was "Protestant of the Protestants."

Thursday, the 30th of December 1869, was nomination day, and on the previous evening, accompanied by Mr. Ryan, a Dublin merchant who warmly sympathised in the Longford contest, I set out from Dublin in order to represent Mr. Martin at the proceedings. Telegrams represented Longford town as "safe for Martin," and the secretary of the Amnesty Association in Dublin would insist on sending down along with us a brass band, with gorgeous baton and big drum complete. It was ten o'clock at night when we reached the town, and above the noise of wheel and engine we could hear loud shouting as the train pulled up. On the platform, with faces full of anxiety and alarm, were my brother, Mr. Hanly, conducting solicitor for Mr. Martin, and a few other friends. With them, evidently looking out for me, were some of the railway officials.

"What's up?" I cried.

"Up! The station is surrounded by a Grevillite mob. The town is in their possession. Word was wired to the enemy from Dublin that you and Mr. Ryan were coming. Keep quiet: we must see what course to adopt."

Yells outside the station, and a thundering of sticks on the gate, lent force to the story.

A moment's reflection showed the best course to be a start at once along with the other passenger arrivals for the various hotels. To remain behind was to increase the danger. Mr. Ryan and I jumped into a cab and drove off. A howling mob, sticks in hand, surged around, peered into our faces, but happily, not recognising us, let us pass on. We reached our hotel in safety. Only then did the thought strike me—what of my brother and Mr. Hanly? "They will be murdered if they attempt to leave the station," I cried. "And then there are the unfortunate bandsmen whom Nolan, confound him, would insist on sending down." "Oh, be sure they will be kept there till morning," rejoined Mr. Ryan. "Don't be alarmed."

Soon we heard shouts approaching, and the noise of a drum. After a while the street outside the window presented a strange sight. The mob had discovered the band trying to escape by a back way from the station, had set upon and beaten the musicians, and captured and smashed the instruments. The *disjecta membra* were now being triumphally borne through the town as trophies.

While I was gazing in amazement at the scene, my brother and friends entered the room, streaming with blood from wounds on the head. They had, they said, fortunately escaped very well on the whole. The chase after the poor bandsmen had diverted attention from them, and they had got very nearly to the door before they were recognised.

Next morning the mobs that had bivouacked through the night around large fires in the streets prepared for the great encounter—the fight for the court-house, so as to secure the "show of hands." At one time it seemed as if a pitched battle would be fought outside that building. Stones flew through the air; the crash of windows and the shouts of combatants were heard on all sides. The resident magistrates and county inspector of police behaved with great coolness and temper. Mr. Murtagh, Mr. Hanly, my brother, and myself succeeded in reaching where they stood. I proposed to Mr. Talbot, R.M. (now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police), that if he would see fair play exercised as to the admission of Mr. Martin's friends into the court-house, we would call on the Martin party to cease all conflict and retire from the town. He cheerfully

assented, and we flung ourselves between the combatants. I doubt if I ever had such close escapes of fatal injury in all my life as during those five minutes. We succeeded. A line of military, with fixed bayonets, was drawn around the court-house, and detachments of Grevillites and Martinites admitted in turn. The former, however, succeeded in having the best of it. When I came forward to speak for Mr. Martin, drawing short sticks from under their vests, the Grevillites in the body of the court dashed at the hustings with savage cries. It certainly was oratory under difficulties. Every period in my speech was marked by a crash upon the wooden panelling in front of where I stood, and by the sweep of half a dozen bludgeons reaching much nearer to my head than was at all calculated to increase my composure.

The clergy conquered at the polls. John Martin's candidature was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Greville-Nugent was returned by 1478 votes to 411. The day was lost, yet won. The object we had striven for was virtually attained. Every one realised the importance of the struggle. The event was unique in Irish politics. Many of us Catholic Nationalists

who fought the fight sorrowed to think that the adversaries with whom this conflict had been waged were our own priests, whom we truly loved. But we felt that one of the first conditions of our national existence was at stake. Common action for our common country would be impossible between us and our Protestant fellow-citizens if we had surrendered on the issue raised in this struggle. A calumny on the great body of the Catholic clergy would receive a certain measure of corroboration—a distorted view of their action in politics would be strengthened—if we allowed the error of the Longford priests to prevail unquestioned in the face of Ireland. We looked into the future, and we felt that time would vindicate our motives and prove the wisdom of our policy. Nor had we long to wait for striking results. Irish Protestants, hesitating no further in distrust or doubt, called aloud to the Catholic millions that the time had come for reconciliation and union. With a quickness that was marvellous the acerbities of sectarian antagonisms seemed to vanish. Already from Protestant lips came the shout of "Home Rule!"

CHAPTER XII.

"HOME RULE."

On the evening of Thursday, the 19th of May 1870, a strange assemblage was gathered in the great room of the Bilton Hotel, Dublin. It was a private meeting of some of the leading merchants and professional men of the metropolis, of various political and religious opinions, to exchange views upon the condition of Ireland. Glancing around the room, one might ask if the millennium had arrived. Here were men of the most opposite parties, men who never before met in politics save as irreconcilable foes. The Orangeman and the Ultramontane, the staunch Conservative and the sturdy Liberal, the Nationalist Repealer and the Imperial Unionist, the Fenian sympathiser and the devoted loyalist, sat in free and friendly counsel, discussing a question which any time for fifty years previously would have instantly sundered such men into a

dozen factions arrayed in stormy conflict. It was one of those meetings axiomatically held to be "impossible" in Ireland, as may be understood by a glance over the subjoined list of those who composed it. I indicate in most instances the religious and political opinions of the gentlemen named, and include a few who were added to constitute a "Committee on Resolutions."

The Rt. Hon. Edward Purdon, Lord Mayor, Mansion House, Protestant Conservative.

Sir John Barrington, ex-Lord Mayor, D.L., Great Britain Street, Prot. Cons.

E. H. Kinahan, J.P., ex-High Sheriff, Merrion Square, Tory.

James V. Mackey, J.P., Beresford Place, Orangeman.

James W. Mackey, ex-Lord Mayor, J.P., 40 Westmoreland Street, Catholic Liberal.

Sir William Wilde, Merrion Square, F.R.C.S.I., Prot. Cons.

James Martin, J.P., ex-High Sheriff, North Wall, Cath. Lib.

Cornelius Denehy, T.C., J.P., Mountjoy Square, Cath. Lib.

W. L. Erson, J.P., Great Charles Street, Or.

Rev. Joseph E. Galbraith, F.T.C.D., Trinity College, Prot. Cons.

Isaac Butt, Q.C., Eccles Street, Prot. Nationalist.

R. B. Butt, Eccles Street, Prot. Nat.

R. W. Boyle, Banker, College Green, Tory.

William Campbell, 26 Gardiner's Place, Cath. Lib.

William Daniel, Mary Street, Cath. Lib.

William Deaker, P.L.G., Eden Quay, Prot. Cons.

Alderman Gregg, Sackville Street, Prot. Cons.

Alderman Hamilton, Frederick Street, Cath. Repealer.

W. W. Harris, LL.D., ex-High Sheriff of the county Armagh, Eccles Street, Prot. Cons.

Edward M. Hodson, Capel Street, Prot. Cons.

W. H. Kerr, Capel Street, Prot. Cons.

Major Knox, D.L., Fitzwilliam Square (proprietor of *Irish Times*), Prot. Cons.

Graham Lemon, Town Commissioner of Clontarf, Yew Park, Prot. Cons.

J. F. Lombard, J.P., South Hill, Cath. Repealer.

W. P. J. McDermott, Great Britain Street, Cath. Rep.

Alexander McNeale, 104 Gardiner Street, Prot. Cons.

W. Maher, T.C., P.L.G., Clontarf, Cath. Rep.

Alderman Manning, J.P., Grafton Street, Prot. Cons.

John Martin, Kilbroney, "Forty-eight" Nationalist, Presbyterian.

Dr. Maunsell, Parliament Street (editor of *Evening Mail*), Tory.

George Moyers, Richmond Street, Or.

J. Nolan, Sackville Street (Secretary Fenian Amnesty Association), Cath. Nat.

James O'Connor, Abbey Street (late of *Irish People*), Cath. Fenian.

Anthony O'Neill, T.C., North Strand, Cath. Rep.

Thomas Ryan, Great Brunswick Street, Cath. Nat.

J. H. Sawyer, M.D., Stephen's Green, Prot. Nat.

James Reilly, P.L.G., Pill Lane, Cath. Nat.

Alderman Plunket, James's Street, Cath. Nat. Rep.

The Venerable Archdeacon Goold, D.D., M.B., Prot. Tory.

A. M. Sullivan, Abbey Street, Cath. Nat. Rep.

Peter Talty, Henry Street, Cath. Rep.

William Shaw, M.P., Beaumont, Cork (President of Munster Bank), Prot. Lib.

Captain Edward R. King-Harman, J.P., Creevaghmore, county of Longford, Prot. Cons.

Hon. Lawrence Harman King-Harman, D.L., Newcastle, county of Longford, Prot. Cons.

George Austin, Town Commissioner of Clontarf, Winstonville, Prot. Cons.

Dr. Barry, Rathmines, Cath. Lib.

George Beatty, Henrietta Street, Prot. Cons.

Joseph Begg, Capel Street, Cath. Nat. (Treasurer of Fenian Amnesty Association).

Robert Callow, Alderman, Westland Row.

Edward Carrigan, Bachelor's Walk, Cath. Lib.

Charles Connolly, Rogerson's Quay, Cath. Lib.

D. B. Cronin, Nassau Street, Cath. Fenian.

John Wallis, T.C., Bachelor's Walk, Prot. Cons.

P. Walsh, Merrion Row, Cath. Nat.

John Webster, Monkstown, Prot. Cons.

George F. Shaw, F.T.C.D., Trinity College, Prot. Cons.

P. J. Smyth, Dalkey, Cath. Nat. Repealer.

George E. Stephens, Blackhall Place, Prot. Cons.

Henry H. Stewart, M.D., Eccles Street, Prot. Cons.

L. J. O'Shea, J.P., Margaret Place, Cath. Rep.

Alfred Webb, Abbey Street, Nat., "Friend."

"What can we do for Ireland?" they asked. The Protestant Conservatives spoke up. Some of them were men of large property as country gentlemen; others were amongst the wealthiest and most influential merchants of the metropolis. "It is impossible for us," they said, "to view the events of the past five years without feeling it incumbent on us, as we value the welfare of our country and regard the safety and security of all

we possess, to make some step towards a reconciliation or agreement with the National sentiment. In that sentiment, as we understand it, there is much we can never assent to. Some of the designs associated with it shall ever encounter our resistance. But we have never concealed from ourselves, and indeed have never denied, that in the main the aspiration for national autonomy is one which has sound reason and justice, as well as historical right, behind it. We wish to be frank and clear—we will have no part in disloyal plans; we will have no separation from England. But we feel that the scheme of one parliament for all purposes, imperial and local, has been a failure; that the attempt to force consolidation on the Irish people, to destroy their national individuality, has been simply disastrous. However attractive in theory for imperial statesmen, that project has utterly broken down in fact and reality. It has cost us perpetual insecurity, recurrent insurrection. It may suit English politicians to cling to the experiment still, and pursue it through another fifty years, always 'just going to succeed this time'; but for us Irish Protestants, whose lot is cast in this country, and whose all in the world is within these seas, it is

time to think whether we cannot take into our own hands the solution of this problem. We want peace, we want security, we want loyalty to the throne, we want connection with England; but we will no longer have our domestic affairs committed to a London parliament. The question is whether we can agree upon an arrangement that would harmonise those national aspirations in which we largely participate, with that imperial connection which we desire to retain."

Such was the tenor and substance of a discussion or conversation which extended upwards of an hour. The probability of certain taunts being levelled at them was discoursed upon. "It will be said we are uttering these sentiments now out of spite against England for disestablishing our Church" (which was quite true of *some* of them). "As to that, we freely say two considerations have hitherto ruled us: Firstly, to the covenant with England in reference to our Church we certainly were faithful. Some of us regretted that bargain, and boldly avow, now that England has violated it, that we feel more free as Irishmen, and shall be none the worse as Protestants. Secondly, we did entertain, no doubt, an apprehension as to how Roman Catholics, who are numerically the

bulk of this nation, might exercise their political power under the pressure of ecclesiastical authority. As to the first consideration, the Act of Union is now dissolved; the covenant has been torn up. As to the second, reading the signs of the times, we believe we may fearlessly dismiss the suspicions and apprehensions that have hitherto caused us to mistrust our Roman Catholic countrymen."

Sitting silently observant of this remarkable scene was a man who perhaps more than any other living Irishman held in his hands the political destinies of the country at that moment. Isaac Butt was born at Glenfin, county Donegal, in 1815, being the son of the Protestant rector of that place. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he rapidly rose to distinction. He had barely passed his majority when he was elected to the professorship of political economy in the university of Dublin. He was called to the bar in November 1838, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1844, one of the few Irish advocates who wore "silk" at the age of twenty-nine. From his earliest college days he was a politician, and thirty years ago was the rising hope of the Irish Protestant Conservative party. He was their youthful

champion, selected in 1844 to do battle against O'Connell himself in a great four-day debate on Repeal in the Dublin Corporation. All Tory as young Butt was, he had a thoroughly Irish heart, and an intense love of the principles of liberty. In the debate with O'Connell, it is remarkable to note that he confined himself almost entirely to an argument that the Union experiment had not been fully tried. At the close of the encounter his great antagonist, after paying a high tribute to his genius, prophesied that Isaac Butt would one day be found "in the ranks of the Irish people." Early in 1852 he was invited by the English Conservatives to stand for Harwich, which borough he represented up to the dissolution in the summer of that year, when he was, as we have noted elsewhere, returned for Youghal. At the bar he attained to a high position. He took a leading part in all the great trials, civil and political, from 1844 to the State prosecutions just concluded. He for a time gave himself up almost exclusively to a parliamentary career. In 1864, however, he was called from London to Ireland to conduct one of the most important mercantile causes of the period. At its close, instead of returning to parliamentary pursuits,

he ceased to attend the House of Commons, and devoted himself more closely than ever to professional labours. In 1865 he stood *facile princeps* in the front rank of Irish advocates. The Fenian prisoners, beset by many and serious difficulties as to their defence, turned to him as one whose name alone was a tower of strength. Not in vain did they appeal to his chivalrous generosity, his love of constitutional liberty, his sympathy with those struggling against the severities of power. He flung himself with ardour to their side; and once his feelings were aroused and his sympathies enlisted in their fate, he never gave them up. For the greater part of four years, sacrificing to a considerable extent a splendid practice in more lucrative engagements, he buried himself, so to speak, in the prolonged and desperate effort of their defence. No wonder that in 1868 he had earned their gratitude and won their confidence. Four years of such sad work meanwhile wrought powerfully with his sympathetic nature. In 1869 he accepted the position of President of the Amnesty Association, and soon became the one great figure in Irish popular politics.

Immediately on the fall of the Irish Church he saw what was coming in Ireland. He knew the

feelings—the fears, the hopes, the questionings—that surged in the breasts of his fellow-Protestants. He determined to use the great power which now rested with him in an endeavour to close for ever the era of revolt and bloodshed; to unite in a common work of patriotism Irishmen long divided by class and creed distinctions; and to establish between Ireland and England a union of friendship and justice which might defy the shocks of time.

At this Bilton Hotel conference he listened long to the utterances of his fellow-Protestants; many of them the familiar associates of his college days. He marked their fears about disloyalty; their apprehensions that the Fenians and the Romanists would be content with nothing less than separation. He rose to his feet and spoke with great earnestness. "It is *we*—it is our inaction, our desertion of the people and the country, the abdication of our position and duties, that have cast these men into the eddies and whirlpools of rebellion," he said. "If you are but ready to lead them by constitutional courses to their legitimate national rights, they are ready to follow you. Trust me, we have all grievously wronged the Irish Catholics, priests and laymen. As for the men whom

misgovernment has driven into revolt, I say for them that if they cannot aid you they will not thwart your experiment. Arise! Be bold! Have faith; have confidence, and you will save Ireland; not Ireland alone, but England also!"

He concluded by proposing—

That it is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish parliament with full control over our domestic affairs.

The chairman put the resolution to the meeting. "As many as are of opinion that this resolution do pass say 'Ay.'" A shout of 'Ay' rang through the room. "The contrary will say 'No.'" Not a dissentient voice was heard. Then every one, greatly astonished, burst into a cheer; the first heard that evening, so grave and earnest and almost solemn had been the tone of the deliberations.

This was the birth of the Irish Home Rule movement.

A "Committee on Resolutions," comprising all the participators in the private conference, was charged with the difficult and delicate task of formulating the national demand which they proposed to recommend to the country. They care-

fully disclaimed for themselves any representative character, or any right to speak or act in the name of Ireland. They proposed merely to ascertain what support such a scheme as they meditated might command, with the view of eventually submitting it to some formal assembly competent to speak with the national authority. In due time the committee reported the following as the fundamental resolutions of an organisation to be called "The Home Government Association of Ireland."

I.—This association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a national parliament.

II.—It is hereby declared, as the essential principle of this association, that the objects, and THE ONLY OBJECTS, contemplated by its organisation are:—

To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland;

To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditure;

To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the United Empire with

foreign states, and all matters appertaining to the defence and the stability of the empire at large.

To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

III.—The association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon these general principles.

IV.—The association will endeavour to forward the object it has in view, by using all legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain, by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion, and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.

V.—It is declared to be an essential principle of the association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion, except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the association.

This was not "Repeal," as O'Connell's scheme was loosely and imperfectly called. O'Connell entirely avoided defining his plan of arrangement. By "Repeal" he caused the people to understand the one simple fact that the illegal overthrow of the Irish constitution in 1800 was to be undone. But in 1844 he knew right well that reverting to the state of things previous to 1800 would in many respects be impossible, and in others mis-

chievous. He knew that many international arrangements, compromises, checks, and counterpoises would have to be agreed upon; but he never attempted to outline or define any plan. This vagueness, while on the one hand it saved him from attack on details as well as principles, on the other gave room for Protestant alarm and apprehension. Repeal *plus* all the changes of the past forty years was very nearly separation; and O'Connell would not show his hand as to future details or guarantees.

This new plan of the Home Government Association took the other course. It attempted to suggest or indicate the nature of the arrangements under which the unity of the empire might be secured equally with Irish management of Irish affairs. In this sense it was at once less and more than "Repeal." The pre-Union system had two serious faults; one hazardous to the English connection, the other perilous to Irish liberties. The voting of Irish supplies, not merely for domestic but general and imperial purposes; the voting of men, money, or material for the navy and the army, lay altogether with the Irish parliament. This was a state of things too uncertain and dangerous for British ministers to be really content

with. It was a perpetual inducement, in the interests of imperial unity and safety, to a consolidation of the parliaments. On the other hand, the Irish parliament had no responsible ministry. Its vote was as powerless to remove a cabinet as to stir the Hill of Howth. The result was a standing menace to the freedom of the assembly. The ministry might openly engage (as it often did) in the most violent and corrupt attempts to purchase a majority in the chamber, and yet the chamber itself could by no vote of "want of confidence" remove that ministry from power.

The great feature in the Home Government Association scheme was, on the one hand, it offered to surrender the Irish control over imperial supplies; and on the other, claimed a responsible Irish administration. All that related to imperial concerns was left to the imperial legislature; all that related to domestic Irish affairs was claimed for an Irish parliament.

But what are "local" and what are "imperial" affairs? asked hostile critics, anxious to draw Mr. Butt into a battle on details. That may or may not be a difficult point of arrangement between the countries when they come to adjust such matters, was his reply; such points have been

easily settled elsewhere, and they will not defy the ability of English and Irish statesmen when the time arrives for considering them here.

Conscious of the difficulties surrounding them, the leaders of the new society pushed their way very diffidently and tentatively at first. They were assailed from the opposite poles of politics—by the Imperialist Conservatives and the Catholic Liberals. The Catholic bishops and clergy, full of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for the great work he had just accomplished, could hardly be expected to regard with patience a proceeding which looked so like a mere Tory trick. It was all an Orange plot, they thought, to spite the Liberal Government that had settled the Church question, and was about to settle the Education question. The Tory imperialists, on the other hand, were filled with alarm. This new association was, they declared, a device of the Jesuits to lay hold of Protestants at such a moment and apprentice them to sedition and disloyalty. "You are in the toils of Orangeism," cried the Whig *Evening Post* to the Catholics. "You are the dupes of Cardinal Cullen," cried the Conservative *Daily Express* to the Protestants.

The new movement made steady progress. The mistrust and hostility of the Catholic Liberals,

especially of the Catholic clergy, proved to be its most serious hindrance. The popular sentiment, however, went at once and strongly with the association; and four "bye-elections," which occurred in 1871, gave striking proof of the depth and force of the national feeling. These were the return of Mr. John Martin for Meath, Mr. Mitchell-Henry for Galway, Mr. P. J. Smyth for Westmeath, and, crowning all, Mr. Butt for Limerick. Mr. Martin's opponent was the Hon. Mr. Plunkett, brother of Lord Fingall, a Catholic nobleman warmly esteemed by the whole Catholic community. The Catholic clergy had espoused Mr. Plunkett's candidature before Mr. Martin's had been suggested. On the appearance of the latter they at once announced that they would do their best fairly for the man to whom they were pledged, but would have no quarrel with their people if the latter honestly and freely preferred John Martin. Few persons believed Mr. Martin had any chance of success; least of all did Mr. Plunkett. On the hustings the former gentleman declared he had no ambition to enter Parliament, and would rather Mr. Plunkett went in unopposed, "if only he would declare for Home Rule"; in which case he, Mr. Martin, would retire on the instant. Mr. Plunkett

laughed in a good-natured and kindly way at this offer of a seat which he regarded as already his own. Great, however, was his dismay to find at the close of the booths that the derided Home Ruler polled two votes to his one; and that John Martin was Knight of the Shire for "Royal Meath."

Scarcely less encouraging to the Home Rulers was the election in Galway, considering the man whose adhesion it signalised. Mr. Mitchell-Henry was son of Mr. Alexander Henry, one of the merchant-princes of Manchester, for many years member of Parliament for South Lancashire. Mr. Henry, senior, was an Irishman; the family have occupied an honourable position in Ulster for two centuries. Some of them settled in America; Patrick Henry of the Revolution, and Alexander Henry, the well-known philanthropist of Philadelphia, were relatives of the late member for South Lancashire. Mr. Mitchell-Henry, who was born in 1826, early devoted himself to medical science, and for fifteen years was consulting surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. On the death of his father in 1862 he inherited a considerable fortune, and retired from professional practice. He was greatly struck with the beauty of the scenery at Kylemore, in Galway. He purchased

the entire district, and built there Kylemore Castle; one of the wonders of the west—a fairy palace in the Connemara Highlands. He became not only attached to the place but to the people. Protestant as he was, in the midst of a strongly Celtic and Catholic peasantry, he found that his religious opinions raised no barrier between him and the confidence and affections of this simple and kindly race. Ere long his sympathy with the people, his uprightness, his liberality, were the theme of praise in even the humblest homes from Clifden to Lough Corrib. He was known to be a man of considerable intellectual ability, great independence, and firmness of character. When he issued his address for Galway county in February 1871, as an advocate for domestic legislation, and was returned without a contest, the incident created quite a stir in the world of Irish politics.

In the following June a vacancy occurred in the representation of Westmeath county, and Mr. P. J. Smyth, a leading member of the Home Government Association, offered himself as a candidate. Mr. Smyth was one of the Confederate fugitives in 1848. He escaped to America, as mentioned in a previous chapter, and in that country devoted himself for some time to journa-

lism. In 1854 some ardent friends of the Irish State prisoners—(Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, &c., then undergoing their sentences in Australia)—struck by the successful escape of MacManus, formed a plan and found the requisite funds for effecting the rescue of the others, one by one. Mr. Smyth was selected as the agent to carry out this daring purpose; and the result amply justified the confidence thus placed in his courage and devotion. He proceeded to Australia, where he arranged and personally conducted the escapes of Meagher and Mitchel. He was on his way thither a third time, I believe, to bring off O'Brien, when a pardon reached the latter gentleman. In 1856 Mr. Smyth returned to Ireland and soon after joined the Irish press, later on entering the legal profession as barrister. He was a man of marked ability, a polished orator, and an able writer; and his uncontested return on this occasion for Westmeath, following as it did upon the Meath and Galway elections, gave the new association a notable triumph.

In September came the crowning victory of the year, in the unopposed return for Limerick of Mr. Butt, already the recognised leader of the movement.

As if irritated by these events, Irish Liberalism towards the end of 1871 seemed to pull itself together for a serious resistance to the Home Rule "craze," as it was called. In the opening part of 1872 we found ourselves hard pressed in many places. We could note by many signs that the expectation of a Catholic University scheme at the hands of Mr. Gladstone was having a powerful effect with some of the Catholic bishops and clergy. Important organs of public opinion known to be influenced by leading members of the episcopacy began to draw off from the movement, and to say that the demand for Home Rule was no doubt very right and just, but it was "inopportune." One thing at a time. Until the Catholic Education question had been settled nothing else should be taken in hand. Home Rule ought to be "postponed."

At this the Protestants in the new association started like men on whom suddenly flashes the recollection of gloomy warnings. Was not this what had been prophesied to them? Were the Catholics going to betray the cause?

The answer came from Kerry and Galway counties.

In December 1871, on the death of the Earl

of Kenmare, his son, Viscount Castlerosse, then member of Parliament for Kerry, succeeded to the peerage and estates. The Kenmare family are Catholics. They are resident landlords—a class happily numerous in Kerry—and have long been esteemed as amongst the best of the good by the people around them. For nearly thirty years there had been no contest for the representation of that county. The territorial magnates of the two great political parties, Liberal and Conservative, by a tacit or express compact peaceably divided the representation between them. One of the two county seats went to the Liberal-Conservative, Mr. Herbert of Muckross, and was transmitted from sire to son. The other was the family seat of the Catholic Liberal Earl of Kenmare, long held by the next heir to the coronet. It seemed to be quite clearly understood that a sort of offensive and defensive alliance existed between both parties, to the end that the combined forces of Liberal and Conservative landlordism would resist any attempt of third parties to disturb this arrangement.

When towards the close of 1871 Lord Castlerosse became Earl of Kenmare, his eldest son was quite too young to take the seat he vacated as county

member; and accordingly he selected, as the family representative, his cousin, Mr. James Arthur Dease, a highly respected and influential Catholic gentleman resident in Westmeath. Usually this transfer would be a matter of course; but now it was the turn of Kerry to show that a New Ireland had come into existence. From various parts of the county arose reclamations against this mode of disposing of the representation. It was submitted that the people were not to be ignored in this fashion. The Ireland of to-day was not the Ireland of thirty years ago. Lord Kenmare they greatly respected; but a political trust was not to be treated as a family appanage. They would select a candidate for themselves; and he should be one who in the name of Kerry, the county of O'Connell, would proclaim the unalterable determination of the Irish people to recover their constitutional liberties.

Sooth to say these manifestations in Kerry occasioned at first uneasiness rather than satisfaction among the Home Rule leaders in Dublin; so adverse did they think the chances of any successful movement under existing circumstances in that county; and so damaging would a heavy blow at that critical juncture in all likelihood have

been. The men of Kerry, however, are a sensitive and high-spirited people. Their pride was touched; their patriotism was roused. They selected as their standard-bearer a young Protestant gentleman barely returned from Oxford, and not more than a month or two past his majority—Roland Ponsonby Blennerhassett, of Kells, near Cahirciveen.

A shout of contemptuous derision burst from the Whig-Liberal Catholics all over Ireland. What! Dream of opposing the nominee of Lord Kenmare in Kerry! True to the spirit of the alliance compact, the Tory and Whig landlords of the county assembled, and in a combined body constituted themselves an election committee for Mr. Dease. At their head stood the Catholic Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

Undeterred, nay incited, by all this, the great body of the Catholic clergy, and the people almost to a man, espoused the cause of "Blennerhassett and Home Rule." The Liberal press and politicians all over the kingdom, confident that victory was in their hands, loudly proclaimed that this was to be the great test election between Liberalism and Home Rule, centralisation and nationality; and they invited the empire to watch

the result. By the middle of January 1872 the struggle had assumed national significance and importance. The London *Daily Telegraph* declared we were "on the eve of a very critical test." The *Daily News* said, "The contest is already exciting an amount of interest in Ireland hardly equalled there since O'Connell contested the county of Clare." . . . "On the whole there are in Kerry all the materials of a struggle the result of which every English statesman must regard as important, if not indeed momentous."

On the 20th of January 1872, the Home Rule Council in Dublin was specially convened to consider urgent appeals from Kerry for the personal presence and assistance of some of its members. The council decided that the fate of the whole movement seemed so largely involved in the issue that the entire energies and resources of the organisation must be put forth. A deputation consisting of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, A. M. Sullivan, and John Overington Blunden was named to proceed forthwith to Kerry. It was "death or glory." They were charged to return "bearing their shields, or borne upon them."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KERRY ELECTION.

"WELL, Sullivan, this is a serious pull that is before us," said the Fellow of Trinity gravely as we seated ourselves in the Killarney train, on Friday evening, the 26th of January 1872.

Trinity College has played a great part in the history of Ireland. It was founded as an exclusively and, if I may so express it, aggressively Protestant institution, some three hundred years ago. It was the intellectual citadel of Protestant ascendancy; and many a time and oft have the Irish Catholics heard the hard dicta of intolerance shouted from its portal. Yet to this day there is scarcely a man of generous mind or breadth of view amongst them who is not proud of "Old Trinity"; proud to mark the high place it holds amidst the schools of Europe; but above all, to note the illustrious men it has sent forth, in Arts,

Letters, Science, Politics, to lift the name and fame of Ireland. For at least forty or fifty years it has been not only strongly Conservative but imperialist; yet the spirits of Grattan and Flood and Plunket haunt the old scenes. Ever and anon Trinity contributes to the struggles of Irish nationality some of its ablest and most gifted champions; men who are the links that bind creeds and classes in community of public feeling and action, and prevent Irish politics from becoming a mere war of race and religion. Two such men were my companions on this journey. One of them was especially notable.

The Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, filled from the first hour a foremost place in the new movement of constitutional nationality. His scientific attainments made his name familiar beyond the limits of our realm; and amongst the Protestant Conservatives whom the events of recent years had brought into association with popular politics, there was scarcely one whose adhesion had a greater effect on social and public opinion in Ireland. How much he was esteemed and trusted by his co-religionists was shown by the fact of his being elected year by year to one of the highest honorary positions in connection with the

Church Synod and the "Governing Body" of the Protestant Church in Ireland. He was one of the gentlemen present at the Bilton Hotel Conference on the 19th of May 1870, and although by nature intensely averse to the bustle and turmoil of public life, he faced boldly the labours incidental to a prominent position in the new political organisation. Being requested to proceed along with Mr. Blunden and myself, as representatives of the association in the Kerry campaign, he cheerfully complied, and we now were *en route* for the scene of action.

We slept at Killarney that night, and proceeded next morning to Tralee, where a great open-air demonstration was to be held in favour of the national candidate. We found the county town in a state of passion, denouncing the conduct of the borough member, who had "gone over to the enemy." Alas! it was The O'Donoghue, the popular idol of yesterday, the eloquent advocate of Irish independence! It was as if Hofer had suddenly appeared in Botzen, dressed in Bavarian livery, leading the Munich riflemen. This was a heavy blow; a sore trial; but save in the pain of feeling, the anguish almost, which it occasioned the people, who had so devotedly loved the now

converted leader, it was without effect. Twenty-five years ago such a man would have carried his county or borough with him, as a Highland Chief would carry his clan from the one camp to the other. Now the secession of The O'Donoghue was worth scarcely a dozen votes to the Earl of Kenmare.

Mr. Blennerhassett, accompanied by an immense concourse, with bands and banners, awaited our arrival at the station. It was with much difficulty we could save Mr. Galbraith from being carried off bodily and "chaired" on their shoulders by the enthusiastic Popish Kerry men. It surely was a strange sight, this Kerry election fight of 1872. Here was one of the most Catholic counties in Ireland rallying, priests and people, on the side of this young Protestant, Roland Blennerhassett; opposing a Catholic candidate, the relative of a Catholic nobleman whom they one and all personally esteemed! With nearly everything to deter them, they pressed on. Leagued against them was the entire landlord power of the county, Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, with barely a few exceptions. Their bishop, Dr. Moriarty, and several of their parish priests were violently opposing them. The O'Connell family went also with Lord Kenmare. On the other side there was, however, the great fact

that the majority of the Kerry priests were enthusiastically with the people. The national sentiment all over the kingdom was at their back. Most important of all, the leading organ of popular opinion in the south of Ireland, the *Cork Examiner* of Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., and the *Cork Daily Herald*, scarcely less influential in its circulation, were thoroughly on the popular side. Had it been otherwise as to the local press, had Mr. Maguire helped us less heartily, the Kerry election might not have been won. He was at this time the leading journalist and politician of Munster, and had for years been a prominent figure among the Irish members in the House of Commons. John Francis Maguire was born in Cork city in 1815. He was called to the bar in 1843. Long previously, however, his natural inclinations and tastes led him to literature and journalism. In 1841 he founded the *Cork Examiner*, which in a few years became one of the most important and influential journals in Ireland. He was an especial favourite and intimate friend of Father Mathew, and in the Temperance and Repeal movements from 1841 to 1846 he was an active participator. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Dungarvan, which he had twice pre-

viously unsuccessfully contested; once in 1847 against Richard Lalor Sheil, and once in 1851 against the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby. He remained member for Dungarvan from 1852 to 1866, when he was returned for his native city, the representation of which he held thenceforth until his death in November 1872. His eloquence, his energy, his marked ability brought him early into the front rank of the Irish representation. He took an active part in the Tenant League movement; and on the disruption caused by the Keogh-Sadleir episode, he was found with Lucas and Moore and Duffy vainly endeavouring to repair the ruin that had fallen on the tenants' cause. In 1852 he was elected Mayor of Cork, and was the author and chief promoter of the Industrial Exhibition held that year in the city. In the midst of a busy and toilsome career, Mr. Maguire found time for some contributions to literature. His best-known work, which earned him the marked personal friendship of Pio Nono, was 'Rome and its Rulers,' first published in 1857; 'The Irish in America' and a 'Life of Father Mathew' came next; the latter one of the most interesting pieces of biography written in our day. Although an ardent Liberal, and slow to lend himself to new political ventures—he had

seen the rise and fall of not a few—Mr. Maguire at an early stage of the Home Rule movement gave it a firm and argumentative support. No sooner had the Kerry contest assumed the proportions of a national struggle than he threw himself with all the energy of his nature into a fight which he presciently foretold would be, as the *Daily News* said, "important, if not indeed momentous."

Mr. Galbraith had to return to Dublin in a few days; but even before he left we could form an opinion of the prospects of the fray. "Tell them all in Dublin," I said, "that here I mean to stay to the end. These are a noble people. There is victory ahead."

I did not praise them too highly, nor estimate too hopefully the result before us. I had often seen popular feeling displayed in election contests, but nothing to equal this. What struck me as the strangest part of it all was the popularity of Mr. Blennerhassett, or "Mr. Hassett" as he was called. He must have been personally almost unknown to the bulk of his fellow-countymen. His father—a landed proprietor in the west of Kerry, where the family settled in the reign of Elizabeth—had died while he was a child, and he was but a youth when sent away to Oxford University. Yet the peasantry

spoke of him and to him in the language of homely affection. The "canvass" was a triumphal progress. As we drove along the road the people would quit fields and houses, stand by the wayside waving green boughs and shouting salutations, or else run by the carriage just to press his hand. "Ten votes in this townland for you, Mr. Hassett. Home Rule for ever!" "You needn't trouble about *our* parish, sir. Father Michael—God bless him! —and all of us are with you." As we passed through a little village beyond Killorglin, the few people of the hamlet who had votes rushed around to "give their names"—a proceeding they seemed to think necessary. One peasant woman came forward with tears in her eyes. "I have no vote that I can give you, Mr. Hassett; but I give you my prayers every day that God and the blessed Virgin may be on your side!" The most primitive attempts at festal display met our view in the wild parts of the county. Whenever the news reached that at no matter what hour of the night or day we were to pass the way, signal-men were posted on hill and crag; and often in the dead of night we could hear the shout passing from house to house along mountain and valley—"Home Rule! Home Rule!" At a place between Dingle and Tralee,

miles from a second human habitation, a peasant boy of fourteen, lame and using a crutch, stood by the roadside close by his father's cabin. From early morning—having heard we were to pass either going or returning—he had watched and waited. He had erected what he meant as a "banner." Two tall osier rods were fastened in the ground, and from one on the top, placed laterally, hung a piece of some white linen garment. On this during the previous week he had laboriously drawn with ink or blacking sundry national emblems, and in large letters "Hurra for Blennerhassett and Home Rule." That "Mr. Hassett" would see this, was his sole ambition; but when we pulled up and, gazing at the "banner," praised his artistic skill, he looked as if unable to contain himself with happiness and pride.

For a full fortnight it rained as only in Kerry it can rain. But the people seemed amphibious, and we of the "deputation"* soon acquired the local habit of disregarding tempest and flood. Every night, at Oakville—the residence of Mr. Sandes, a young cousin of "Mr. Hassett"—a huge turf fire

* Mr. Florence MacCarthy, J.P., of Glencurra, Cork county, joined us soon after Mr. Galbraith's return to Dublin.

was lighted, before which our ulsters, dreadnoughts, rugs, and wrappers were hung to dry. Next morning they were in requisition once more, and saturated anew in a few hours.

All seemed going fairly through the county when one evening on reaching Oakville a piece of news to me most disquieting awaited us. Our young host was a lover of the chase, and proud of his hunters. At the County Club the disputes as to horseflesh were mingled with the question of Home Rule or Liberalism, Blennerhassett or Dease. That day a contention had arisen between Mr. Sandes and a leading "Deasite" as to the rival merits of a bay mare belonging to one and a chesnut horse owned by the other. "I'll tell you what it is," said Mr. Sandes; "I'll run you a two-mile steeplechase for a hundred guineas, if you like, and I'll call my horse Home Rule—do you call yours Deasite; each to ride his own horse." No true Kerry man could refuse such a challenge. I don't know at what figure the stakes were eventually fixed, but I do know that all over Kerry men took sides and betted as earnestly on this race as if the fate of the election hung on it—which, indeed, we greatly feared was in some degree the case.

"What have you done!" we exclaimed in vexa-

tion. "Staked on the hazard of a horse-race the result of all our toil! You know what a people the Irish peasantry are—you know how victory or defeat in a matter of this sort will impress them—you know——"

"I know, all so much the better; for I'm going to win this race as sure as my name is Tom Sandes."

And he did win it in right gallant style; took fence and dyke without fall or fault, and rode in triumphantly, leaving "Deasite" nowhere!

This seemed conclusive with the people. Now it was clear we were to head the poll. Had not the "Home Rule" horse won the day?

Still, some of us, accustomed of old to elections, knew that popular feeling did not always mean votes in the booth when landlord pressure was severely exercised; and as the nomination day drew near we found that the most relentless coercion was being used on some of the largest properties in the county. Nightly councils were held in our central committee-room; reports from the various districts were weighed and discussed; baronial lists eagerly scanned and compared. That at the last moment the people would have to succumb to the bailiff's message was a gloomy

thought which hourly pressed more heavily on many a mind. To make matters worse, Mr. Blennerhassett's health broke down under the fatigues of the past four weeks, and we more than feared he would be unable to appear at the hustings. He did so appear only by an effort. The nomination was a great scene. The territorial lords of the county assembled in proud array. Much were they angered and astounded to think they beheld a day when they should be thus opposed and defied on their own ground. Our man made an admirable speech, temperate, firm, eloquent, full of lofty patriotism. One of his supporters, however, struck out severely at some of the landlord party present, and we could see that the attack infuriated the whole body. They left the court-house and quitted the town, each for his own locality, swearing that now indeed should we feel their power. I knew what was at hand; that during the next forty-eight hours it would be "the rush within the ropes" with both parties. The nomination was on Tuesday the 6th of February. Next day, for many reasons, and more particularly on account of Mr. Blennerhassett's absence through illness, I decided to remain at headquarters in Tralee, and take supreme control into my own

hands. Soon came pouring in telegrams addressed to Mr. Blennerhassett in the language of excitement and alarm: "All our forces are overthrown here. The landlord and the bailiffs are out like raging lions." "Desperate work here. Landlords neutral up to this, now personally canvassing against us." I not only opened the first of these messages, but opened every one of them throughout the day. I stuffed them deliberately into my pocket, and breathed not a word about them to Mr. Blennerhassett or anybody else, beyond replying to each of them, "Quite prepared for and expected it. We are doing the same on our side. Take to the field every man of you, and work for your lives day and night till Friday." I well knew how fatal the effect of panic or disheartenment might be at such a moment, and I did not spare the telegraph wires that day in arousing the feelings and exciting the confidence and courage of our friends.

From Galway most opportunely came news that could hardly fail to have a critical effect on our side. In that county a contest little less important, and much more severe in many respects, was being fought by Captain John Philip Nolan, Home Ruler, against Major Le Poer Trench, son of Lord Clancarty, Liberal-Conservative. Very much out

of personal regard for Lord Clancarty—and for Major Trench himself, for whom a kindly feeling was very general in the county—(but still more "to put down Home Rule"), the principal Whig and Tory landlords united in that gallant gentleman's behalf, and a struggle painful and violent beyond precedent resulted. The day following our Kerry nomination the startling and truly welcome news arrived that Captain Nolan had won by the enormous majority of 2578 to 658, or nearly four to one! The effect in Kerry was, as might be supposed, all-important. "Galway is ours! Now, Kerry, show what you can do!" resounded on all sides.

Meantime troops, horse and foot, were being poured into the county. The landlords hired vacant buildings, courts, or yards in which to secure their tenants the night before the poll. In virtue of their power as magistrates they requisitioned detachments of foot and lancers for the purpose of "escorting" those voters to the booths. The streets of Tralee rang with the bugles or echoed to the drums of military arriving by train or departing for Dingle, Listowel, Cahirciveen, Castleisland, &c. All this intensified the prevailing excitement, and on Wednesday night a horseman

arrived from one of the remoter districts bringing news that filled me with concern. The mountaineers had seen "the army" pass, and knew their errand. All over a great part of Iverah and Magonihy preparations were going on that night to destroy the bridges, cut up the roads, and render the return of the escorts to the polling-booths impossible. "Oh! for the love of God," I said, "tell him to ride back with all his speed! Tell every friend we are sure of the poll, and that our only danger now would be *a petition.* I implore of you all not to let a finger be raised that could thus put the victory into our enemies' hands!" Only with the utmost difficulty could I impress this view upon the volunteer couriers; and it was with a mind full of uneasiness and apprehension that the night before the poll I set out for Killarney (our opponents' stronghold), of which district I determined to take charge.

It was tough work all that morning of Friday the 9th of February in the Killarney booths; and as the tallies swelled against us here (but here only, as we fully calculated), the crowds which about noon filled the streets became excited, uneasy, and anxious. I was rushed at whenever seen, and eagerly questioned.

"We're bate here, sir; but how is it beyond?"

"All right, boys. We are doing here what I came to see done. We'll hear from Listowel at one o'clock."

Then, drawing on hope, the crowd would raise a cheer, which made the circuit of the town.

Some of the scenes in the booths were truly "racy of the soil." In many cases the voter, assuming an air of dense stupidity, pretended to forget the name of Mr. Dease, or else gave the name of the landlord or agent. In this event, of course, the vote was lost, which was exactly what the sharpwitted rustic wanted.

"What is your name?"

"My name, is it, sur?"

"Yes, sir, your name."

"Och, then, begor, av' its me name, I'll never deny it."

A pause.

"Come, sir, go down if you will not proceed."

Here the agent's eye is caught menacingly fixed on him.

"Arrah, shure, every one knows me name. What need you ax me?"

"What is it, sir? last time."

"What is it? Dan Mahony, thanks be to God."

"Daniel Mahony, for whom do you vote?"

"For who do I wote, is it?"

A long, a very long pause.

"Come, sir, I'll take the next man."

Dan looks at the agent as if to say, "Blame me not. I'm doing my best." Then with an effort:—

"I wote for what's-his-name, you know, that me landlord wants me to wote for."

"That won't do, sir, and I can't waste any more time with you. Clerk, take the next man."

Here Mr. Dease's attorney makes an effort to whisper "Dease," but is collared by young Mr. Wright, who is in charge on our side. "No prompting, sir. I protest." Dan Mahony scratches his head in well-feigned perplexity, and as if for life or death, shouts—

"I wote for *Daly!*"

A shriek from the attorneys. A groan from the agent. Dan is hustled out of the booth, exclaiming as he goes, "I woted for me landlord's man!" He turns round the street corner and meets some neighbours on the look-out for him. "All right, boys. Hassett and Home Rule for ever! Hurroo!"

I heard several such electors vote for "Lord Kenmare," one or two for "Mr. Gallwey, and

there he is there this blessed minnit, thanks be to God!" Mr. Gallwey being agent to the Kenmare estates, and a good and kindly one too. Indeed, throughout the whole election I never met a tenant on the Kenmare or Herbert properties who did not speak in the highest terms of landlord and agent in each case.

I was standing at a polling-place under a shed in the butter-market when old Sir James O'Connell of Lake View (brother of the Liberator), a most extraordinary and eccentric octogenarian, entered, leading or bringing on each side of him a countryman, whom he held by the coat-flap. Marching up to a police officer he said:—

"I want a few of your men to go over there for some of my tenants."

"Do you mean, Sir James, that they are in danger of assault?"

"I mean that the crowd would assist them to run away."

"Oh, Sir James, we can't do anything like that; but if there is danger of assault or interference——"

"Well, then, will you mind these for me while I go myself?"

The officer shook his head. "We'll not let any

one harm them, Sir James; that's all we can do."

The old gentleman paused, looked at the two "free and independent" voters, whom he still affectionately held fast, and eventually said, "I'll poll them first, to make sure." He put up one.

"For whom do you vote?"

"For Sir James O'Connell!"

"Oh you bla'guard! Oh you stupid ass! Oh you infernal——but, halloa!—policeman! Hey! —I say—where is that other man I had by my side this minute? Police! Police!"

The assembled throng shrieked with laughter. The other voter had flitted, and as a matter of fact they told me he came up half an hour later and polled for Blennerhassett!

About half-past one o'clock I left the booths and proceeded to the telegraph office. The people in the streets easily guessed my errand, and made way, crushing closely after me, however, and surrounding the post office in a great mass. Three telegrams soon reached me: one from Cahirciveen —"A hundred majority here"; one from Tralee —"Two hundred majority here, and Kenmare all right"; one from Listowel—"Seven hundred majority here." I felt as if I could spring over

Mangerton. I rushed to the door with the open telegrams in my hands, but before I could speak a word, quick as lightning-flash the people read it all in my face. They burst forth into the most frantic demonstrations of joy. They shouted, they cheered, they flung their hats in the air; they rushed in a body to the court-house, where polling by this time was virtually over. As the noise was heard swelling up the street every one within knew what it meant, and gave up for the day all further exertion. Soon the word went round—the Home Ruler was in by over seven hundred.

I left Killarney in the full tide of rejoicing, and took the train to Tralee. The scene at the latter town was still more exciting. The majorities everywhere were even greater at the close than had been telegraphed to me. On the hills around we could see the signal-fires that spread the news from the Shannon to Dunkerron. Next day and night as our friends in charge at the outlying stations came in, they brought the most astonishing stories of adventure and episode. The scale was turned in our favour at Tralee by two incidents: first, the defection to us of "the Spa voters"; secondly, the dispersion of "the Dingle contingent," chiefly a body of Lord Ventry's men. The Spa

was a parish or district some miles outside Tralee, the tenantry of which had all been "secured" by the land agent, and were quite despaired of by us. The night before the poll the bailiffs had warned every man of them to be at the cross-roads in the morning at ten o'clock sharp to meet "the master," and march to Tralee for the poll. At ten o'clock "the master" rode down to the appointed spot, like Marshal Ney going to head his battalions. He found no tenantry awaiting him. "I am a little too soon," he reflected, and he rode his horse up and down the road for ten or fifteen minutes. Half an hour passed, and he became uneasy. A few peasants had been lounging about in the neighbourhood, watching "his honour" with comical expression on their faces. One of them now came up.

"May be it's for the tinants your honour is waiting?"

"Yes, my good man; yes, the lazy rascals. Do you see any of them coming yet?"

"Coming, your honour? Faith, 'tis at eight o'clock this morning they all left this with Father Eugene O'Sullivan at their head, and they're in Tralee an hour ago."

Dashing spurs into his horse he went at full

gallop into town, and arrived just in time to see the last of the Spa men, over a hundred in number, polling for Blennerhassett.

From Dingle, distant some twenty miles, a great avalanche was to have overwhelmed us. The story of "the Dingle contingent" was told me in great delight. Mr. De Moleyns, it seems, had gathered as many conveyances as would transport a small army corps, and quite a formidable body of cavalry had proceeded to Dingle to escort the cavalcade. When it started for Tralee it was fully quarter of a mile in length; Mr. De Moleyns riding proudly at its head. After it had gone some miles he turned back to make some inquiry at the rear of the procession. Great was his dismay to behold the last five or six cars empty. "Where are the voters who were on these cars?" he stormily shouted at the drivers.

"The wothers, Captain? Some of them slipped down there to walk a bit of the road, and faix we're thinking that they're not coming at all."

"Halt! halt!" he cried; and, full of rage, galloped to the head of the cavalcade. He called on the officer in command of the cavalry to halt for a while, and detail a portion of his men for duty in the rear; when, lo! he now noticed that half a

dozen cars at *the front* had, in his brief absence, totally lost their occupants. According to my informants, Mr. De Moleyns, losing all temper, more forcibly than politely accused the officer of want of vigilance and neglect of duty; whereupon the latter sharply replied:—

"What, sir! do you think I and my men have come here to be your bailiffs? I am here to protect these men, if they want protection; not to treat them as prisoners. And now, sir, I give you notice I will halt my men no more. Ready, men! Forward! March!"

By this time fully a third of the voters had escaped. There was nothing for it but to push on. At the village of Castlegregory, however, the severest ordeal awaited them. Here they found the entire population of the place, men, women, and children, occupying the road; the old parish priest standing in the middle of the highway, his grey hair floating in the wind. The villagers, chiefly the women, well knowing how the voters felt, poured out to them adjurations and appeals. The priest, in a few brief sentences, reached every heart. "Ah, sons of Kerry," said he, "where is your pride and manhood, to be dragged like prisoners or carted like cattle in this way? And for

what? That you may give the lie to your own conscience, and give a stab to your country, poor Ireland!" With one wild shout the voters sprang from the cars and disappeared in the body of the crowd. The grand "Dingle cavalcade" was a wreck, and Mr. De Moleyns, sad at heart, rode into Tralee at the head of an immense array of empty cars.

For genuine fun and ingenuity perhaps the palm must be awarded to Cahirciveen. From Valencia Island, close by, a considerable body of electors were to be brought across the sound by their landlord, the Knight of Kerry, to poll at that town. A small ferry steamer supplied communication from shore to shore. Oddly enough, by some strange "accident," on her last trip to the island the evening previous to the poll she managed to run upon a rock, and was utterly disabled. The knight and his trusty men (the latter, however, knowing something that he did not) came down to the shore in the morning, and wasted some precious time shouting "Steamer ahoy!" It was all as fruitless as the wailing of Lord Ullin to the boat in the ballad, that would not come back "across the stormy water."

This was the last "open vote" electoral contest

in Ireland. Such scenes as I have described will be witnessed no more. Five months subsequently —13th of July 1872—the Ballot Act received the royal assent. That act gave a death-blow to electoral intimidation, from whatever quarter directed, and delivered the reality of political power at the polls, for the first time, into the hands of the people themselves.

The Kerry election decided the fortunes of the new movement. It was the end of controversy. To this day it is called in Ireland "The Clare Election of Home Rule."

CHAPTER XIV.

BALLYCOHEY.

"MR. WILLIAM SCULLY, accompanied by a force of police and other armed attendants, again attempted to serve the ejectment notices on his Ballycohey tenantry to-day. A lamentable tragedy ensued. The tenants barricaded and loopholed one of the houses, from which they poured a deadly fire on the attacking party. The police returned the fire, and fought their way into the house, which they found evacuated. Three of the police party are killed; Mr. Scully is wounded in seven places—it is thought mortally. Four policemen are more or less seriously wounded. None of the tenantry were seen. None of them seem to have suffered. No arrests. Indescribable excitement throughout the whole district."

Such was the alarming message telegraphed all over the kingdom from Tipperary on the evening

of Friday the 14th of August 1868. When the full particulars of the astonishing story came to hand the excitement of the district spread through Ireland. Even in England it was the sensation of the day.

Ballycohey is a townland in Tipperary county, about two miles west of the Limerick Junction station, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, and distant less than three miles from the town of Tipperary. In the summer of 1868 it was held by a considerable number of tenants, whose forefathers had occupied the place for a hundred years. They were an industrious, peaceable, and kindly people; punctually paid their rent, which was not a low one; and seem to have got on quite smoothly with their successive landlords until Mr. William Scully, a few years before this event, became the purchaser of Ballycohey. It had, nearly a century ago, been a leasehold possession of the Scullys — one of the oldest Catholic families of social position in Tipperary — but had passed from them in 1847. Its history during this period is supplied in the following letter from Mr. Carbery Scully, of Derry Park (a relative of Mr. William Scully), whose testimony, incidentally given, as to the character of the

people, was fully corroborated by the other landlords of the neighbourhood:—

About the year 1782, when first Catholic gentlemen could get leases of property, my grandfather, James Scully of Kilfeacle, took the lands of Shronehill and Ballycohey from Lady Caroline Damer at a lease of three lives, viz., his eldest son then living, Roger, his third son, James, and my father, whose name was Edmund, being the names in the lease. Those lands were settled on my father on his marriage in 1806. He kept them in his own possession until about the year 1821, when he commenced letting them to tenants, and I see by the leases now in my possession that amongst the number a lease was made 3rd February 1823 to William Dwyer and his brother-in-law, John Tooley, at a rent of £3 5*s.* an acre for their lives, or twenty-one years. The other tenants' names at Ballycohey were Ryans, Greens, Quinns, Heffernans, Foleys, Hanlys, Tooleys, and some few others. They were the most honest, quiet, and industrious people I ever met; all paid high rents, and most punctually, and if I was to select the two most honest, not only amongst them, but the two worthiest men I ever met, they were Dwyer and Tooley (John), his brother-in-law. In the year 1839, at my father's decease, the property (Ballycohey) came to me, and I continued the same tenants and renewed some leases of those which expired. When James Scully of Tipperary (the last life in the lease) died in January 1847, the property went out of my possession into that of the landlord's, Lord Portarlington, whose agent was the late John Sadleir, and he continued the same tenants at the reduced rent I gave it at, when the potatoes failed in the winter of 1845. Some time after, when Lord Portarlington sold the property, Mr. Errington purchased Shronehill, and Mr. Grey, agent to that best of landlords (Lord Derby), purchased Ballycohey, and I believe continued the same tenants at the reduced rent.

Thus stood the matter until the property was purchased a few years ago by Mr. William Scully. As it was my father first brought those tenants or their fathers on those lands, and I continued them there, I feel bound to bear testimony to their honesty and industry when I knew them.

It was with something like dismay the Ballycohey tenantry heard Mr. Grey had sold the land to William Scully. This latter gentleman was already unpleasantly known to fame as a landlord He was a man of large wealth, and had extensive estates, not only in Ireland, but in America.*

* Mr. W. Scully (brother of Mr. Vincent Scully, formerly M.P. for Cork county, and cousin of Mr. Frank Scully, formerly M.P. for Tipperary) owns 25,000 acres of the choicest land in Illinois, the "Garden State" of America. This estate is situated in Taswell county, and comprises the greater portion of the celebrated Delavan Prairie, the richest loam in the United States. A friend who visited the place recently, and from whom I derive these facts, says: "About the termination of the Mexican war Mr. Scully was prospecting for land in America. Illinois had but just been formed into a State and taken into the Union. Each soldier was entitled to a land claim of 160 acres. Soldiers, as a rule, care little for land. Mr. Scully went amongst them as the army was about being disbanded, and purchased for a mere trifle 160 claims of 160 acres each. Singular to say, many Tipperary people are resident upon this tract as tenants; the rent averaging about 5 dollars, or £1, per acre. A Tipperary man named Cooney, one of the tenants, offered a few years ago 100 dollars per acre to Mr. Scully for the fee-simple of the farm which he held under him. It was refused. The average price of good cleared

Yet his career and character up to this more than justified the apprehensions of the Ballycohey farmers. In 1849 he was tried at Clonmel assizes for the shooting of two fine young men, named Bergin, sons of a tenant whom he was evicting at Ballinclough; but he was acquitted on this charge. A like good fortune did not await him at the Kilkenny summer assizes of 1865, when he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for beating and wounding the wife of one of his tenants, named Tehan, while attempting to break into Tehan's house in the dead of night, to serve some notice or make a seizure. His ideas of a landlord's rights were strict, and his mode of enforcing them strong; *too* strong the judge thought, and so sent him to Kilkenny county jail for a year's hard labour. In truth he became the terror of the unfortunate tenantry who owned his sway. He was a Catholic, and the parish priest remonstrated forcibly, from time to time, against his course of

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land in the same State is from 20 to 30 dollars per acre. In the session of the State Legislature of 1876 a bill was introduced by the Hon. P. W. Dunne, one of the members for Peoria county, to impose an extraordinary tax upon the estate of Mr. Scully, on the ground of his being an alien and an absentee. The measure was not carried through, but is not abandoned."

conduct. Mr. Scully retaliated by putting his children into the waggonette one Sunday morning, and driving with them to the Protestant church. When this news reached the congregation at the Catholic chapel after mass, they took off their hats and gave "three cheers"; delighted that "Billy," as he was called, was no longer one of themselves. The Ballycohey men noted early that he was trying to "get a holt on them," as they expressed it; but as they fairly paid their rent, and as it was a pretty high one, it was not clear what he would do. They soon found out. He valued money much—he was avaricious; but he valued despotic power even more. He framed a form of lease for the Ballycohey tenantry, refusal of which was to be the signal for their eviction. This was a most astonishing document. The tenants were always to have a half-year's rent paid in advance; to pay the rent quarterly; to surrender on twenty-one days' notice at the end of any quarter; to forego all claims to their own crops that might be in the soil; and they were to pay all rates and taxes whatsoever. Whoever refused to accept these terms must quit.

Any one who knew the people of Tipperary could tell what this was sure to bring about. The

magistrates and the police officers warned Mr. Scully. He cared not. He applied for and received a guard of police on his house and person, and went about heavily armed himself, besides being so attended. Early in June 1868 he noticed the tenants to bring him the May rent to Dobbyn's Hotel in Tipperary on a particular day. He sat at the table with a loaded revolver on each hand, and a policeman with rifle and sabre close by. Only four tenants came in person. The rest sent the rent by messengers, which greatly angered him, for he wanted the opportunity of obtaining their signatures to the famous "lease," or else handing them there and then a "notice to quit." This was exactly what the absentees suspected, and so they sent the money by their wives or sons. The four who came were asked to sign. They refused, and ran away. He swore at them; and they defiantly replied, consigning him in loudly expressed wishes to another and not a better world. It was now open war. Mr. Scully took out ejectment processes. These require to be either personally served or else left at the tenant's house, some member of the family or servant being at the moment within. The constabulary inspector had information that any attempt of Mr. Scully to

appear on the lands delivering these missives of vengeance would be resisted to bloodshed. But nothing could move him from his purpose. On Tuesday the 11th of August, he set forth at the head of a police escort and his own bailiffs to serve the ejectments. The party was seen approaching, and a signal halloo was passed along the fields. Immediately the houses were abandoned, and at the same time the police could see men running from far and near to swell the angry crowd that was gathering. Owing to the abandonment of the houses only a few notices could be served; and by this time the surrounding crowd, groaning, yelling, cursing, and threatening, had become so excited that the officer in command of the police called on Mr. Scully to desist forthwith, and let them safely retreat to the town ere it was too late. Reluctantly he consented. The crowd followed, and by the time they reached Tipperary they had to fight their way to the hotel. Under all these circumstances most other men would have paused. Mr. Scully determined to push on. Early on the following Friday he was once more at the head of his force, and making a dash to surprise Ballycohey. His approach was quickly signalled as before, and a scene similar to that of Tuesday

ensued, the people being rather more violent. The police had much difficulty in guarding Mr. Scully and young Gorman, his land-bailiff, who were the especial objects of hostility. At length things became so critical that the officer once again pointed out the madness of persevering, and said he would not be accountable for the consequences. Mr. Scully said it was hard to be baffled by the villains a second time, but eventually assented. They decided to make for the railway station, as the nearest shelter. Some of the police with fixed sword-bayonets went in front, others marched at the rear to keep back the crowd. While thus with some difficulty pushing their way to safety, they passed within a short distance of a house owned by one of the defiant tenants named John Dwyer.* The "temptation" was too great for Mr. Scully. "We will try this one," he said, and turned into the little *boreen* or walled avenue leading to the house. The guards followed, some halting at the entrance to the avenue to repress the throng at bayonet point. The hall door of the house was entered from a farmyard quadrangle, formed by out-offices. Mr. Scully, Gorman, a

* The man of whom Mr. Carbery Scully speaks so favourably in his letter quoted at p. 352.

bailiff named Maher, and Sub-Constable Morrow, dashed to the hall door, opened it, and entered. At that instant from within the house and without the crash of pistol and musket-shot was heard in a regular volley. Morrow fell outside the door, shot from a loophole in one of the flanking buildings. Gorman fell just inside the threshold, riddled with bullets fired from a loft within, which commanded the entrance. Mr. Scully and Maher, both wounded, the former with two bullets lodged in his neck and badly hurt from several others, rushed from the house and sheltered behind the pier of the yard gateway. Here halting, Mr. Scully, with his double-barrelled breech-loader and a revolver, commenced a brisk fire at the windows and loopholes, the police also pouring in a sharp rifle fire. At length Mr. Scully called out, "Who will enter the house with me?" "*I* will," said Head-Constable Cleary, and the whole force rushed in. "They are in that loft," said Mr. Scully, and at the words a shot from the spot indicated struck Sub-Constable Colleton. The step-ladder to the loft had been taken up, and it was only with difficulty Cleary could mount to the place. When he succeeded—lo! it was empty. He found a breastwork made with feather beds, and behind it

a revolver and some cartridges. Further search revealed a hole at the edge of the roof recently made, through which the firing party had retreated to the garden at the rear. The police next proceeded to the outhouses, from which by this time the firing had ceased. Here also they found fire-arms and ammunition; one blunderbuss having burst quite close to the stock. But as each house or barn had a rear exit, through which retreat had been secured, no one was captured. Not even a trace by which suspicion might be assisted, or identification secured, could they find throughout the premises!

They now turned their attention to the wounded. Morrow was quite dead. Gorman was alive but senseless. He never spoke again, poor fellow. All the rest could walk, though bleeding severely. Mr. Scully, I have reason to believe, wore a suit of chain mail under his clothes—a precaution which saved his life.* He was made a target. When they found he did not fall though hit by a dozen

* Two countrymen were heard discoursing on this circumstance at the Cahir railway station a day or two subsequently. "Arrah! how could the villain be killed when he wore *a helmet on his stomach!*" was the exclamation which closed the discussion.

bullets in the body, they poured their fire at his head, six shots taking effect. A friend of mine, who visited the spot immediately after, marked seven bullet-holes in the door within a diameter of six inches, just where Mr. Scully stood.

"Let us hold a council of war," said Mr. Scully. "What shall we do? Let us at once make our way to the station."

"What!" said the head constable, "abandon these wounded men? No. I shall stay here till help comes. You have your own guard. Go, if you will."

According to the constable's evidence at the inquest Mr. Scully thought this most absurd, and said, "What good can you do to a dead or dying man? Come and protect *me*." But the officer, grieved, disgusted, and angered, as well he might have been, by the whole dreadful business, would have no more to do with Mr. Scully; would not abandon his dead comrade and the dying Gorman.

The fate of the latter was singularly sad. A friend, resident close by the place, writing to me, says, "Gorman, poor fellow, knew that morning that he was facing death, but he would not desert 'the master' for reasons that did him all credit." The facts were these: Gorman was the son of a

widow holding a small farm on one of Mr. Scully's properties. Mr. Scully, finding him an unusually smart and intelligent lad, sent him to a veterinary college in Scotland, had him there professionally educated, and then made him steward and estate-bailiff. It was a perilous and an odious post, and the young man did not like it. "What can I do?" said he. "I hate it. I hate this dreadful work the master is doing; but for me to leave him and get another situation on the strength of the education he gave me at his sole expense, would surely be mean; and, besides, 'tis merciless he would be to my poor mother if I acted so." The week before this Ballycohey affair he received several friendly warnings, telling him not to rush on certain destruction. What follows I give in the words of my friend:—

"The evening preceding the battle of Ballycohey Darby Gorman visited the village of Golden, which is little more than a mile from Scully's residence at Ballenaclogh. The country round Golden is one of the most picturesque and fertile in Tipperary. Here, it is said, the poet Moore wrote one or two of the most beautiful of his immortal melodies, while on a visit to his sister, who was married to one of the Scully family. Gorman, on the even-

ing alluded to, met a young companion named O'Donnell. They talked over Scully's first visit to Ballycohey, and the letters of warning which Gorman had received in the interval. His companion advised him not to go to Ballycohey again, as he certainly would be shot. Gorman replied, 'I know I shall, but what can I do?' 'Go to Cahir,' said his friend, 'and enlist in the cavalry. You are well educated, and being a veterinary surgeon you are sure to advance.' 'If I turn my back upon Scully,' replied Gorman, 'what will become of my poor mother and my little brothers and sisters? I know he is a tyrant and won't spare them; yet he educated me, and I don't like to desert him.' 'Believe me,' said O'Donnell, 'I know Scully well; and if you lose your life in his service, he will forget it to your family.' They parted, each to his home. Gorman, on his return, was told by his mother that the master called, inquiring for him; that she told him he had gone to the village. She said Mr. Scully desired her to tell him to be up early the next morning, as they had to go from home a distance. 'Mother,' said the son, 'I know where he is going to, and I don't like to go.' 'Well, Darby,' replied the mother, 'go to bed, in the name of God, and I'll call you

up early in the morning.' The young man retired to his room. He had a presentiment it would be his last night on earth, and he had already prepared himself for death by having received the sacraments of his Church. He spent a restless night, and was up and dressed at an early hour. His mother had his breakfast in readiness. He, poor fellow, had small desire for it. He bade his mother good-bye, but concealed from her the dreadful apprehension that oppressed him. After leaving the house he suddenly returned to it, and entering his room hastily wrote on a slip of paper, which was subsequently found on his dressing-table, 'I shall never return to this house alive.' A few hours afterwards the tragic prophecy was realised, and one of the finest, most intelligent, and impulsively generous young men in Tipperary was borne back to his widowed mother a stark and bloody corpse, the victim of a despot's ruthless will."

The Ballycohey tragedy passed the Irish Land Act of 1870; that is to say, argument and sentimental conclusion having gone before, this was the incident which supplied that decisive impulse to public opinion which leads to action. Mr. Scully's despotism came at a critical moment to illustrate

and exemplify the state of things under which the agricultural population of Ireland long had groaned. Every voice was raised against him. His brother landlords and magistrates, in meeting assembled, passed a resolution reprobating his conduct. The coroner's jury, inquiring into the deaths of the murdered men, added to their verdict the following:—

The jury are further of opinion that the conduct of Mr. William Scully as regards his proceedings towards his tenantry at Ballycohey is much to be deprecated; and the sooner legislative enactments be passed to put a stop to any such proceedings, the better for the peace and welfare of the country.

But Mr. Scully had a triumphant answer for them all. He was within the law. He was but enforcing legally what the law decreed! There was no gainsaying this; so even from London journals there came the important rejoinder: "Such laws must be changed." Said the *Saturday Review*: "Landlords are not a divine institution any more than the Irish Church. They exist for Ireland, not Ireland for them; and where the genius and circumstances of a country are so widely different from ours, its laws and institutions without any want of reason might well differ too."

The Irish Land question was stated in these two sentences of the *Saturday Review*. They covered the whole case. Such utterances conveyed not even "a choleric word" now, coming from a leading London politician, whereas they were "flat blasphemy"—"communism," as Dr. Cooke would say—fifteen years before, when spoken by members of the Irish Tenant League.

But a new and better England had arisen since then; and now, from the Tyne to the Thames, men cried out, "These things must no longer be." It was announced that, as the Irish Church Bill was the work of 1869, the Irish Land Bill would be the task for 1870.

That the promised measure might be a real and efficacious settlement of this long-standing grievance—might sweep away once and for ever the cause and source of so much bloodshed and crime, so much suffering and wrong, was the dominant anxiety of every thoughtful mind in Ireland throughout the winter of 1869. When the boon appeared it sadly disappointed the national hopes and expectations. It was a half-measure, and, like all half-measures dealing with gigantic issues, did not receive even half-justice in popular estimation, but was wholly condemned and sweepingly de-

nounced. Yet was it a great and wondrous stride in British legislation for Ireland ; not so much in the letter of its clauses as in the spirit of the whole enactment, and in the principles which it admitted.

The two great evils which constituted the Land grievance in Ireland (where the "Ulster right" did not prevail) were confiscation of tenant property, and capricious eviction. A tenant, by expenditure of his capital or his labour, quadrupled the value of his land—made it worth two pounds an acre instead of ten shillings. The landlord confiscated or appropriated that tenant's property either by raising the rent (slowly or suddenly) to two pounds an acre, or by forthwith evicting the tenant and letting the land to some one ready to pay forty shillings for it. Usually the tenant, rather than be evicted, agreed to each rise of the rent on his own outlay. That was, in brief, the "confiscation" grievance. The eviction or tenure grievance was this: that even where the tenant punctually paid his rent, even where the highest rent demanded was given, even where the tenant was industrious and improving, even where the farm had for hundreds of years been the possession and home of the tenant's family, the landlord could, of mere caprice, giving no reason at all,

evict that tenant and do what he liked with the land. This was the case at Ballycohey. Persistently and irrepressibly, therefore, the Irish tenantry have ever demanded that the law shall put an end alike to "confiscation" and to "capricious eviction"; shall prevent the landlord from levying a rent on value created by the tenantry, and shall forbid him from evicting, unless for statutable cause. That is the Irish Land question from the tenant's point of view.

The landlords say—It is quite true some of our class raise their rents unjustly and extortionately, so as to reap a gain from the tenants' outlay; and it is true some of them evict for mere caprice or for political vengeance; but if you prevent us from raising or lowering our rents as to us may seem fit, you interfere with the freedom of contract; and if you forbid eviction, unless for statutable cause, you interfere with the rights of property, and make us mere "rent-chargers."

There is much in all this; but no one ever heard that the landlords of Ulster found their *status* lowered, their rights destroyed, or their property deteriorated by that "Ulster custom" which substantially did all that was now demanded. On the contrary, landlord property in Ulster is most secure

and valuable; and the province blooms like a garden.

The Gladstone Act of 1870 secures undoubted compensation to agricultural tenants for improvements effected in and on the soil, and admits to a certain extent a property right of occupancy on the part of the tenant. The first-mentioned portion of the act substantially met the Irish demands. On the second—the question of tenure—it made a bold, and doubtless what its author wished to be a successful, attempt to stop, or rather to deter from, unjust and capricious evictions. This it aimed to accomplish by a limited scale of fines upon the evicting landlord, to be paid as compensation to the evicted tenant. The latter part of the act has been a woful failure. The limited fines have been mere cobweb bonds to restrain landlords from carrying out capricious evictions where so disposed. The act, however, has opened a new era in Ireland. Evictions of the old character and extent will henceforth hardly be attempted. Isolated instances of agrarian outrage may occasionally appear, but the dreadful storms of tenant vengeance and crime that used to prevail of old will no more appal the land.

Not every tragedy in the history of the Irish

Land code has had sequel so romantically pleasing and happy as that of Ballycohey. Mr. Scully recovered from his wounds, and, merciless as ever, rendered desperate by what had occurred, prepared to exterminate man, woman, and child of "the murderers." The kingdom looked on heart-wrung and appalled; for there was no law to hold his hand. The doomed people sullenly and hopelessly, yet defiantly, awaited the blow. Heaven sent them succour, rescue, safety. Mr. Charles Moore, of Mooresfort, then member for Tipperary, appealed to Mr. Scully not to convulse the county anew—besought him to spare the people. "Say what price you put on this Ballycohey property. *I will pay it to you*, and let there be an end to this dreadful episode!"

Even so was it done. Mr. Scully told how many thousands he would take; Mr. Moore paid the money down; and Ballycohey to-day is the happiest spot in all the land; the home of peace, security, contentment, prosperity. That deed of rescue deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. The people of Tipperary will never forget it. Mr. Moore died soon after; but when, in the general election of 1874, the burghers of Clonmel decided to replace the much-respected gentleman who had hitherto

represented them as a Liberal—Mr. Bagwell—by a man more thoroughly reflecting the national sentiment, they selected young Arthur Moore of Mooresfort; much because he was a Home Ruler, more because he was his father's son. He is named on the Roll of Parliament as representative of Clonmel; but he sits as the member for Ballycohey.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DISESTABLISHED CHURCH.

In 1870 the Episcopalian Protestants of Ireland were called upon to face a state of things well calculated to test their devotion, their courage, their ability. Their Church as a State institution had been swept away; and they had to address themselves to the serious work of building up a new system. All eyes were strained to watch their movements. How would Disestablishment affect the Irish Episcopal Protestant Church? What would be the result of that measure financially? How would it affect the structure or ecclesiastical organisation of the Church? Would it lead to doctrinal change or modification? Would it prove injurious or serviceable to Irish Protestantism? These were questions on every lip; eager and anxious speculations on all sides.

The interval since 1870 has shown the Irish Protestants engaged in this great labour, involved

betimes in menacing difficulties; yet it is fair to say that they have exhibited dignity, resolution, self-reliance, and a reconstructive ability beyond praise. Many persons imagined the Catholics would wish them evil, and would break forth into ebullitions of exultation, or expressions of derision, when in the Church Synod stormy scenes now and again marked the debates on "Revision." Nothing of the kind occurred. The Catholics of Ireland, on the whole, rather rejoiced to see how well a body of Irish gentlemen could legislate on Irish affairs; and I believe it to be the fact that, as a sort of Irish Protestant-Church Parliament, the Synod was popular with most Catholic Irishmen.

A great English moral philosopher — Bishop Butler—has observed that "it is one of the peculiar weaknesses of human nature, when upon a comparison of two things one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to consider this other as of scarce any importance at all." It seems to be only another view of this weakness to say that near and present objects have a tendency to obscure objects that are distant and remote. Ireland, in the course of the last three centuries, has experienced several disestablishments and disendowments; but the legislation of 1869 so engrosses the eyes of

our mind that we fail to realise the previous processes, although some of them were every whit as sudden, as thorough, and as revolutionary as the one carried out in our own day. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Charles II., all in some sense, as well as Mr. Gladstone, disestablished and disendowed the State creeds which they found existing; and they all, except Mr. Gladstone, set up or restored their own creed in place of that which they destroyed. Mr. Gladstone differs from all the preceding in this, that he disestablished the Church to which he belonged; and a comparison of his legislation with that of Henry VIII. suggests the further curious anomaly that when England was Catholic she disestablished the Catholic Church in Ireland, and when she was Protestant she disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland.

Henry's confiscation of Catholic Church property, which was in fact continued and carried out by Edward and Elizabeth (having been for a little resisted by Mary), was sweeping and unsparing. It is impossible to calculate the money value of the spoliation, the number of livings seized, or the number of clergy dispossessed by the Tudors or by Cromwell; but we do know enough of the condition

in which the clergy were placed by both of them to compare these proceedings with Mr. Gladstone's measure. We know from Sir James Ware that Henry VIII. dissolved over five hundred and twenty abbeys and monasteries, and that Edward and Elizabeth handed over, or intended to hand over, all the Catholic benefices to Protestant pastors —*i.e.*, all the benefices that escaped lay pillage and appropriation—but how many those benefices were, we know not. We know, too, that Cromwell, while he gave up the churches to be ransacked for their roofs and furniture, reserved the Church lands and tithes for the Parliament, and that he disposed of them to "non-adventurers," on short leases, while he turned the clergy adrift. Under his rule in Ireland, Protestant religious ministrations through the country, so far as they were supplied at all, were probably in the main supplied by the existing Church incumbents who consented to use the Directory instead of the Prayer Book, and who, on the Protector's death, flocked in a body to the standard of the Restoration.

We have abundant information from the highest sources as to the condition of ecclesiastical affairs from Henry VIII.'s act to Cromwell's time. We have in Protestant historians, such as Collier, Cox,

and Leland; in the letters of lords lieutenant, governors, archbishops, and judges; in the State papers published by the English and Irish Public Record offices—an unbroken stream of testimony complaining and showing that the condition of religion was scandalous, and the condition of the clergy deplorable. Spenser the poet, who wrote his 'View of the State of Ireland' about 1594, relates these things. The volumes of State papers of James I., edited with a preface in 1874 by the Rev. Dr. Russell and Mr. John P. Prendergast, give harrowing statements by Archbishop Loftus and Bishop Jones, by Judge Saxey and Sir John Davys, Attorney-General. They tell us "the Churchmen were for the most part ciphers, and could not read"; that they were "serving-men and horseboys, and had two or three benefices apiece"; that "gentlemen, women, and Jesuits had the benefits of the benefices"; that "the churches were in ruins, and that there was no divine service, no christenings, no sacrament, no congregations, and no more demonstration of religion than amongst Tartars"; that there were "not three sufficient bishops in all the kingdom"; and that "the country was swarming with Catholic priests who were maintained by noblemen."

The Irish Convocation itself certified to Charles I. (1629) that "In the whole Christian world the rural clergy have not been reduced to such extreme contempt and beggary as in this your Highness' kingdom by means of the frequent appropriations; whereby the subject has been left wholly destitute of all possible means to learn piety to God or loyalty to their prince." Such was the condition in which the first disestablishment left the Protestant religion and its clergy.

This state of affairs continued in all its features down to 1647. In that year Lord Lieutenant Ormond surrendered Dublin to Colonel Michael Jones and the parliamentary forces, and was publicly thanked by the Protestants for not surrendering them to their "natural enemies the Irish people." The metropolis was then crowded with ministers who had flocked in from all parts of the country to escape the ravages of the four or five armies that were marauding the land. The unfortunate men with their families, deprived of all means of subsistence, were literally fed by the weekly allowance of bread granted them by Ormond; and they soon had occasion to perceive how much reason there was for gratitude to Colonel Jones and the Puritans. They petitioned

for leave to continue to use the Prayer Book instead of the Directory, and were refused as "ill and unworthy preaching ministers"; they petitioned for bread, and were told that "if they wanted State pay they should do the State some service and enlist."* The degradation of the Episcopalians was now complete. The churches were given up to the soldiery for wreck and ruin; and it is impossible to conceive that there can have been any ministrations of religion anywhere outside the cities and garrison towns. This state of religious havoc came to an end with the fall of the Commonwealth; and the Restoration in 1660 replaced Church matters as they in effect continued down to the Whig Church Temporalities Act in 1833. Cromwell's reservation of the tithes and Church lands, and his short leases, facilitated the restitution of the endowment, which was abundantly supplemented by the Act of Settlement out of the forfeited lands of the Catholics; and the State Church was once again made wealthy and lordly.

Passing over the intermediate period from the

* Rev. Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast's 'Report on the Carte Manuscripts,' pp. 104, 105, in 32nd Report of Irish Public Record Office, 1871.

Restoration to Lord Grey's Whig ministry, we come to the statistics of the first Irish Church Temporalities Act in 1833. Lord Althorp, the Home Secretary, then informed Parliament that the Irish benefices were at that time 1401, 4 archbishops and 18 bishops, 22 dioceses; the net income of the prelates £130,000 a year, the total Church revenue £732,000 a year; and that there were 57 churches in which no service had been performed for three years. The act, besides abolishing the parish cess, suppressed 2 archbishoprics, 8 bishoprics, the unused churches, and handed over the amount of income, about £113,000 a year, to the then appointed Ecclesiastical Commission for the supply of Church requisites throughout the country. In 1867 the late Lord Derby, who, as Irish Secretary, helped to carry the act of 1833, issued a commission to report on the temporalities of the Irish Church, and that commission reported 2 archbishops, 10 bishops, 32 deans, 33 archdeacons, 1509 incumbents and 500 curates, 1518 benefices; the net income of the prelates £58,031, and the total income of the Church £613,984 a year.

So matters stood with the Episcopal Protestant Church of Ireland in 1868. When in the following

year Mr. Gladstone's great act became law, the Church was found to contain 2059 annuitants, mainly clergy, together with a few laymen connected with the cathedrals as vicars-choral. To these annuities to the amount of £590,892 were payable. The Church had also possession of various sums, the amount not easy to determine, arising out of private endowments, together with the glebes, episcopal palaces, and churches. By the act of Disestablishment she was deprived of all except the churches. In lieu of the private endowments a sum of £500,000 was granted; while glebes and bishops' houses were made purchasable on certain easy terms prescribed by the act. In dealing with the annuitants, the simple principle was adopted of paying every man his due as long as he lived. In order to avoid the long and tedious process which should otherwise have to be undertaken by the Treasury, certain terms of *commutation* were offered; viz., the payment of a capital sum for each annuitant's case—depending on his age, the Government offices' rate of mortality and value of money $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., to which was finally added 12 per cent. on the capital sums thus estimated in consideration of supposed better average life of clergy, and of

the expenses of management. On receipt of these sums, the clergy consenting to the extent of three-fourths of their number in each diocese, the Representative Body, chartered by the Crown, was to undertake the payment of the annuities. After consideration, the bishops and clergy—with the exception of about a hundred of their number—accepted these terms; in consequence of which the Representative Body has received in the shape of advances from the Treasury through the Irish Church Temporalities Commission, sums for commutation of annuities amounting to £7,563,144. The number of annuitants was 2059; annuities payable, £590,892; commutation capital, £7,563,144; interest of money, 3½ per cent.; year's purchase, 12·8; average age, 56.

It will be seen that a return of 8 per cent. on the commutation capital would pay the annuities. It was anticipated that by judicious investment 4 per cent. could be earned. The principle enforced by those who led the movement which ended in inducing the clergy to commute for their incomes, and take the Representative Body as their paymaster instead of the Treasury, may be thus stated: "If you consent to commute, and if we can induce the laity to subscribe an annual sum equal to the

other 4 per cent., we shall be able to save the capital, to pay your annuities, and prevent the entire burden of supporting religion from falling on our descendants." To the laity they addressed the same language, saying in addition: "Under the act you are entitled to the life services of your clergy without paying them a penny. If you adopt a selfish policy, and say" (as some did), "'We will enjoy this benefit; and let those that come after take care of themselves,' a burden will be thrown on Irish Protestants which will be difficult to bear; for the day must come when the last penny will have to be sold out to pay the last man of the annuitants." These arguments prevailed, and, as will be seen, the Irish Protestant laity have done their duty manfully by their Church.*

When the act was framed it was foreseen that there would be a considerable reduction in the number of the clergy, and accordingly all the annuitants were enabled to enter into terms with the Representative Body by which their services might be dispensed with, and in consideration a certain portion of the capital sum corresponding to their annuities would go to the Representative

* The great defaulters were the absentee Protestant land proprietors.

Body for Church purposes. Under this authority a Table of Compositions was framed, on the principle that an annuitant of 35 years of age should get one-third, one of 65 and upwards two-thirds, of his commutation capital; the sum increasing by one-ninetieth for each year of age between these limits; and going down by a ninetieth for ages below 35. Under this table a considerable number of the annuitants compounded; as may be judged from the fact that between compounders and deaths during the seven years from 1870 to 1877 the number of annuitants has been reduced to 1052. By the operation of composition there was of course a large reduction in the commutation capital, a corresponding reduction in annuities payable, and a large Composition Balance acquired for Church purposes, amounting at present to about £1,300,000.

At first it was intended to administer the whole finance of the Church from one centre in Dublin; but on better reflection a kind of "Home Rule" or "Federal plan" has been adopted. Each diocese manages its own affairs, subject to certain general principles, under the control of the Representative Body, which meets once a month in Dublin. This body consists of 48 elected and 12 coöpted members. Election and coöption take place every

year; but members once elected or coöpted hold their places for three years. All money collected under these schemes is sent up to headquarters, and paid out again as stipends (under warrants drawn on the Bank of Ireland) to the proper parties, as directed by the several diocesan councils. During the last seven years the laity have contributed in this way £1,610,703, of which £37,500 was received from England. In addition to this must be counted all the sums expended in each locality by the select vestries of each parish for care of churches. Estimating this at the moderate sum of £80 each for 1243 parishes, the present number, this would represent a further contribution of £596,640; so that in all the laity have contributed within the last seven years £2,207,343—a fact which deserves to be widely known to the credit of the Protestants of Ireland. The operation of these "Diocesan Schemes" consists mainly in forming a "Stipend Fund" for future purposes. Several "unions" of parishes have been effected for economy, but very few if any have been suppressed.

Many and wide were the speculations as to how Disestablishment would affect the doctrine and rubrics of the Irish Protestant Church. Although

legislatively united in 1800, and declared to be "one and indivisible," the English and Irish Churches were never, since 1640, identical in the nature and spirit of their Protestantism. The former was on the whole Lutheran or High Church; the latter was on the whole Calvinist or Low Church. In England the Restoration almost effaced the characteristics of Puritan Protestantism. In Ireland that event made little change, and Irish Protestantism visibly retains to this day the imprint it received at the Cromwellian period. Legislative regulation created a uniformity between the two bodies sure to be modified on such an opportunity as that presented by Disestablishment. For the last four or five years the Church Synod in Dublin has been engaged in the critical and serious purpose of revision. To any one who could regard with levity the labours of earnest and conscientious men engaged in such a work, the debates, often angry and stormy, sometimes truly comical in their episodes, would afford great scope for sarcasm. An extreme party seemed plainly bent on "revising" the Book of Common Prayer into a blank, and reforming the Reformation in the most sweeping manner. The episcopal office and clerical character seemed to them

remaining relics of antique Romanism. The supernatural in sacramental subjects they appeared to regard as merely superstitious. Several times did a secession seem inevitable. More than once did Dr. Trench in mournful tone point out the logical tendency of some of the changes proposed. Nevertheless it may be said that the middle party has carried its way, and moderated everything. The three principal questions discussed have been (1) the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed; (2) the baptismal service—("seeing that this child is now regenerate"); and (3) the Ordinal—the words "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God." The last two were left untouched after much discussion. As to the first, it was in one year's Synod carried that the damnatory clauses should be altogether omitted, as forming no part of the articles of belief. Ultimately the Creed was left untouched in its place, but the mandatory rubric requiring it to be read thirteen times in the year in the public service was removed.

The Episcopal Protestant Church of Ireland has lost nothing, and has gained much, especially in its freedom of action, by Disestablishment. Yet what a revolution, what a change from the Old Ireland

to the New does this one event alone bring to our view! There is no conviction deeper or stronger in the English mind to-day than was the conviction forty years ago—nay, twenty years ago—that England would spend her last shilling and fire her last gun in maintaining the State connection and ascendancy of the Protestant Church in Ireland. What overthrow of the empire was not such a frightful event as Disestablishment supposed to involve! It has come to pass, and, lo!—the empire stands!

CHAPTER XVI.

IRELAND AT WESTMINSTER.

THE Kerry election fulfilled in its effects the anticipations of English and Irish public opinion. It was accepted on all hands as a decisive event. Every one realised that it marked an important turning-point in Irish politics, that an entirely new era was at hand.

The time had now come for the Home Government Association—which had always declared itself to be merely the precursor of a really authoritative national body—to summon the country as it were into council, and let Ireland discuss and formulate the national programme. Hitherto the members of that organisation were only a party, pushing their propaganda so far no doubt with overwhelming success. But there were other parties in the country. There were the old Repeal party, the Liberal party, the Land party, the

Catholic Education party—the latter supposed to include most of the bishops; and above all there was the Fenian party, broken, disrupted, and weakened, but not destroyed. None of them had the mandate of the country authorising it to lead the way.

In the autumn of 1873 the Council of the Home Government Association decided to co-operate in calling a great National Conference to consider the question of Home Rule. There was hesitation and debate for some time as to whether it should be convened by an "open" requisition—that is, one expressing no opinion on the subject or scheme to be considered—or by one which would in itself be a National Declaration. I was amongst those who favoured the former view; but Mr. Butt, who was on the other side, prevailed. He argued with much force that no matter what pains might be taken to render the Conference an influential and representative assembly, the English press might still say its utterance was only the decision of some three or four hundred individuals; whereas a National Requisition, signed by ten thousand persons of position and influence, affirming the Home Rule scheme, would in itself be a great authority. In October 1873, accordingly, a requi-

sition was circulated through the post to members of corporations, town commissioners, and other popularly elected representatives, magistrates, clergymen, members of Parliament, &c., in the following terms:—

We, the undersigned, feel bound to declare our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom, that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country; and that it is desirable that Irishmen should unite to obtain that restoration upon the following principles.

The principles of the Home Government Association, as given in a previous chapter, were then set forth, and the Requisition concluded in these words:—

We hereby invite a Conference to be held at such time and place as may be found generally most convenient, of all those favourable to the above principles, to consider the best and most expedient means of carrying them into practical effect.

The desire being to obtain not so much a long list of unknown names as the signatures of representative persons, or men in whatsoever position known to command either social or popular influence, the document was not left at public places, or indiscriminately circulated. Nevertheless, in a few weeks it received the signatures not of

merely ten thousand such persons, as was hoped for, but twenty-five thousand. Every class and creed, every profession, every representative body, was represented in that vast array. As Mr. Butt anticipated, it was very generally felt that such a Declaration was in itself a national authorisation.

On Tuesday the 18th of November 1873, and on the three next succeeding days, the Conference assembled in the great circular hall of the Rotunda —a place of meeting selected not merely because of its size, but for its historic associations. There it was that the celebrated Convention of the Irish Volunteers, under the Earl of Charlemont, held their deliberations in 1783. For nearly a century that hall had been the scene of the most striking and important political displays. There was not an orator or patriot whose name survives in the history of the past century whose voice had not echoed within those walls. Nearly nine hundred delegates or members, gathered from every county in the kingdom, attended on this occasion; and the galleries thrown open to the public, capable of accommodating six hundred persons, were crowded throughout the four days' session with ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had come long distances in order to be present.

With one voice the presidency of this important assembly was conferred on Mr. William Shaw, M.P., a Protestant gentleman of high character, a banker and leading merchant in Cork city. There was much curiosity as to what the tone and temper of the proceedings would be. Some of the leading Liberal organs in London told their readers all about it two days before the chair was taken. There would be "a Donnybrook row in the first hour of the sitting." The Conference certainly was not what is called "a Quaker's meeting"; there was free and active discussion; every point under consideration was canvassed closely. But the British Parliament in its best days was never more orderly, with a really important national subject under debate, from first to last. Throughout the four days no division was challenged on any resolution but one, and against that a solitary voice was raised. With scarcely an alteration, the principles and programme of the Home Government Association were affirmed by national authority, and that organisation thereupon being dissolved, a new one, "The Irish Home Rule League," was established to take charge of the national movement. By the early part of December this body was organised. The Christ-

mas holidays were now close at hand; it was necessary to postpone for a few weeks the commencement of active operations, but it was decided to open the new year with a vigorous registry campaign all over the kingdom. By the middle of January 1874, a series of reports on the condition of the several constituencies were forthcoming. From these it was clear that by attention to the registries in the ensuing summer and autumn, seventy-two Home Rule members out of one hundred and three Irish representatives might certainly be returned at the next general election. That the session about to open in February would be the last of the existing Parliament, that there would be a dissolution in the autumn, was accepted as a certainty. The only fear which now troubled the League was that the elections might be taken in the early summer, before the next revision of the parliamentary voters' lists. In this case the opportunity would be half lost; not more than thirty seats, it was thought, could be carried. A stunning surprise was about to burst upon us all!

On Saturday morning, the 24th of February 1874, the announcement was flashed throughout the kingdom that Mr. Gladstone had "dissolved"!

Not a whisper of such a determination on his part had been heard even the previous day. It was only after midnight that a favoured few learned the astonishing fact by telegraph. The *coup* was so sudden that it staggered every one, friend and foe. To us of the Home Rule League it brought something like dismay. Here we were, caught at utter disadvantage; no registries completed, no constituencies organised, no candidates selected. Yet never did men encounter so sudden and serious an emergency more resolutely than the council of the League faced this trial. They "stripped to the work," and may be said to have sat *en permanence* from two o'clock on Sunday the 25th of January till Saturday the 14th of February. They issued an "Address to the People of Ireland," telling them that under the circumstances of this surprise every constituency must only fight its own battle, and let a grand enthusiasm compensate for want of preparation. It was a furious combat. One formidable difficulty soon embarrassed the Home Rulers—a want of suitable candidates. The League Council had set out with refusing to supply or "recommend" any, preferring to let each locality select for itself. This idea, however, had to be abandoned. From north,

south, east, and west came the importunate appeal, "Send us a candidate." "Candidates! candidates!" was the cry. "Here is our county going adrift for want of a candidate!" "Is our borough to be lost in this way for want of a candidate? Send us *any one* who is a Home Ruler!" Anything like choice as to ability had to be given up as hopeless; the only qualification required being honesty of adherence to Home Rule. Nothing could better exemplify the temper of the Irish constituencies—the inexorable determination to grasp a candidate of some sort, or any sort, who would declare for Home Rule—than what occurred in Waterford county. That constituency was overwhelmingly Home Rule, yet in the utter want of candidates there was nothing for it but to allow the late members, Lord Charles Beresford, Conservative, and Sir John Esmonde, Liberal, to be re-elected unopposed. The people were indignant. An unknown London "carpet-bagger," whose name has escaped my memory, ran across one day from Paddington and issued bright green placards announcing himself effusively as a candidate in favour of Home Rule. He was hailed with rapture. The League denounced his candidature, and issued an address beseeching the electors not to be fooled

by so offensive and barefaced a trick. Neither Lord Charles Beresford nor Sir John Esmonde was a Home Ruler, but they both were honourable men in public life. There was a friendly regard for Lord Charles as brother of the Marquis of Waterford. Sir John Esmonde was by marriage the representative of Henry Grattan's family, which counted for much with Irishmen. To reject either of these gentlemen for a Man in the Moon "Home Ruler" from London Bridge would have been monstrous. Every exertion was accordingly used by the League leaders to expose the transaction. However, the clever Cockney polled several hundred votes as a "Home Ruler."

It was a serious reflection how far men returned in such haste and at such haphazard as this would be found to supply the elements requisite for the formation of a really influential and effective parliamentary party. How many of them would be half-hearted men, Liberals who hoisted Home Rule to secure re-election? How many of them would be extreme men, who would tire of a Fabian policy and soon cry out that moderation and constitutionalism had failed? How many of them would exhibit a fatal complaisance lest they might be thought "extreme"? How many would

lack the intelligence or the manly courage to adopt a moderate course, lest it might be thought "unpopular"? Would a party so returned exhibit unity, cohesion, strength; or would they prove to be "a heap of uncemented sand"? These were pressing anxieties in many a breast throughout that time.

At length the desperate struggle was over; the last return was made, and men, drawing breath, looked around to see how the day had gone. A great shout went up from Ireland. "Victory! Victory!" was the cry from end to end of the land. For the first time, under the shield of the ballot, a national representation freely elected by the people had been returned; and for the first time since the overthrow of the Irish Parliament in 1800 a clear and strong majority of the national representation were arrayed in solemn league and covenant to restore it. None were more astonished than the Home Rule leaders at the extent of their success. Under the disadvantages of "the Gladstone surprise," they had hoped to return between thirty and forty men. They had carried about sixty seats.* In the previous Parliament there

* They suffered but two defeats. In Monaghan county Mr. John Madden of Hilton Park, Conservative Home Ruler,

sat for Irish constituencies fifty-five Liberals, thirty-eight Conservatives, and ten Home Rulers. The new elections returned twelve Liberals, thirty-one Conservatives, and sixty Home Rulers. Ulster sent two Home Rulers and five Liberals for seats previously held by Conservatives. The two Ulster Home Rulers were returned by Cavan county. The prosperous capital of northern Protestantism, Belfast, furnished one of these gentlemen, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, late chairman of the Belfast Water Commissioners. The other, Mr. Charles Joseph Fay, belonged to an old and influential Catholic family in the county. The successful Liberals in the same province were Mr. Sharman Crawford, returned for the county Down—son of that Mr. William Sharman Crawford, M.P., referred to in a previous chapter as the veteran leader of the Protestant Tenant Right party; Mr. Taylor for Coleraine; Mr. Dickson, who came in for historic Dungannon—both of these gentlemen being large

failed to obtain election; and in Tralee borough The O'Donoghue, as an anti-Home Rule Liberal, defeated Mr. Daly, Mayor of Cork, the Home Rule candidate, by three votes. I believe the majority of votes actually given was against The O'Donoghue; but through informality in marking some of the ballot papers he was "counted in" by three votes.

manufacturers in the north; Mr. Hugh Law, Q.C., and Mr. Richard Smyth for Derry county. Mr. Law held an eminent position at the bar, and was Solicitor-General for Ireland. Mr. Smyth was a Presbyterian clergyman, had been Moderator of the General Assembly a few years previously, and was just then Professor of Oriental Languages in the Presbyterian College of Derry. Of the Irish Home Rulers, eleven were Protestants, and forty-eight Catholics; of the Liberals, nine were Protestants, three Catholics; all the Conservatives were Protestants. It may be doubted that any constituency in Ireland made greater sacrifice in demonstration of its Home Rule convictions than the town of Drogheda. Its representation was sought by Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, a Protestant Liberal gentleman. He was a leading merchant in Manchester, but was connected with Drogheda by family, by birth, and by the ties of numerous benefits conferred on the town as an employer and a citizen. Mr. Whitworth would be strongly in favour of Home Rule if he were sure it did not involve separation. He feared it did, and so he would not declare for the one question now supreme in the popular estimation. The disappointment, the regret, of the Drogheda people was something

astonishing. There was not a man in the universe they would rather elect "if he would but say the one word." Had Mr. Whitworth been like too many politicians, he might easily have managed the difficulty by a slippery or ambiguous phrase; but he was too honest for that. The constituency on their part were too regardful of duty and principle to give way. A deputation went up to the League for "a candidate," and roundly swore they would not leave Dublin without one. With some difficulty they found a gentleman who consented to stand, and they placed him at the head of the poll.

I think I may say the next most striking exemplification of the intensity of the popular feeling was displayed in my own election by the county of Louth, for which I was returned by a majority of two to one over the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, now Lord Carlingford. Mr. Fortescue was one of the leaders and chiefs of the Liberal party. He was a man of recognised ability, and filled a prominent place not only in Irish but imperial politics. He was a Cabinet minister in the Gladstone administration at the time of this contest; and as Chief Secretary for Ireland, virtually governed the country. For no less than twenty-

seven years consecutively he had represented Louth. He was brother of Lord Clermont, one of the most extensive landowners, one of the best and the kindliest, in the county. Personally no man had a higher position or stronger claims. But he had passed the severest Coercion Bill ever imposed upon Ireland, and was of course opposed to Home Rule. The Louth contest was naturally considered one of the most important in the whole campaign. Its result, the defeat of such a man as Mr. Fortescue, created a profound sensation.

While Home Rule was placed first and beyond all public measures or subjects, there were three others which went to make up what may be called the national platform at this election: Amendment of the Gladstone Land Act; Denominational Education; and an Amnesty for the Political Prisoners. These three questions commanded the individual support of the Home Rule members in nearly every case.

It was singular to note how largely Irish Protestantism had, on this occasion, as so often before, furnished leaders to the national movement. The Home Rule chief, *par excellence*, was Isaac Butt, and beside him there were John Martin, Mitchell-Henry, William Shaw, and Sir John Gray; all

Protestants. Equally remarkable was the fact that the most Catholic, or, as it would be said, "Ultramontane," constituencies elected Protestant Home Rulers. Those who believe that Irish Catholics import religious exclusiveness into politics, or doubt that Protestant lord and Catholic peasant might mingle in community of feeling as Irishmen, should see Lord Francis Conyngham in the midst of the "frieze coats" of Clare, the object of loyal confidence, hearty affection, and personal devotion.

The dissolution of 1874 was a disastrous *coup* for the great leader of English Liberalism. It resulted in the overthrow of his party. The new Parliament opened with a Conservative ministry not only in office but in power. Mr. Disraeli found himself at the head of three hundred and sixty devoted followers; while not more than about two hundred and forty stood beneath the banner of the late Premier. As to the remaining sixty, a state of things previously unknown was about to present itself. Immediately on the conclusion of the elections, the Irish Home Rule members assembled in the council-chamber of the City Hall, Dublin, and after deliberation earnest and prolonged adopted resolutions constituting themselves "a separate and distinct party in the House of Commons." In

truth it was upon this understanding, expressed or implied, they were one and all returned. They forthwith proceeded to make the requisite arrangements to such an end. Nine of their body were elected to act as an executive council. Secretaries and "whips" were duly appointed. Motions and measures were agreed upon for introduction. Thus constituted, marshalled, and organised, the Irish Home Rulers took their seats in the imperial Parliament.

Serious and difficult was the work those men had entered on. It had been no light and easy task to bring the Irish millions anew to give their confidence to constitutional endeavours. The resorts of physical force they did not indeed believe in, else the Fenian enterprise had been more formidable; but not a great deal more brightly had they at first regarded the prospects of parliamentary action. Behind that Home Rule party at Westminster stood those millions, hoping, doubting, fearing; eagerly and narrowly watching every move; ready to reciprocate conciliation, but dangerously quick to resent hostility. The bulk of the nation was fairly willing to try out a reasonably patient, persevering policy, but there was a section who hoped nothing from Parliament, and who

would rejoice to find the English members voting down everything with an undiscriminating "No!" The Home Rule leaders knew the nature of the elements they had to deal with, and were fully aware that events might throw the game into the hands of the more extreme and impatient section of their people. They decided to offer a bridge to the opposing forces of Irish demand and English refusal. Apart from the question of Home Rule, which they knew would require much time, they resolved to lay before the House of Commons several schemes of practical legislation, the merits of which could hardly be contested, and the success of which might fairly be expected. The concession of these would, on the one hand, lead the English people gradually to look into the nature of Irish claims, and, on the other hand, lead the Irish people to place more confidence in constitutional effort. It was probably the best and wisest policy such a party could devise. "You will gain nothing by it," said some amongst them; "you will accomplish nothing by this moderation. You will be blindly voted down all the same. It is a policy of combat you should set yourselves to pursue." "We shall try that, if we *must*; but not if we can avoid it," answered the Home Rule chiefs.

Amidst such circumstances, beset by such difficulties, inspired by such hopes, facing so grave a problem, the Irish Home Rule party pushed forward from 1874 to 1877, the exponents of a new policy, the representatives of a New Ireland at Westminster.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOSS AND GAIN.

In that well-known and once seditious ballad 'The Wearing of the Green,' an anxious query is pressed as to how it fares with Ireland—

And how does she stand?

So may we, ere we close the record and quit our theme, ask how stands Ireland in 1877. In what is she most changed? What is the loss or gain between the old time and the new?

Although, contrasted with the development of nations in the long enjoyment of healthy life, the progress of Ireland—material and intellectual, social, industrial, educational and political—may be found sadly slow, and in some respects cruelly retarded, yet, compared with her own dismal historic standards, she has made great strides within the present generation. The really important fact is, that with the little she has gained she has done

more, and bids fair to accomplish relatively greater things, than any nation of them all.

Serious and heavy are the material losses to be weighed in taking a balance and estimating gains upon this period. The country that has lost in thirty years one-third of its population—a million by famine, and two millions by despairing flight—must have received a well-nigh mortal wound. No glozing fallacies, no heartless theories, have availed to stamp upon the Irish Famine and Exodus any character less dark than that of utter calamity. Yet Ireland has survived the blow. Economically and industrially its weakening effects will long be visible; but the vitality of the nation has triumphantly asserted itself. Despite all disaster and difficulty, Ireland is marching on.

It is not easy to arrive at accurate conclusions as to the extent of Ireland's material progress between 1845 and 1875. The necessary records were not in existence, or were very defective, thirty years ago; and some of the tests and comparisons frequently applied are most fallacious. That progress depends almost entirely on agriculture; manufacturing industry being still but little known. For some years past many signs attest that the agricultural classes in Ireland have made con-

siderable advance, and a decided increase in the national wealth has been thus acquired. But hardly any one seems to notice the important fact that this has arisen less from extension of earning power, or of productive area, than from a rise in the price of certain agricultural products. A considerable increase in the price of coal a few years ago brought extravagantly "good times" to the colliers and mine-owners while it lasted, though the out-put was no greater than before. If nothing occur to send back the prices of beef and mutton, milk and butter, eggs and poultry, Ireland will have established a substantial gain in material prosperity. But this present glow of "good prices" is too commonly confounded with the solid increase of wealth that results from increased productiveness. It is in great part perilously adventitious. There are, however, numerous indications that the respite from hardship, the comparative comfort, which the farming classes have thus experienced has been turned by them to great account. These few years of better circumstances, together with the influence of certain other changes, educational and political, in the country, have had a startling effect on the agricultural population. Never again, without such struggle as may astonish the king-

dom, will they submit to the serfdom and destitution of old times.

The educational progress and attainments of Ireland within the past thirty years will bear no comparison with what has been accomplished in Belgium, America, Germany, France, Scotland, England, or Switzerland. But the effect and influence on Ireland of the measure of educational gain achieved within that period has been incalculable. It has, as I have already said, revolutionised the country. The educational facilities and opportunities within the reach of the Irish people are still—especially as regards intermediate and university education—"miserably bad, scandalously bad." The Government holds to its determination to force on the Irish millions a scheme admittedly out of accord with their conscientious convictions; and thus the precious aid which popular sympathy and national enthusiasm would bring is utterly lost to our primary-school system. As to university and intermediate education in Ireland, the condition of affairs is a reproach to the nineteenth century. It is truly lamentable that in such a matter as education the policy of *force majeure* should still be pursued towards a people to whom such a huge arrear of educational restitution is

due. This is hardly the way to make requital to Ireland for a century of laws that hunted down the schoolmaster and put a price upon his head.

One of the best and brightest changes visible in Ireland is the almost total disappearance of sectarian animosities, and the kindly mingling of creeds and classes in the duties of everyday life. Even still, no doubt, in one particular corner of the island, there linger traces of the old and evil spirit beneath whose accursed influence man spilled the blood of his fellow-man in the outraged name of Religion. But even in Ulster these insensate feuds are steadily giving way. Such passions do not suddenly subside. Long after better and nobler feelings have gained the mastery, the fitful spasms of expiring fanaticism will occasionally present their ghastly spectacle; but the end is none the less inevitably at hand. In Derry city the annual displays that formerly involved periodical wreck and bloodshed have for the past five or six years, with scarcely an exception, been celebrated amidst declarations and demonstrations of mutual tolerance and good feeling. In Belfast and one or two of the neighbouring towns no such happy result has as yet been safely assured; but in these places the local leaders on each side have

many difficulties to contend with. Every party and faction has its camp-followers and irregulars, who, amenable to no discipline, often stain by their excesses, and compromise by their assaults, the cause which they pretend to serve. Every season it becomes more and more plain that Ulster Orangeman and Ulster Catholic are equally desirous of terminating a state of things which was the scandal of Ireland and the reproach of Christianity.

Elsewhere, throughout the remaining provinces of the kingdom, concord, tolerance, and kindly feeling largely prevail. The coincidence whereby the lines of religious demarcation correspond, as a general rule, with the political in Ireland—Protestant being generally synonymous with Conservative, and Catholic with Liberal—is very unfortunate; for often a conflict seems to be sectarian when, in fact, it is only political. On the whole, the painfully sharp distinctions and classifications of old times have softened down; and the different social classes and religious denominations no longer resemble so many warring tribes encamped upon the land.

It is, however, in the domain of politics that the most serious changes are to be noted in Ireland.

The gravity and importance of those changes will be recognised only when they are studied in the twofold aspect of their effect on Ireland herself, and their effect on England.

There never was a period until now, since the passing of the Union, in which the Irish representation was not amenable to the influences, and more or less subject to the authority, of the governing parties, Liberal or Conservative—the ministerial or ex-ministerial chiefs—in London. Had it been otherwise, many a time it might have been a serious peril for England to have had a hundred and five Irishmen with their hands on the lever of imperial affairs at Westminster. As it was, they were merely so many imperial Whigs and Tories, whose action in the main was directed and controlled by the Melbournes or Lyndhursts, Russells or Peels, Stanleys or Aberdeens, of the hour. If the continuance or discontinuance of such a system now lay wholly or mainly in the choice of the representatives themselves, its abandonment during a year or two might be a matter of little moment, as a merely temporary variation. But a change, a radical change, has been brought about under very critical circumstances.

It is only within the past thirty or forty years

that in Ireland the bulk of the people, long kept outside the pale of the constitution, may be said to have actively entered public life. That is to say, the political influence of Ireland, such as it was, even so recently as thirty years ago, was exercised in their name and on their behalf, not by the people themselves. Ten years ago the franchise was placed practically within their reach, yet its use was then, to them, too full of deadly peril to make the possession a boon. Five years ago, however, came a measure which, as if by the flash of a magician's wand, has changed the whole aspect of Irish politics. The ballot has brought, for the first time, the influence and the will of the Irish people directly to bear on the assembly at Westminster. With a marvellous rapidity they have realised the great agencies now within their control. With rather sudden energy they have cast aside the tutelage of former days. The political power of Ireland has passed for aye from the custody of leaders, managers, and proxy-holders, in the sense in which they held it and used it of old. The statesmen who have to deal with the Ireland of to-day will find that they are face to face with new elements, new forms and forces, social, economic, and political.

It becomes of the first importance to appreciate the temper and tendency, the bent and purpose, of those millions whom the School, the Newspaper, the Franchise, and the Ballot have made masters of the situation in Ireland. Equally necessary is it to take into view the one hundred and seventy thousand Irish voters in the cities and towns of Britain, daily preparing themselves for more complete and resolute co-operation with the efforts of their countrymen at home. As long as the working classes of England were unenfranchised, these vast bodies of Celtic material accumulated between the Tay and the Thames were of little account. But as every day the influence of those classes increases—as the franchise is extended, and school board, poor-law, municipal, and parliamentary elections admit the masses of the people to the exercise of public power—the men whom Irish landlordism swept in thousands from their native valleys in the western island will as a consequence be heard from. They are placed in all the great centres of public opinion and political activity; and some of the most momentous issues of the near future will be largely determined, one way or another, by their aid. Not in a year, nor in two years, will they be able to constitute or organise

themselves, and exhibit perfect discipline and trained intelligence; but all this is plainly ahead—is merely a matter of time. No graver anxiety can fill the mind of a patriotic Irishman contemplating these things than that which surrounds the question as to how, and in what temper, the Irish people at home and in England may use the powers within their reach. Here and there, we may be sure, some errors of impulse, unreason, or passion will occasionally be seen; and that impatience of result so characteristic of our race—greatly but not wholly reformed of late—will betimes break forth. Above all, it must be borne in mind that, like the party of Kossuth sullenly watching the endeavours of Francis Deak ten years ago in Hungary, there are men in Ireland, in America, and in England—few, but not less determined, some of them more desperate than ever—who hope in the breakdown of public effort to have another chance for the resorts of violence. But there are abundant proofs that the great body of the Irish people, in sober but resolute purpose, are determined to work out their national policy by the agencies of public opinion and the weapons of political power. And assuredly no happier circumstance has cheered the outlook of Irish

politics in our century than the daily increasing exchange of sympathies, and the more loudly avowed sentiments of reconciliation and friendship, between the peoples of Ireland and of Great Britain.

What the veil of the future may hide is not given to man to know. Enough for us that in skies long darkened and torn by cloud and storm thrice-blessed signs of peace and hope appear. The future is with God.

THE END.

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